* Nov. 14, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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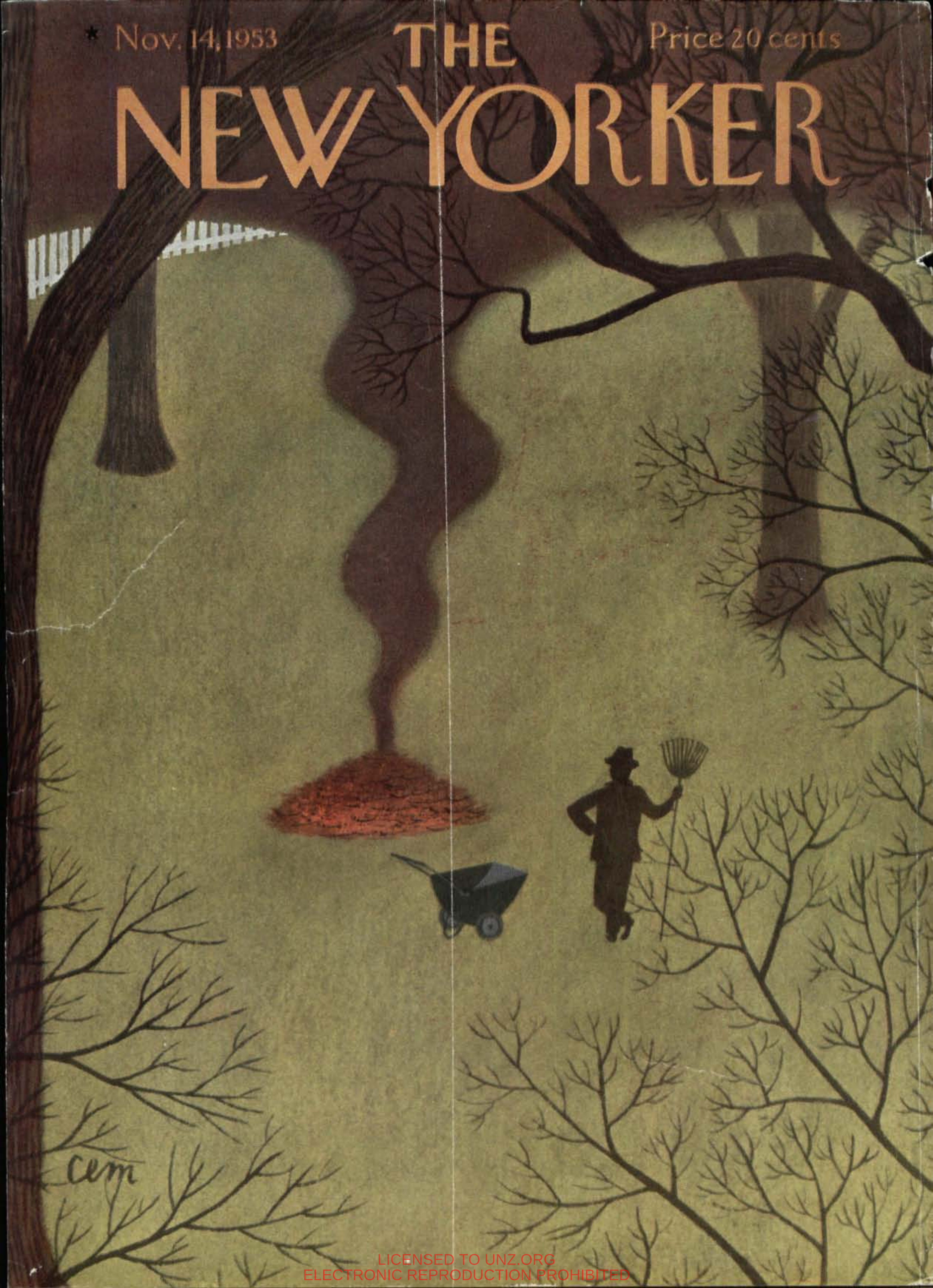

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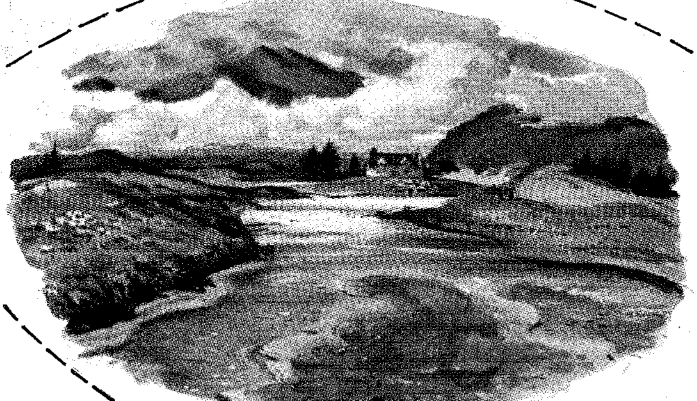

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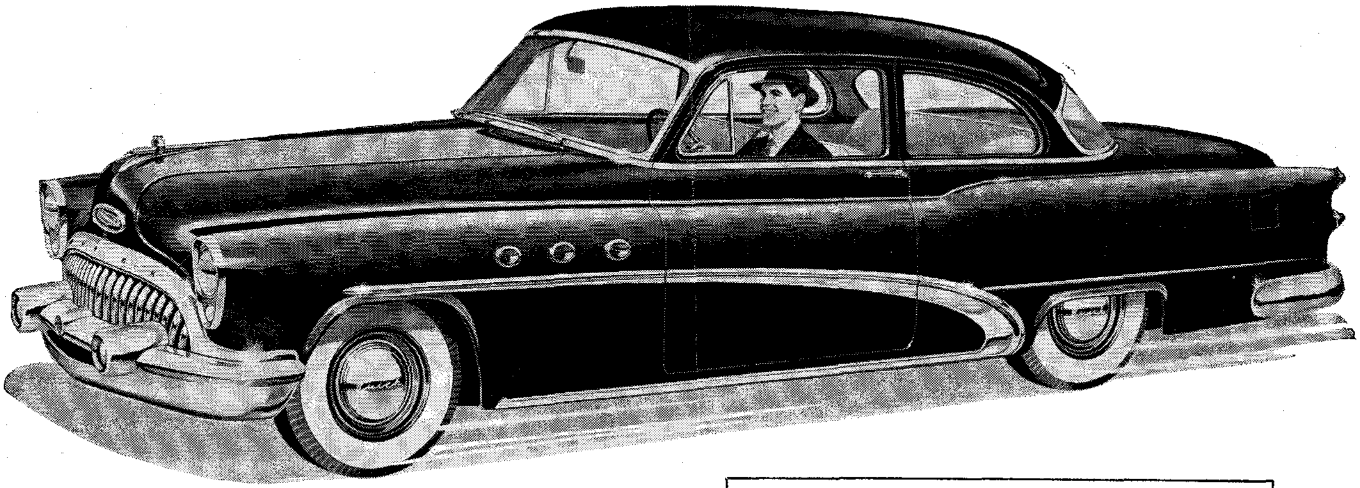

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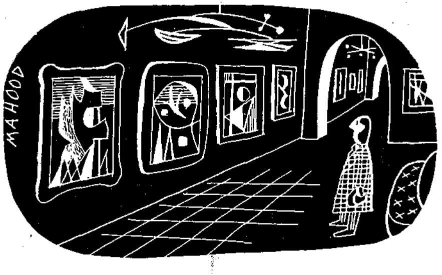

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

End As a Man—A report, by Calder Willingham, on life in a Southern military college. A little overwrought and rather shocking but certainly inviting your attendance. Ben Gazzara and Frank M. Thomas are featured in an altogether first-rate cast. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Gently Does It—A psychological thriller of British origin that is hardly likely to alarm anybody very much. Anthony Oliver is a Cockney assassin, and Phyllis Povah, Brenda Bruce, and Joyce Heron are his victims, actual and potential. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Girl Can Tell—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy about a mother who bores her young daughter almost to insanity with the history of her love life may easily do the same thing to the audience. Janet Blair is the *raconteuse*, and Paul McGrath, Tod Andrews, and Joan Wetmore are some of the figures in her tedious tale. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kind Sir—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer in a magnificently mounted comedy about almost nothing at all. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; Jo Mielziner and Main Bocher, respectively, are responsible for the set and the costumes; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ladies of the Corridor—A drama that deals with a group of terribly disconsolate and rather dreary women in residence in an East Side hotel, where men seem to be a scarce commodity. As written by Dorothy Parker and Arnaud d'Usseau, the play is occasionally cogent, but the melodramatic circumstances into which the ladies are frequently thrust are rather improbable. The direction is by Harold Clurman, and the most prominent ladies are Edna Best, Betty Field, and Frances Starr. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Late Love—For some reason, the usually perceptive John C. Wilson chose to direct Rosemary Casey's soap opera about two tangled love affairs and a bossy old lady. Lucile Watson, Arlene Francis, and Neil Hamilton are heavily involved. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—A nice humorous item, adapted from a French play by Sam and Bella Spewack. It concerns three convicts in Cayenne who have their own ideas about justice. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are especially praiseworthy in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—All the ladies of a small Kansas town are comparatively placid until sex turns up in the shape of a prepossessing young bum. William Inge's superior play, directed by Joshua Logan, has a talented cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who is probably everybody's best girl, in a very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann about the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast, which includes Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., W. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take a Giant Step—About a young Negro and his struggle with adolescence and race prejudice. Louis Peterson's first play has its funny and touching moments, but its total effect is somewhat inconclusive. Louis Gossett, Frederick O'Neal, and Maxine Sullivan head the generally excellent cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. Leif Erickson, Richard York, and John McGovern are among the others in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great skill and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are ably supported by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Trip to Bountiful—After an excellent first act, Horton Foote's play about an old lady who is determined to go back to the scenes of her childhood trails away into rather aimless conversation. However, Lillian Gish and Jo Van Fleet are well worth watching in two of the leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—dial "m" for murder: A British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the fifth season:** Menasha Skulnik has the leading role in this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **the seven year itch:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Sabrina Fair—Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten in a comedy by Samuel Taylor. A production of the Playwrights' Company, directed by H. C. Potter. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," with José Ferrer and Arlene Dahl, is the first in a series of four plays to be presented by the company. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The dashing choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre. Motley's costumes are a help, too, but the book by Abe Burrows and the music of Cole Porter are below scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to their love, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvels of intricacy. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 15.)

Porgy and Bess—This third appearance of the Gershwin-Heyward classic is even better than its predecessors. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy; Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos; Cab Calloway is Sportin' Life; and John McCurry takes the part of Crown. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra, as he did both times before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays

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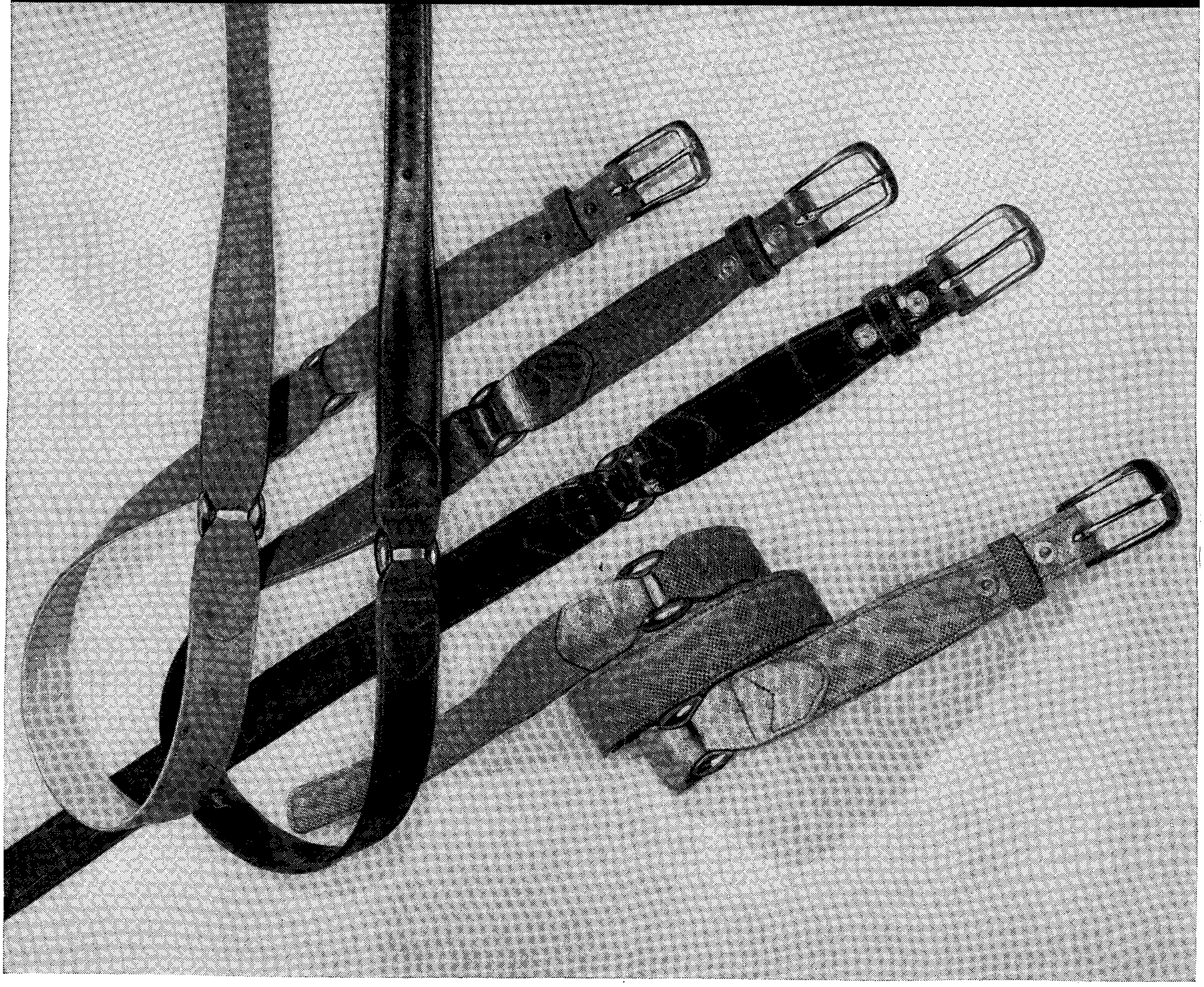

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at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

Wonderful Town—Rosalind Russell shows that she is an astonishingly gifted comedienne, if not a spectacular singer and dancer, in this revival of "My Sister Eileen." Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov again handled the book, Leonard Bernstein composed the music, and Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the lyrics. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.) . . . **the king and i:** A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Will probably last forever, if the birth rate holds up. George Britton and Martha Wright play the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, and Patricia Marand. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 28.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Escapade—A British comedy by Roger MacDougall. Brian Aherne, Ursula Jeans, Melville Cooper, and Roddy McDowall head a cast directed by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Produced by Mr. de Liagre and Roger L. Stevens with Henry Sherek. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 18. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Nov. 13: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 2:40.)

Circle in the Square—"American Gothic," a play written by Victor Wolfson and directed by José Quintero, with Clarice Blackburn and Jason Robards, Jr. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Othello." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-5480. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Charles Laughton—Readings from Shakespeare, Dickens, and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. Utter silence on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's music is back in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Arnold Shoda, whose nimble skates could carve the Gettysburg Address on an ice cube, is the principal athlete in the Terrace Room's new show, the perkiest to come along here in some years. There's also dancing to Ernie Rudy's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Hildegarde, a remarkably active girl, is still operating her combination charm school and old curiosity shop; the oldest curiosity is probably her pianism. Stanley Melba's orchestra, now augmented by a string section, and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays, only a dinner show, and on Mondays, the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, turns out music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

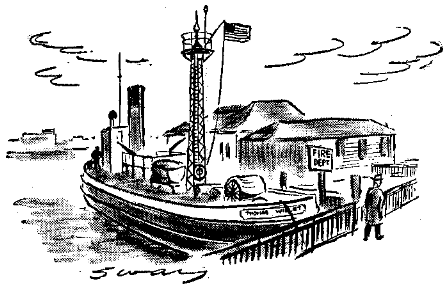
Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A new Circe from the Seine, Colette Mars, is doing the soprano work in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, sings, too, in his boyish tenor, as he conducts his hand-picked bandsmen. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo Le Fleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra meanders at a leisurely, or out-of-town, pace, except Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—As the dancing guests merrily, merrily roll along in the twilit glade named the Maisonette, life does indeed seem to be a dream. The music for this pleasing situation is supplied by Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble; the songs, of rather uneven quality, are supplied by Rosalind Courtright, a stately and handsome lady. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, warm, cozy, and pretty as a picture, offers dance music all evening long, plus a dinner-and-supper stint of songs by Juliana Larson, a young woman of fashion. Closed Sundays.



Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Russ Morgan's orchestra looks after the dancing in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies from listening in on the all-night disc-jockey sessions. Some of Hugo Pedell's best musicians and a rumba band chortle away until all hours.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a girl to remember, is turning the miniature musical comedy that holds the floor here into a boisterous coming-out party for herself and her friends, such as Lou Nelson and Georgie Kaye, who are very funny, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, who definitely improve the décor. The plot is largely graham crackers. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

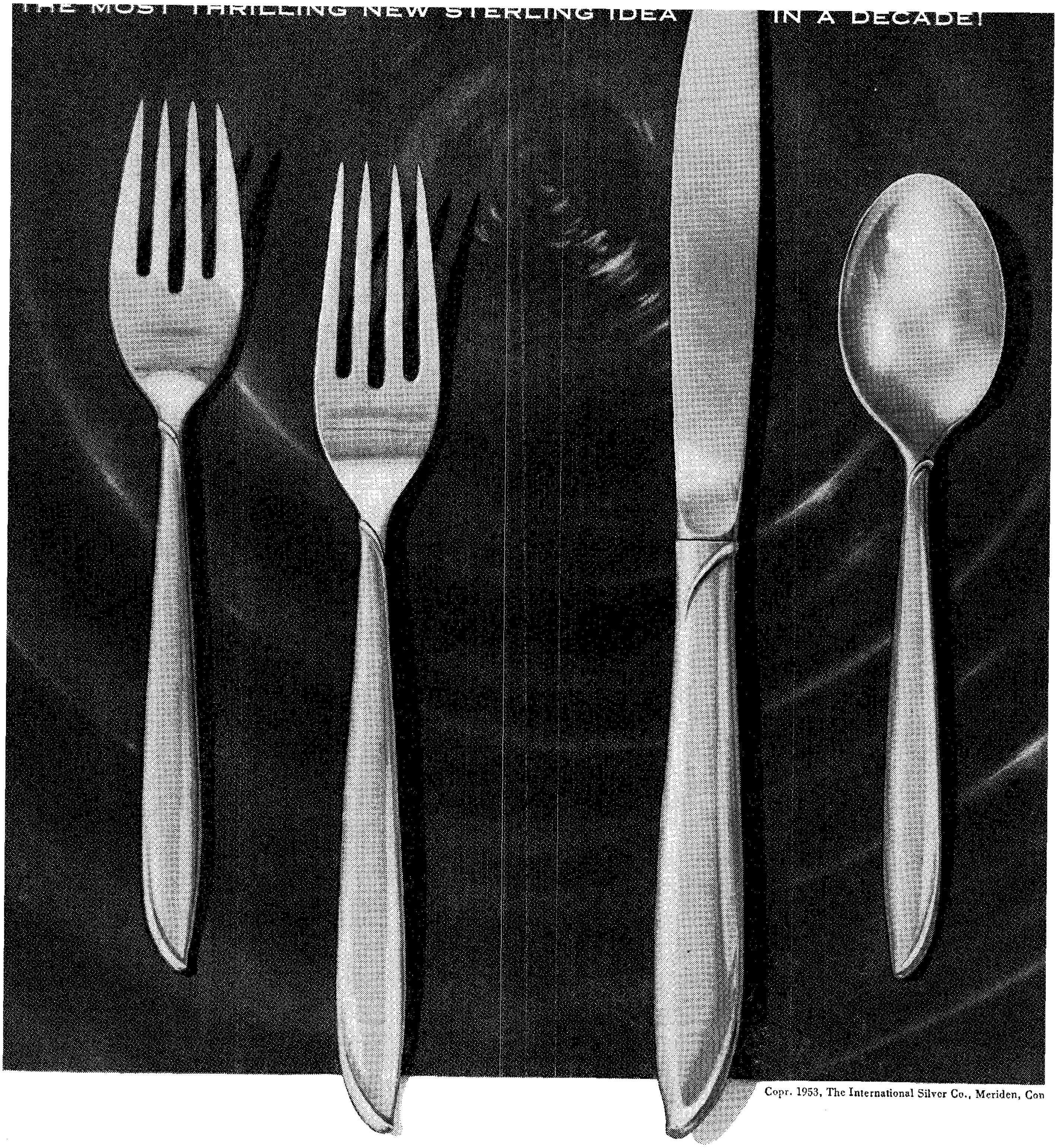
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Edgar Bergen is doing all the talking for a pair of well-known silent partners. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's orchestras tinkle sweetly in between. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the new and enormous suite called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty is at the piano off and on from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when Mr. Borr's boys sit in.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of Yellowstone National Park, and affording an even more glorious view. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

le coq rouge, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes débutante-style dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **little club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A bustling oasis symbolically situated east of Broadway and west of Park. The piano of Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard *cum laude*, is in the brisk vernacular of today, but its flavor is distinctly individual. He's on during dinner and supper. Ernie Warren is the other supper pianist. They rest on Sundays. . . . **weylin room**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A neat, polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, Cy Walter and his Steinway are in complete rapport. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a spate of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **celeste**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, turns out quiet but elegant études at the pianoforte, except Mondays, when Harold Cooke does the honors. . . . **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano music in this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktail and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **café nino**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **café madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine. . . . **champagne gallery**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **the empress**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a fashionable exemplar of the strolling violinist, will find him prowling this Viennese restaurant at dinner and supper. On Friday, Nov. 20, Lisa



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BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis is a comedian with a welcome twist—he regards the customers not as a captive audience but as his fellow two-dollar horseplayers. Georgia Gibbs, who can belt a song into the left-field stands with great ease, is another cheery note. The Copa dancing girls, gaily accoutred in plenty of nothing, toil not, though they do spin once in a while. On Thursday, Nov. 19, a new show, headed by the wonderfully rambunctious Betty and Jane Kean. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, a career girl for whom "rough and ready" is the phrase, is on the homeward leg of her first hundred years in show business. Her last night here is Saturday, Nov. 14.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pat Carroll, a bright particular star of the Ah, Youth! division, sings her songs and tells her stories with a skill far beyond her meagre years. The songs and stories of Dwight Fiske, that wicked but urbane worldling, are much more robust. The three fledgling Jackson Sisters do jump tunes with innocent charm, and Anita Ellis, a sweet summer breeze, adds her own lustre to some one-of-a-kind ballads. The background is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . ¶ Charles De Forest plays piano in the lounge after midnight, except Saturdays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This small hotbed of talent has its best foot forward again. Sylvia Syms' lyrics, whether salty or sombre, are often laced with flashes of an errant humor; Irwin Corey's after-dinner speeches are figments of a gloriously disorganized imagination. There's also the hot trumpet of Shelly Gordon, which sometimes is mated with the dance music of Clarence Williams' trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateurs on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A symposium on the care and feeding of contemporary love life, couched in the well-chosen words of such poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard and set to music by the understanding voice of Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Such a riding to hounds as is seldom heard anywhere. The contributors are Mae Barnes, celebrated for her ability to take a song by both horns; Charlotte Rae, a parodist with a double-edged blade; Kirkwood and Goodman, whose riotous stuff and nonsense put them in line for the title of Village idiots; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; the Three Flames, whose jive tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A Vieux Carré sort of ruckus, involving the music of Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, the dances of the Chocolateers, the songs of Jana Mason (more beauty than voice), and the complex but somehow rustic gyrations of Lilly Christine, the proud possessor of an interesting framework. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

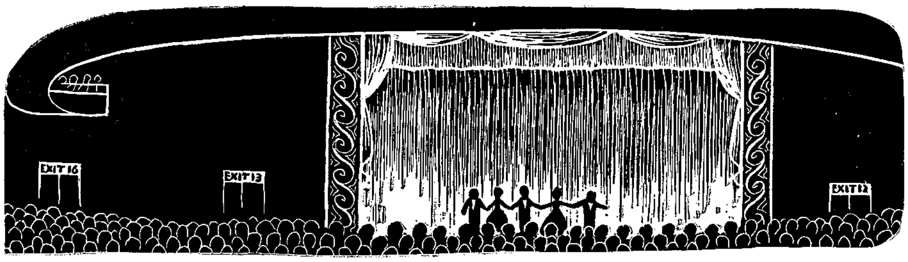
EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, the original breaker of the sound barrier, sets a fast pace for Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Walter Page, and sometimes even Mr. Condon. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks out some of the hottest piano in town. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): After nine, Artie Shaw goes to work with his virtuoso new Gramercy Five (Tal Farlow, Hank Jones, Tommy Potter, Irv Kluger, and Joe Roland), whose several talents often magically break loose from the present tight-reined Shavian pattern. Ralph Sharon's solid trio plays, too. For cocktails and dinner, there's eclectic piano by Ronnie Selby. Sunday nights, Barbara Carroll, a delight to the eye as well as to the ear and the mind, plays hooky from "Me and Juliet" to do piano that combines technical brilliance and emotional release. She and her trio, in which Joe Shulman is bass, operate from dinner to dawn. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jimmy McPartland is the ringleader of the clutch of diehard Dixiecrats who are sounding off here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, all good men and true, are right off the boat—the New Orleans sternwheeler, that is. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The nervous cacophony of Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five is the principal event here. Jam sessions Mondays, when they are off. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 15, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys and Pee Wee Erwin will put on a jam session. Dancing. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (CO 5-7875): Jazz, which has all but gone underground into the Broadway cellars, is getting back in the main floor here. George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other right-minded men commence their seminar on Early Americana at eleven every night but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a crisp and solid pianist, and her progressive trio are at work inside the circular bar. . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Among the guests expected on Friday, Nov. 13, are Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Billy Butterfield, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Tommy Benford, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14, it is reliably reported, there will be local thunderstorms by Barney Bigard, Max Kaminsky, Jimmy Archey, Willie the Lion Smith, Sonny Greer, Red Allen, Freddy Moore, and Arvell Shaw. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

FRANCIS BACON—Paintings, curiously ominous in suggestion, by an English artist of some



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prominence who is having his first showing here; through Nov. 14. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Lamar Dodd—New oils and water colors, often much more abstract than his previous work; through Nov. 14. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.)

Sholam Farber—Paintings of Mexican native life, healthily reminiscent of Murillo and the Spanish realists; through Nov. 13. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

French—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: A well-selected exhibition of paintings, from Braque and Cézanne to van Gogh, all done around the turn of the century; through Nov. 21. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Bonnard, Degas, Corot, and others; through Nov. 14.

Gordon Grant—New water colors of marine subjects, as usual. The artist's twenty-fifth show at this gallery. Through Nov. 21. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

David Hare—New sculptures, less elaborate in manner and more directly expressive emotionally than heretofore; through Nov. 14. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Joe Jones—Drawings and water colors of Bermuda scenes, deftly done and including some panoramic studies in the style of Chinese scroll paintings; through Nov. 14. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Morris Kantor—Twelve semiabstract oils that have never been exhibited before; through Nov. 28. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—An impressive showing of drawings and paintings in ink, very subtly handled. Most of them were done in the last year or so of his life. Through Nov. 14. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Ernest Lawson—A small but neat show of oils, mostly on loan, by this early American Impressionist; through Nov. 14. (Hartert, 22 E. 58th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Fernand Léger—Oils and other works, dating from 1913 to the near present, with particular emphasis on his early career; through Nov. 21. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.) The Léger exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection, too.

Jack Levine—A showing of his big, deeply ironic "Gangster Funeral," a picture which he has been working on for close to two years; through Nov. 21. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Herman Maril—A group of new canvases, generally of sea subjects; through Nov. 21. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

Marino Marini—Sculptures, mostly done in the last two or three years, plus some drawings and other works, by this Italian neo-romantic artist; through Nov. 21. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian—Paintings representative of the artist's work from 1893 to 1943 and ranging from the early naturalist and Fauve periods to the later Cubist and classic styles; through Nov. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Morgan Russell—A small memorial exhibition of oils and other works by one of the very earliest American modernists, who died this year; through Nov. 28. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Chaim Soutine—A cross-section of twenty-one portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes executed from 1919 to 1938; through Dec. 5. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

Andrew Wyeth—A minor retrospective of paintings and water colors, all displaying his amazing technical facility and smooth brushwork; through Nov. 14. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: A mixture of paintings and sculptures by Brancusi, Giacometti, Rouault, and others; through Nov. 14. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Contemporary oils chosen for exhibition by Robert Motherwell,

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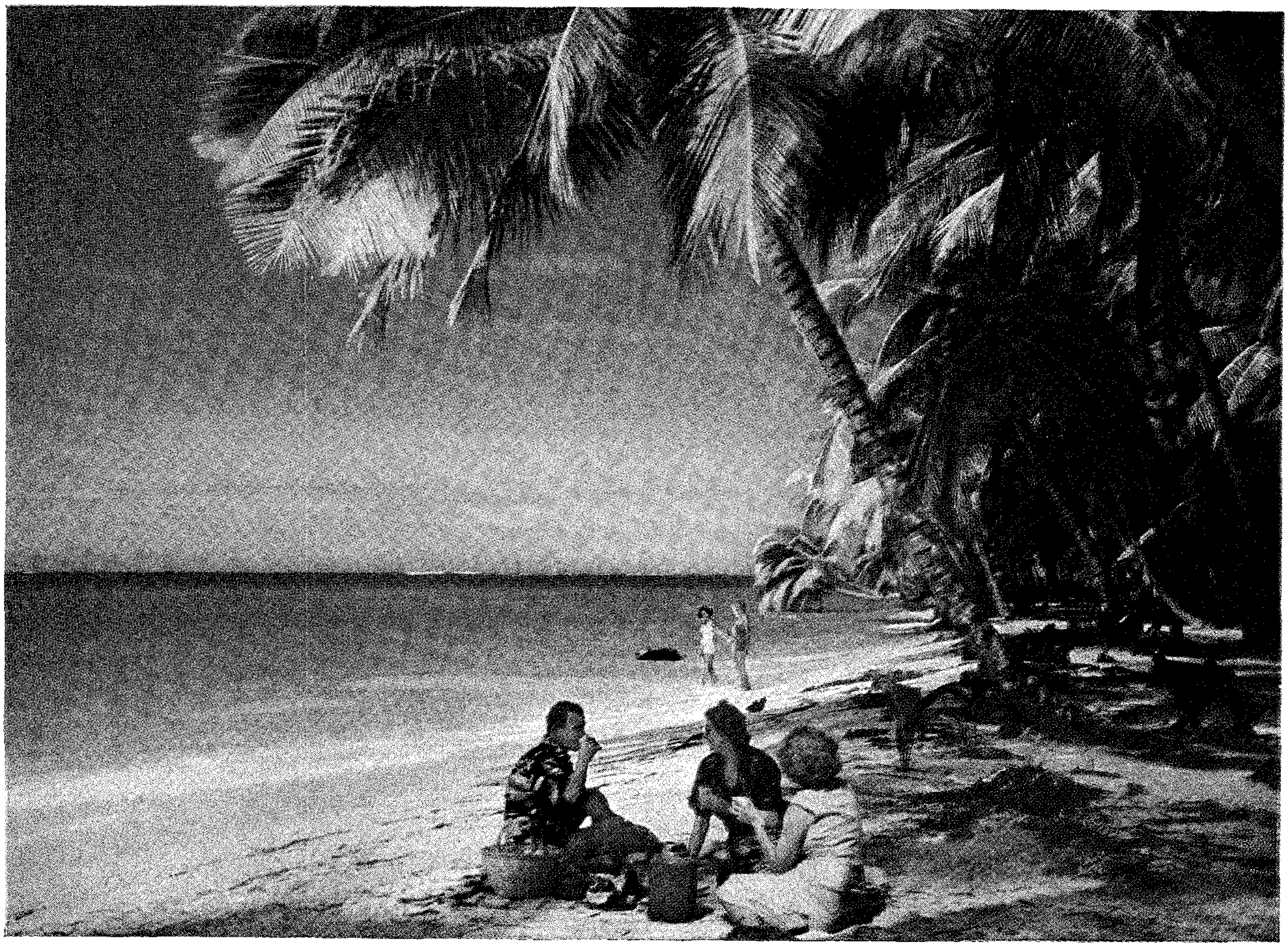

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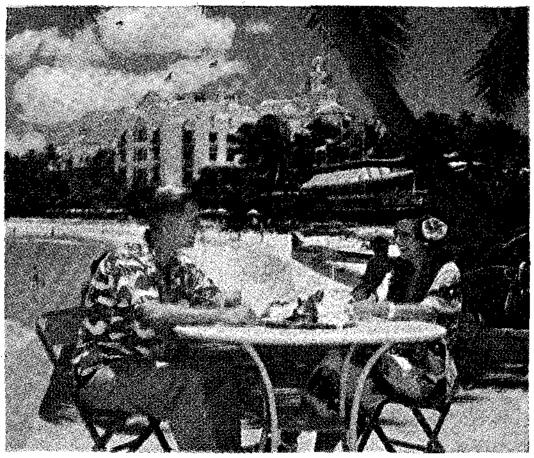

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hans Hofmann, and Vaclav Vytlacil; through Nov. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Harry Sternberg; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.) . . . **ARGENT**, 67 E. 59th St.: Francisco J. Coll; through Nov. 28. . . . **ARTISTS'**, 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Art Tieger; through Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Vaclav Vytlacil; through Dec. 5. . . . **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: Frederick Serger; through Nov. 21. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Kenneth Evett; through Nov. 28. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Alfred J. Munnings; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **NIVEAU**, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; through Nov. 30. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.; through Dec. 5.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—English, Italian, and French prints, dating from the fifteenth century to the present, in a showing of the Museum's recent accessions; through Dec. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A large, well-organized, and very illuminating retrospective exhibition of works by the modern French painter Fernand Léger; through Jan. 3. A good complement to the exhibition is the Léger show at the Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Jacques Villon, Henry Moore, and Marino Marini are among the modern Europeans represented here in an exhibit of woodcuts, engravings, lithographs, and other prints; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Recent work in ceramics, wood, metals, leather, glass, and other mediums by American craftsmen throughout the country; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ The freshly remodelled Egyptian galleries will reopen with a group of new acquisitions in the permanent collection; starting Nov. 18. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's exhibition "Sixty Years of Living Architecture," which has travelled all through Europe. It includes a full-scale, completely furnished two-bedroom house; twenty-seven models of the architect's buildings; and quantities of photographs, sketches, and drawings. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Part of the Museum's collection of oils by modern Europeans is also on display; through Nov. 15. (Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 10; and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty canvases, many of Biblical themes, comprising a survey of the work of Max Band; through Dec. 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The big annual exhibition of contemporary American painting, and the last Annual to be given in the present quarters before the Museum moves uptown; through Dec. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 17—Monday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Jussi Bjoerling, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Irmgard Seefried, Lisa Della Casa, Erich Kunz, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, Josef Metternich, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30: "La Bohème" (in Italian), with Hilde Gueden, Jean Fenn, Eugene Conley, Robert Merrill, and Norman Scott. (A benefit for the Brooklyn Jewish Center; for tickets, call HY 3-8800.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 13, at 2:30 (both with John Simms, piano); Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:45, and Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2:30 (both with Mischa Elman, violin); and Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 2:30 (both with John Corigliano, violin).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Wagner program, with Margaret Harshaw, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Helsinki University Chorus—Martti Turunen directing a chorus of sixty men. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Eleanor Steber—Soprano. A benefit for the Manhattanville Neighborhood Center. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8:40.)

Claudio Arrau—The fifth in a series of seven programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting a string ensemble from Rome. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Concert Society of New York—Irmgard Seefried, soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 5:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first in a series of five programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's sixteen quartets. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:15. Tickets at the box office on the night of the performance.) . . . ¶ A varied program sponsored by the Chamber Music Associates. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Leonard Eisner—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The first in a series of five programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ The first of two recitals. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Maurice Wilk—Violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—Abram Weiss, violin; Arpad Sandor, piano; and others, in a program of music by Alfred A. Goodman, Ernest Gold, Robert Gauldin, and Anthony Donato. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos; the first in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:40.)

Note—Mieczyslaw Horszowski will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 17, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

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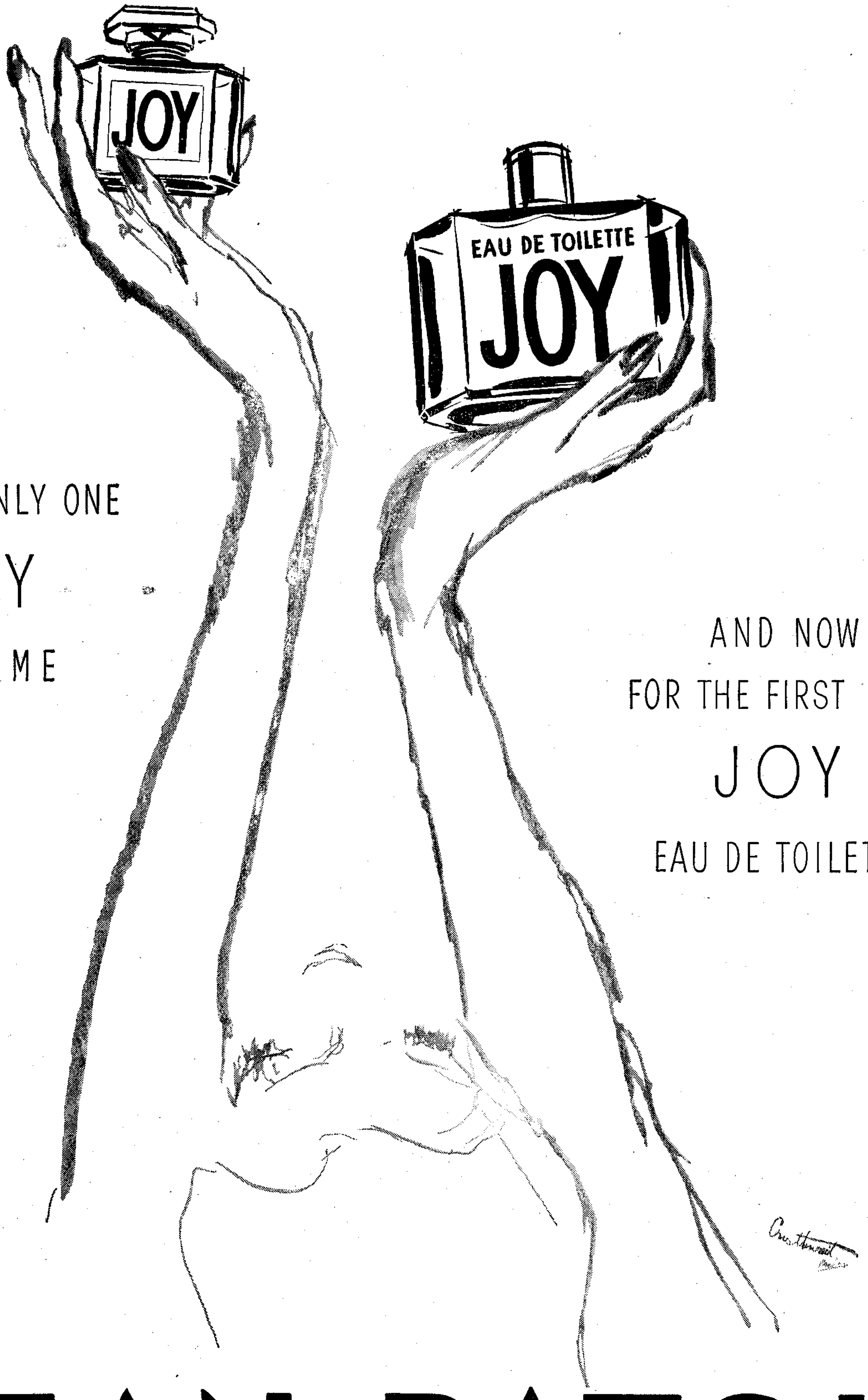
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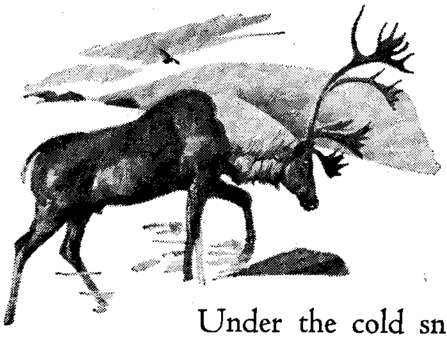

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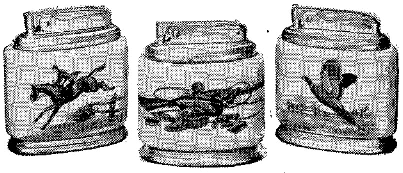

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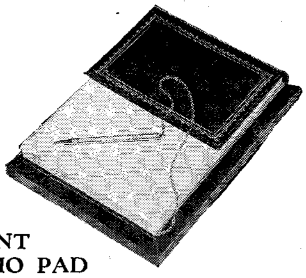

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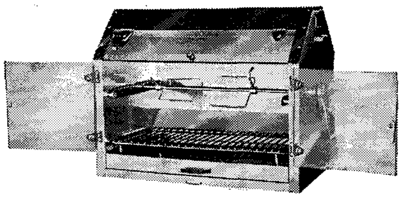

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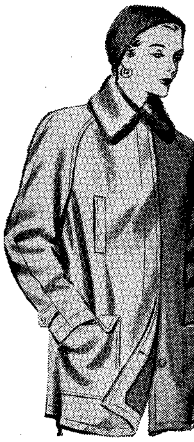

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as pianist and percussionist and with Maro Ajemian and David Tudor, pianos; Anahid Ajemian, violin; Sidney Edwards, cello; and the John Duffy Chorus. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Monday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Regina Resnik, soprano; Beverly Somach, violin; and Jean Murai, folk singer, with her instrumental group. A benefit for the Women's Aid Society for Lithuanian Jews, Inc. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Chico Vejar vs. Vince Martinez, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 20. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 14: Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Temple, at the Polo Grounds, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Pennsylvania State, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 21 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Fordham, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 14: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 18: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two matches every Saturday night, starting Nov. 21. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Daily at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Butler, Saturday, Nov. 14. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: The meeting has been extended to include Friday and Saturday, Nov. 13-14; post time will be at 1. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 both days and connect at North Philadelphia with a train for the track.) . . . LAUREL PARK, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Nov. 17. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the NEW YORK YOUTH CONCERTS ASSOCIATION: Wheeler Beckett conducting, with Ania Dorfmann, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call Englewood 3-2776.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Elvira Aspero, harp; two dancers; and a chorus. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.) . . . PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Ruth Karin Dahlstrom, harp, and Eric Friedman, violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

PLAYS—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE: "The Tinder Box." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 14, at 3.)

BALLET—The Merry-Go-Rounders presenting three story ballets. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 15, at 3:30.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under on Saturdays from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which will continue through Tuesday, Dec. 8), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 3 Mondays through Fridays and at 10:30 on Saturdays.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, from *4:30 to 5*, on WCBS-TV. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

Poetry Center Readings—Thursday, Nov. 12: Katherine Anne Porter. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19: Edith and Osbert Sitwell. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

The Life of Theodore Roosevelt—Twelve showcases of memorabilia, ranging from letters, books, photographs, and journals to riding trousers, a mounted armadillo, bird specimens, and, of course, a Teddy bear. A new permanent exhibition. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Tides of Time—A marine exhibit in which are photographs that contrast modern ships with their nineteenth-century ancestors (i.e., the Caronia, 1948, and the Britannia, 1840), as well as ship models, maps of trade routes, charts of funnel marks, and the like; through Feb. 28. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Old-Fashioned Winters—All kinds of reminders of the good old cold days: Pictures of the East River when it was frozen solid, of New York during blizzards, and of winter sports, not to mention such concomitant items as ice creepers, sleighs, wooden skates, foot warmers, toddy mugs, and warming pans. Through Feb. 14. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Flower Show—A display of chrysanthemums in the newly renovated Conservatory; through Nov. 22. (New York Botanical Gardens, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "From Galileo to Palomar" and deals with the history of astronomy from the time of the first telescope; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 12, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and prints by, among others, Degas, Morisot, Rouault, and Utrillo, belonging to Adolph Ingre, A. W. Bahr, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 13, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, Nov. 14, at 1:45: Sheraton, Regency, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Adam, and other furniture; early-eighteenth-century gilded silver from the imperial Russian collection; and English porcelains, circa 1750-1830. From the estate of Edith Warden Corning and other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 17, at 8: Literary material by and relating to Charles Dickens, including first editions, original drawings for "A Tale of Two Cities," "Pickwick Papers," and "A Christmas Carol," and autograph letters and manuscripts. The property of Lewis A. Hird.

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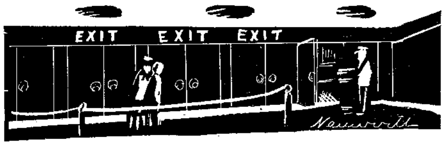
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness as a mariner deeply devoted to the two wives he bigamously maintains at either end of a Mediterranean shuttle run. As the wife who is ensconced in Gibraltar, Celia Johnson is an ideal homebody; as the one who is sequestered in Spanish Morocco, Yvonne De Carlo is highly explosive. Mr. Guinness is extremely comical in both ports of call. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Cruel Sea—H.M.S. Compass Rose and H.M.S. Saltash Castle performing valiant service in the struggle against the U-boats during the Second World War. A superb British version of the Monsarrat novel, starring Jack Hawkins. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Nov. 15.)

From Here to Eternity—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks in Honolulu, before the Japanese descended on Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company makes a stimulating affair of the various light operas studded brightly through this story of the careers of the Victorian minstrels. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are commendable as, respectively, the poet and the composer. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays at 5:30 and 11:30 and Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Little Fugitive—An unpretentious film that catches with wonderful precision the emotions of a small boy on the loose at Coney Island. Richie Andrusco is utterly captivating as the boy, and he has been surrounded by some fine photography by Morris Engel. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Living Desert—Another Disney exploration into the world of birds, insects, and animals. This one, magnificently photographed, has to do with the wildlife indigenous to the Western deserts of the United States. Some of the creatures under surveillance are a bit hard to take (snakes, rats, tarantulas, bats, and the like), but the picture has the virtue of plenty of action and enormous detail. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Martin Luther—An eminently satisfactory review of the life of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is highly persuasive as the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Moon Is Blue—Some Manhattan mating cries set down fairly realistically by F. Hugh Herbert. The result is spasmodically funny. With Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Nov. 18, tentative.)

The Robe—A costume drama dealing with early Christians. All wool and a yard wide, owing to the fact that it is done in CinemaScope, which gives quite a spread to the screen. Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, and Jean Simmons are prominent among many. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Roman Holiday—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is bewitching as the princess. With Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 12, tentative. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 18.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—An episodic melodrama concerned with the lives of some interesting young women catapulted into catastrophe by the collapse of a stairway. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis—gentlemen who were involved, respectively, in "The Bicycle Thief" and "Bitter Rice"—this Italian film is quite worth your while. With Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 14, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 15-17. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 16-18. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 17-18, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Breaking the Sound Barrier (1952)—Jets, of course. An English picture, with Ralph Richardson and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 13-14, tentative.)

The Browning Version (1951)—A portrayal of a pedagogue (Michael Redgrave) who finds both his scholastic and his domestic world coming down around his ears. An English film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 18.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 14.)

Face to Face (1952)—A two-part film made up of Conrad's "The Secret Sharer" and Crane's "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky." With James Mason and Minor Watson. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 14-17.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 15-16, tentative.)

Jofroi and The Miracle (1950)—The French film, directed by Pagnol, and the Italian film, directed by Rossellini, that originally made up two-thirds of the picture called "Ways of Love." With, among others, Anna Magnani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Nov. 14.)

Limelight (1952)—An aging music-hall comedian in love with a waif. Charles Chaplin and Claire Bloom. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 15-17, tentative.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 18.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 15-18.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—Trouble in Belfast, with James Mason and a host of Irish players. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 15-16, tentative.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 14.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. With Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; Nov. 16-17.)

The Winslow Boy (1950)—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 15-18.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Nov. 17.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 15: "The Informer" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 16: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

* * *

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Queen of Sheba," Leonora Ruffo, Gino Cervi.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Sabre Jet," Robert Stack, Coleen Gray.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"How to Marry a Millionaire," Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"The Joe Louis Story," Coley Wallace, Paul Stewart.

Mayfair, 7th Ave at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Botany Bay," Alan Ladd, James Mason.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Kiss Me Kate," Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 18 (tentative): "Calamity Jane," Doris Day, Howard Keel.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 18 (tentative): "Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE ROBE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"How to Marry a Millionaire," Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Nov. 17: **THE MOON IS BLUE.**
From Nov. 18: "The Man Between," James Mason, Claire Bloom.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stranger on the Prowl," Paul Muni, Joan Lorring.

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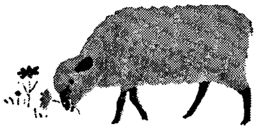

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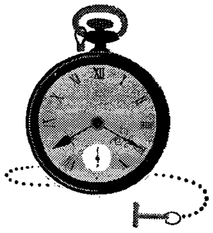

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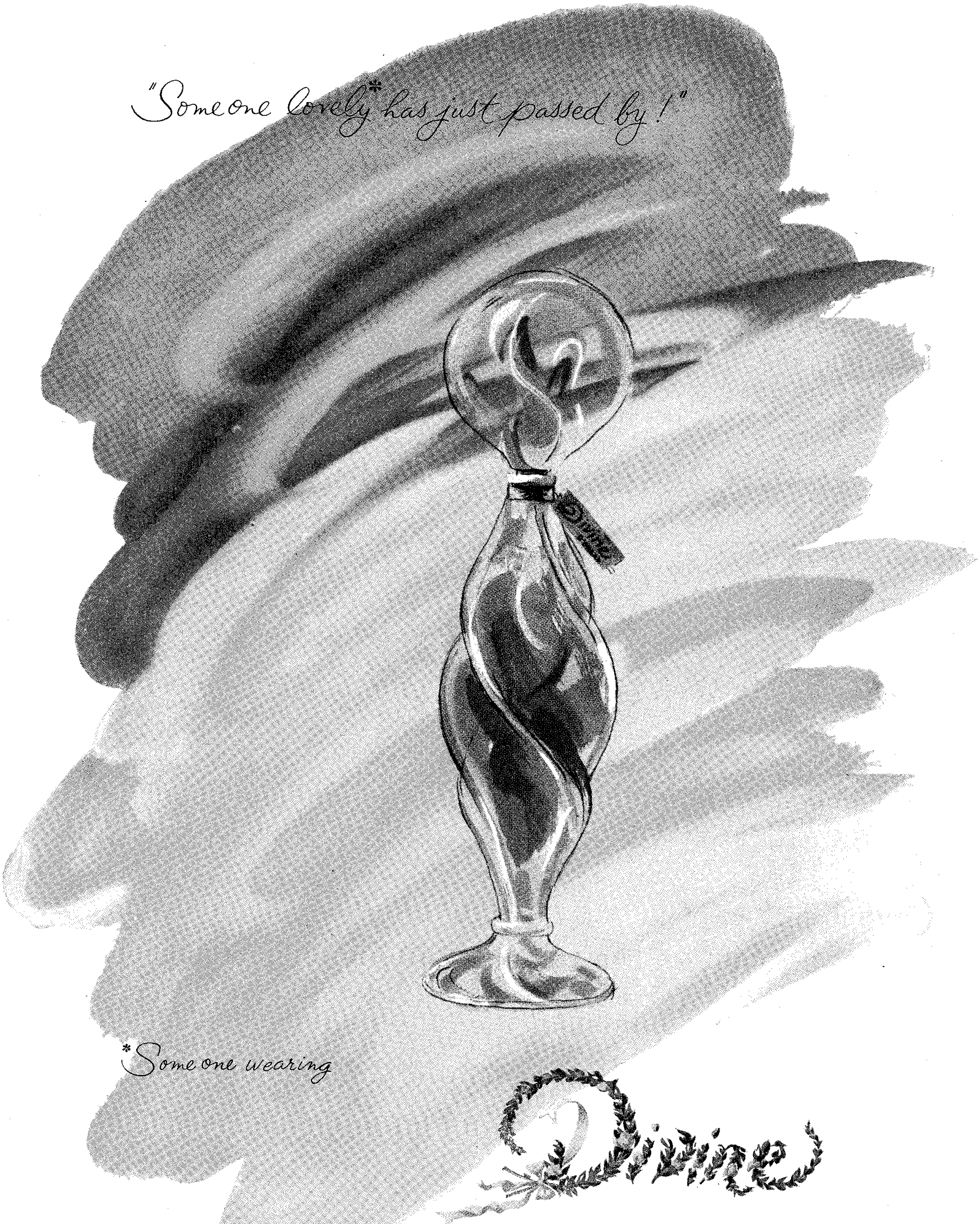
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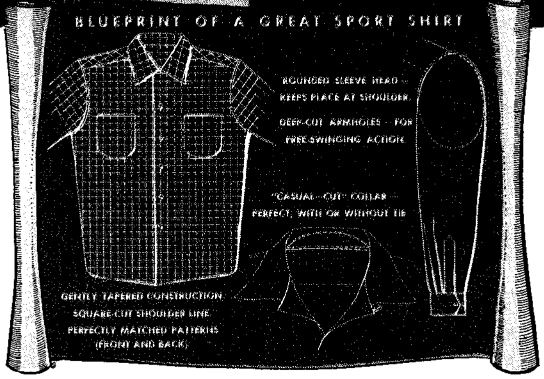
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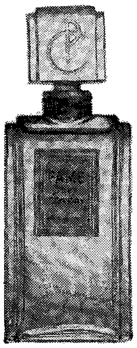

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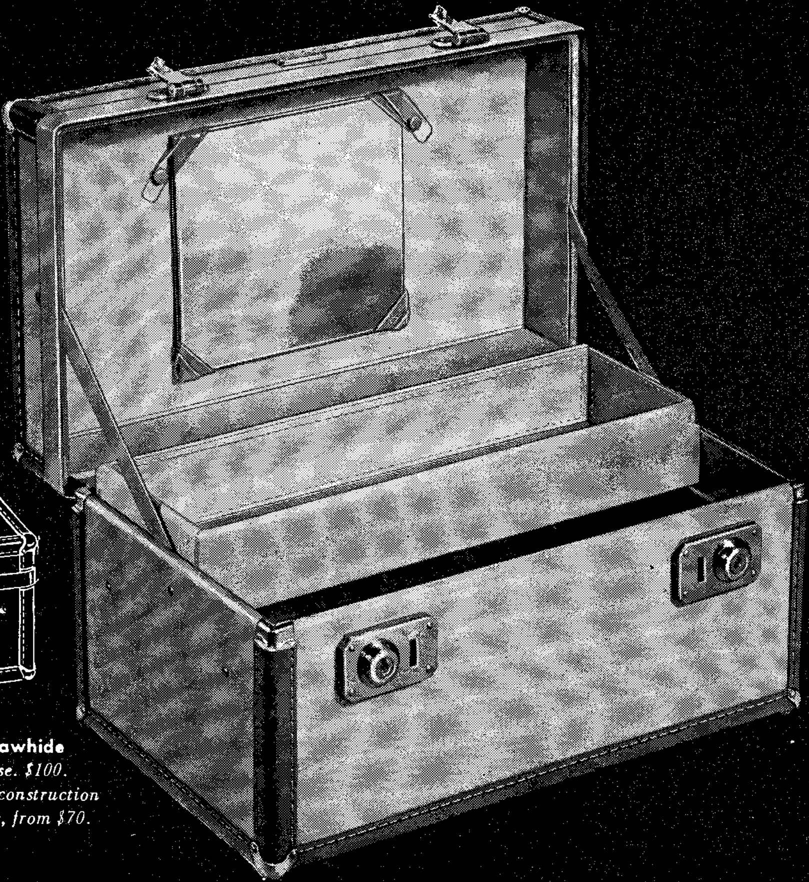

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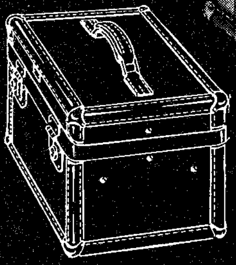

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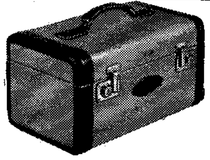

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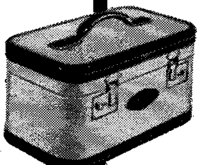

Bristol Beige Canvas *Poudre Case, bound lengthwise with moulded Patene in London brown. $35. In other coverings and colors, from $40.*

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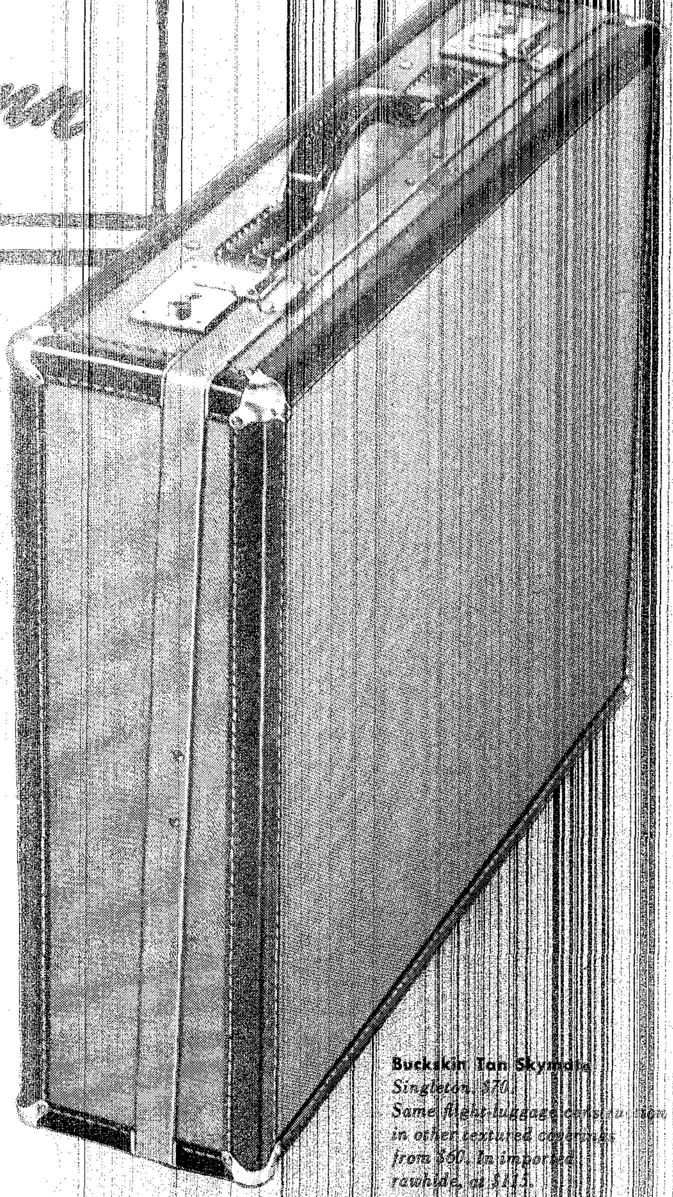

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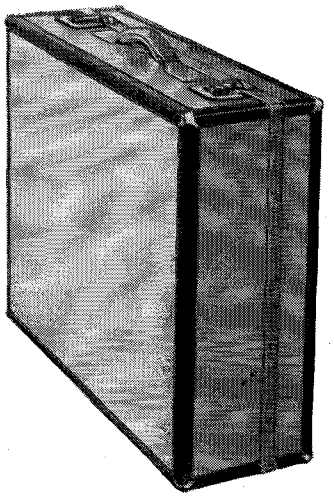
Buckskin Tan Skymate *Singleton, $70. Same flight-luggage construction in other textured coverings from $60. In imported rawhide, at $115.*



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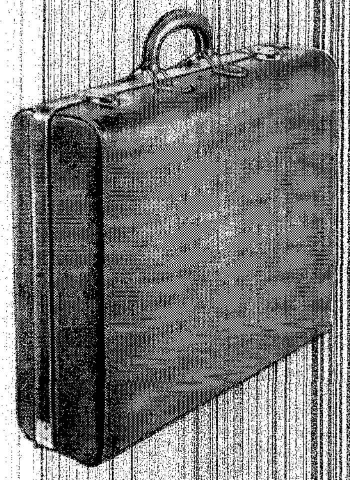

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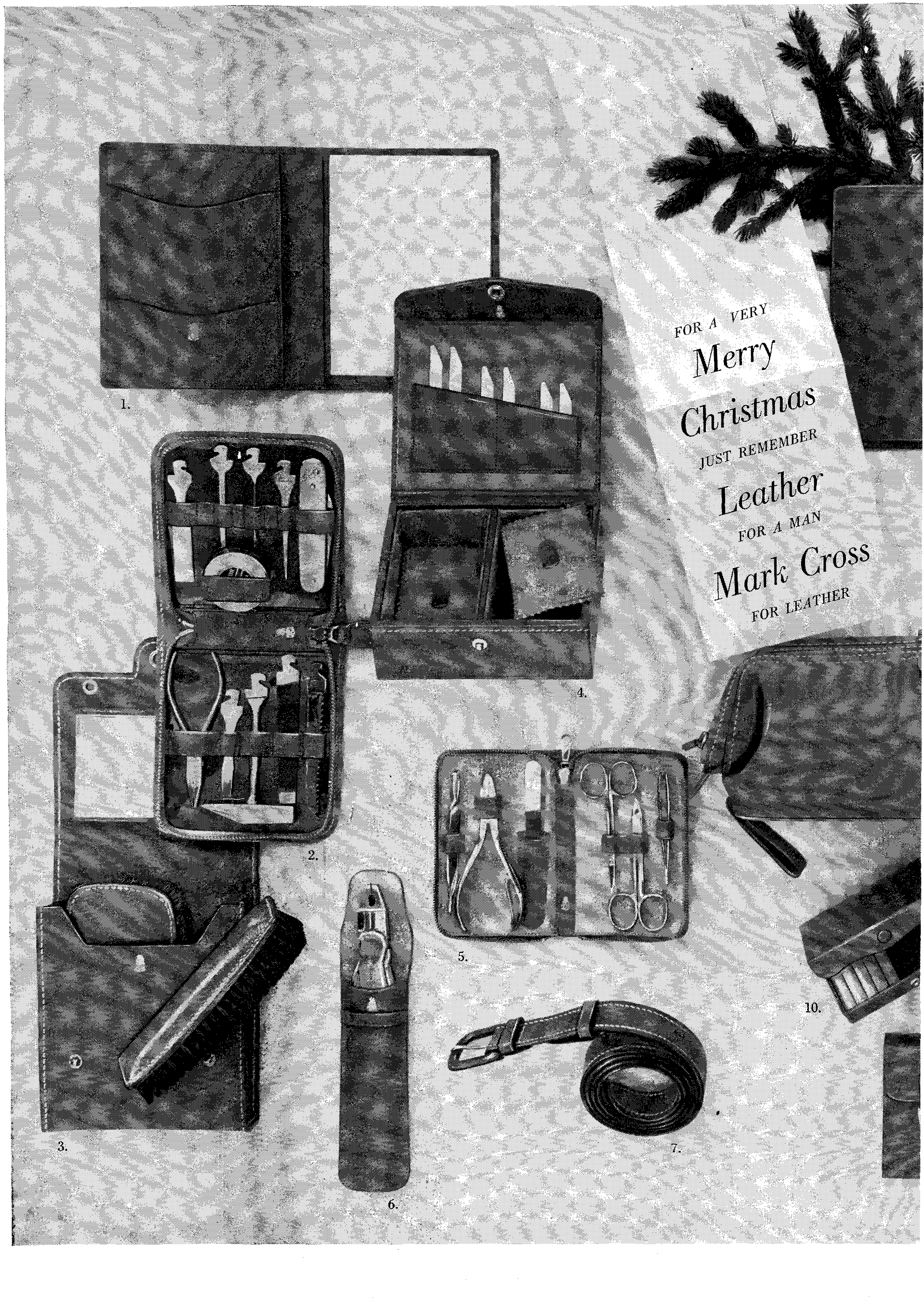
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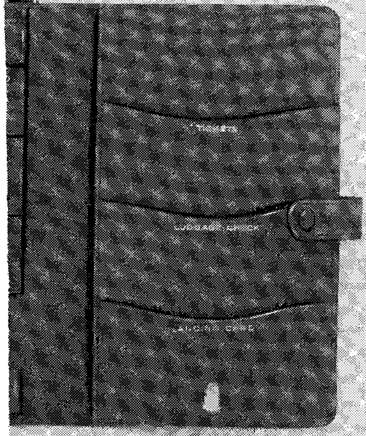

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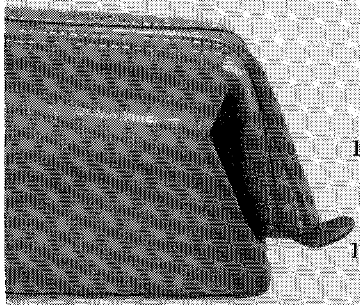

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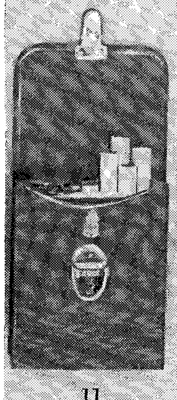

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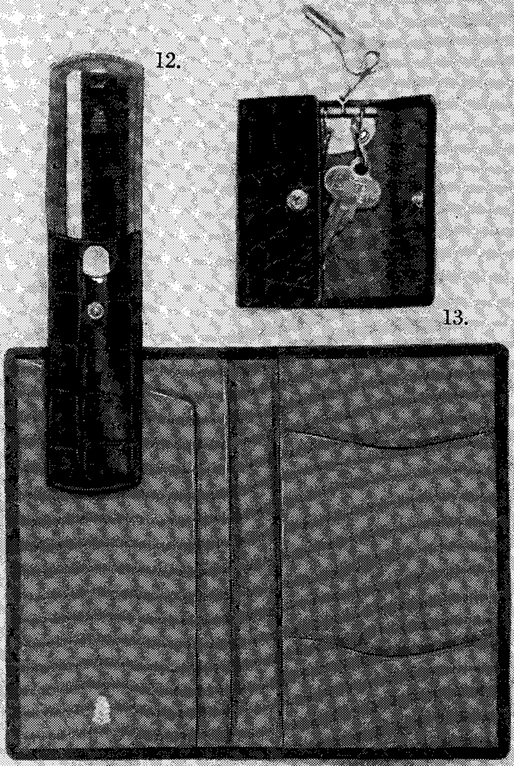

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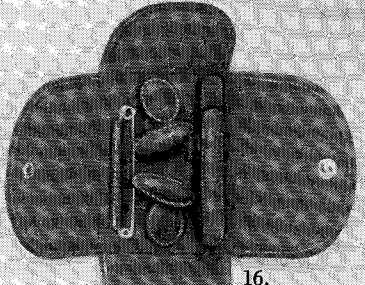

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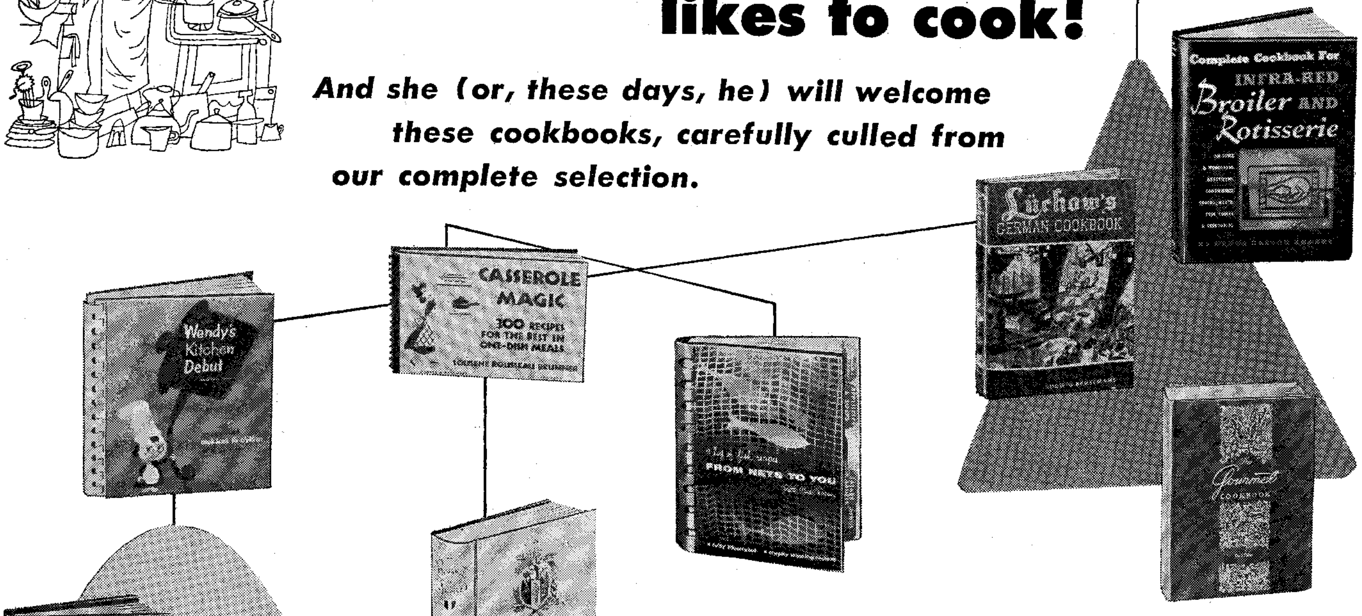
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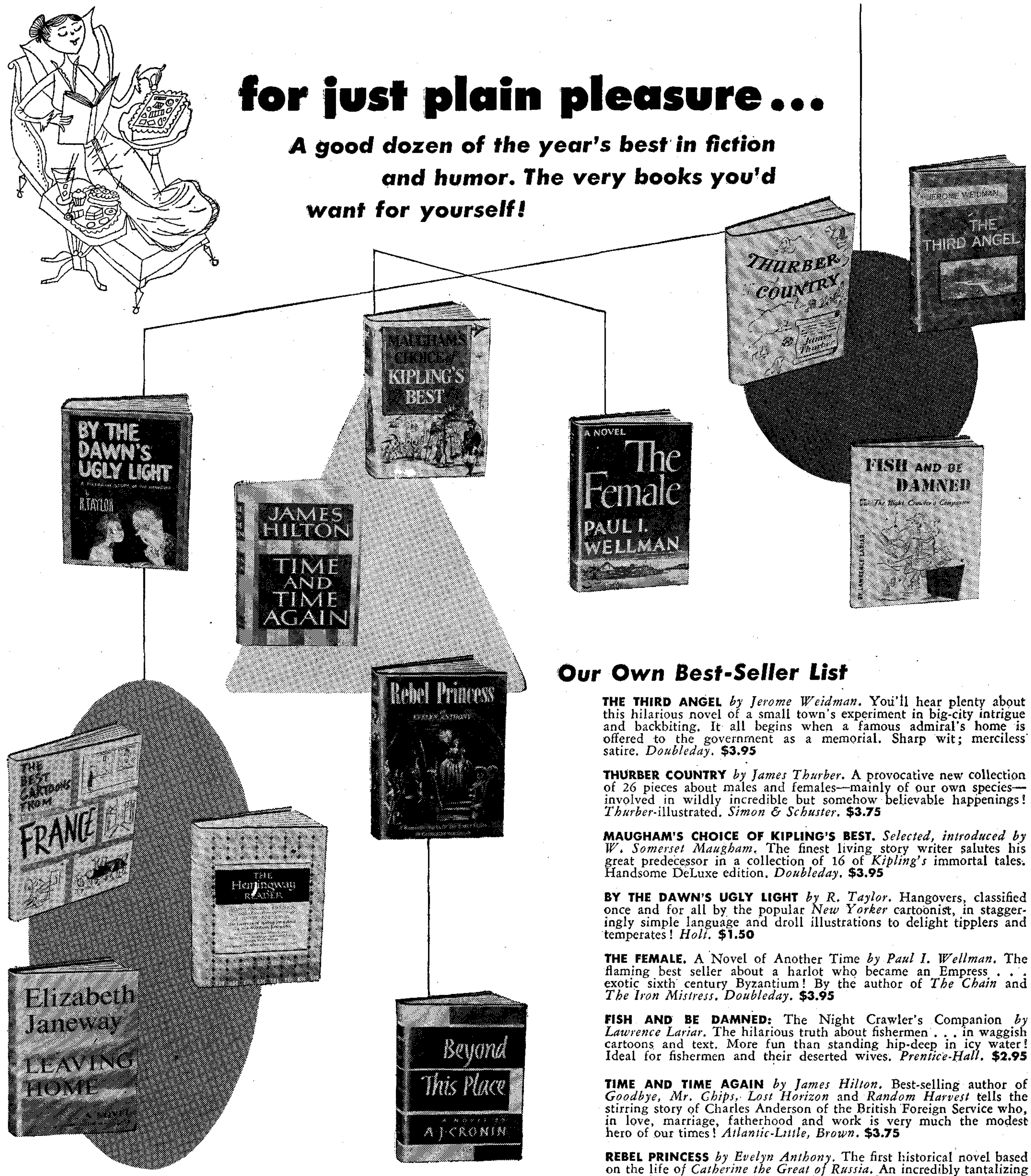
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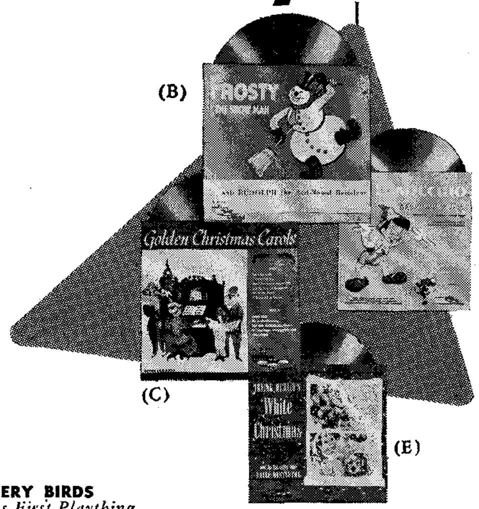

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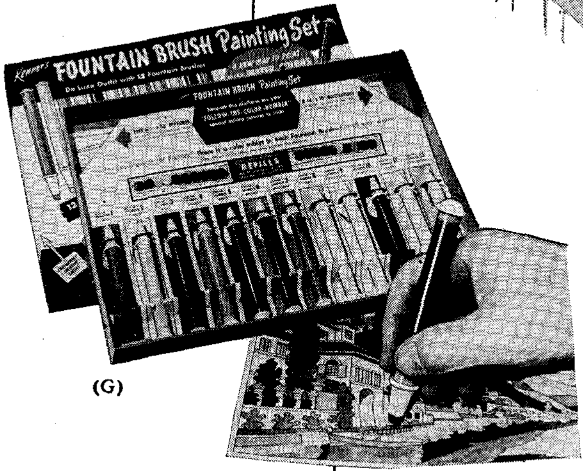
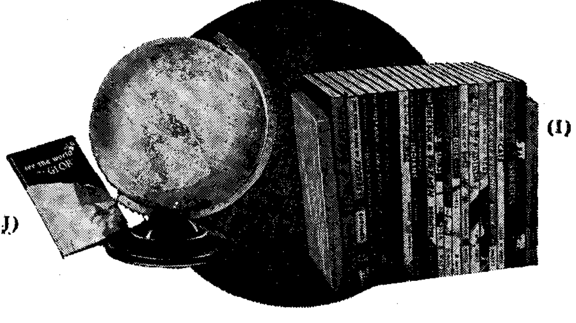
(A)





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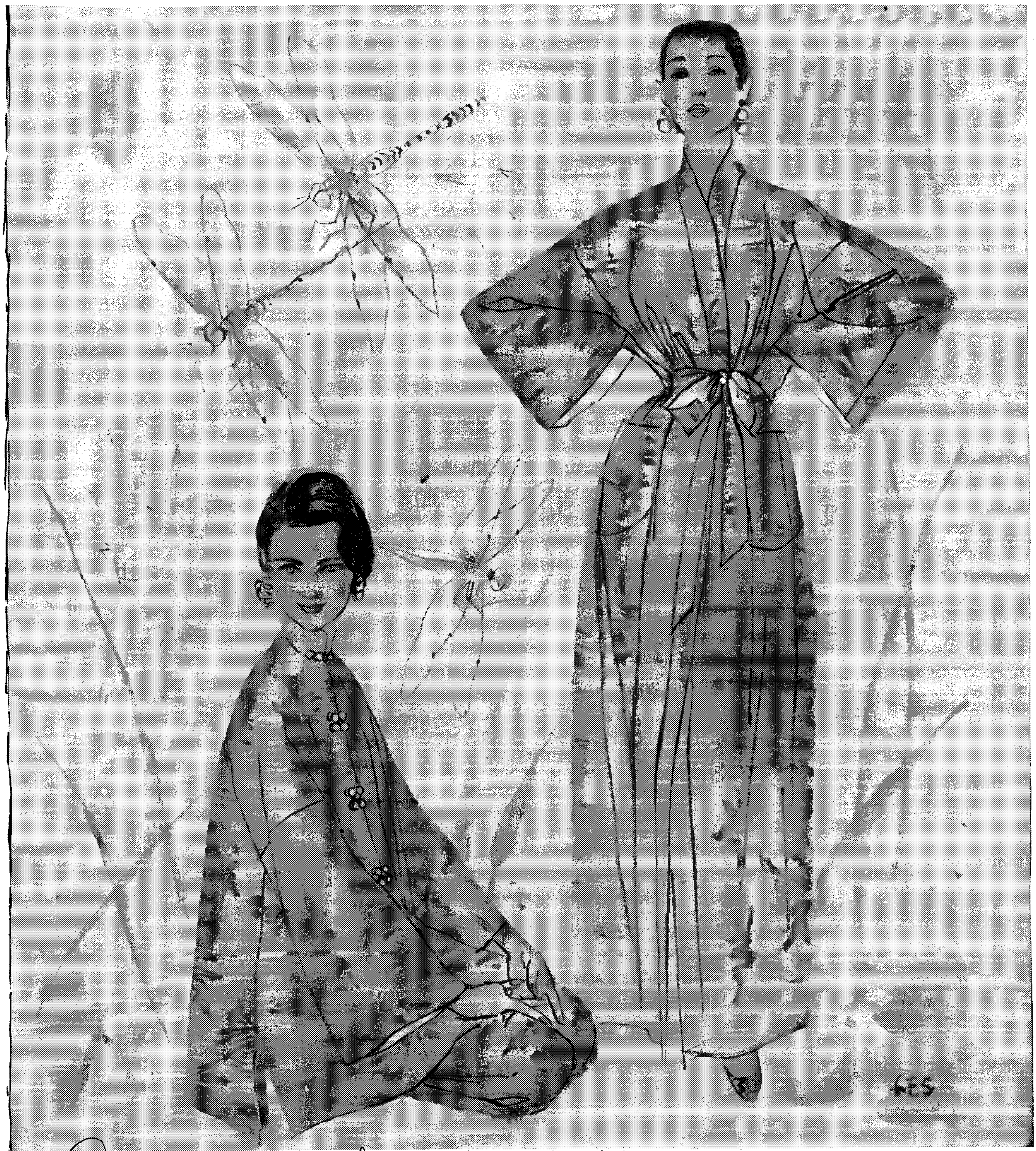

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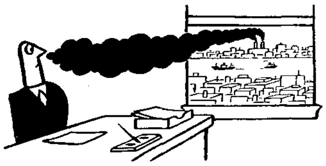
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JUST outside our window, the chimney of a nearby hotel belches a full-bodied column of dirty smoke into the cool November air. We glance idly at the smoke, then back to our morning paper and the daily story about lung cancer. Today (a day of grace for the cigarette manufacturers), lung cancer appears to be caused by the polluted air over large cities. Extracts of tarry matter from the air over eight U.S. cities have produced cancer in animals in laboratory experiments. The number of deaths from lung cancer in English towns increases in proportion to the number of chimneys per acre in the town studied. Life, we can only conclude, is a roundelay. A bigger, stronger X-ray machine is already showing signs of being effective against lung cancer—more effective than the old, weaker machine. Perhaps some of the smoke drifting over from the Jersey chimneys this morning, entering our lungs and giving us our daily dose of death-dealing carcinogenic hydrocarbons, comes from the very factory that is turning out the new machine for healing the lungs. And so do we live (or die) in this ingenious age in this lethal city, always correcting (but sometimes a little late) the error of our wonderful ways and the damage caused by our excessive activities.

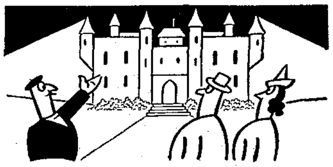


IT took Edna Ferber to convince everyone that New York is dirty in a way that damages one's aesthetic sensibilities, and it takes William L. Laurence to convince us that New York is dirty in a way that damages one's lungs, but it will take all Mr. Wagner's horses and all Mr. Wagner's men to put New York City together again. And since a large part of the smoke comes from across the river and across a state line, the chances of getting clean air are about one in a million.

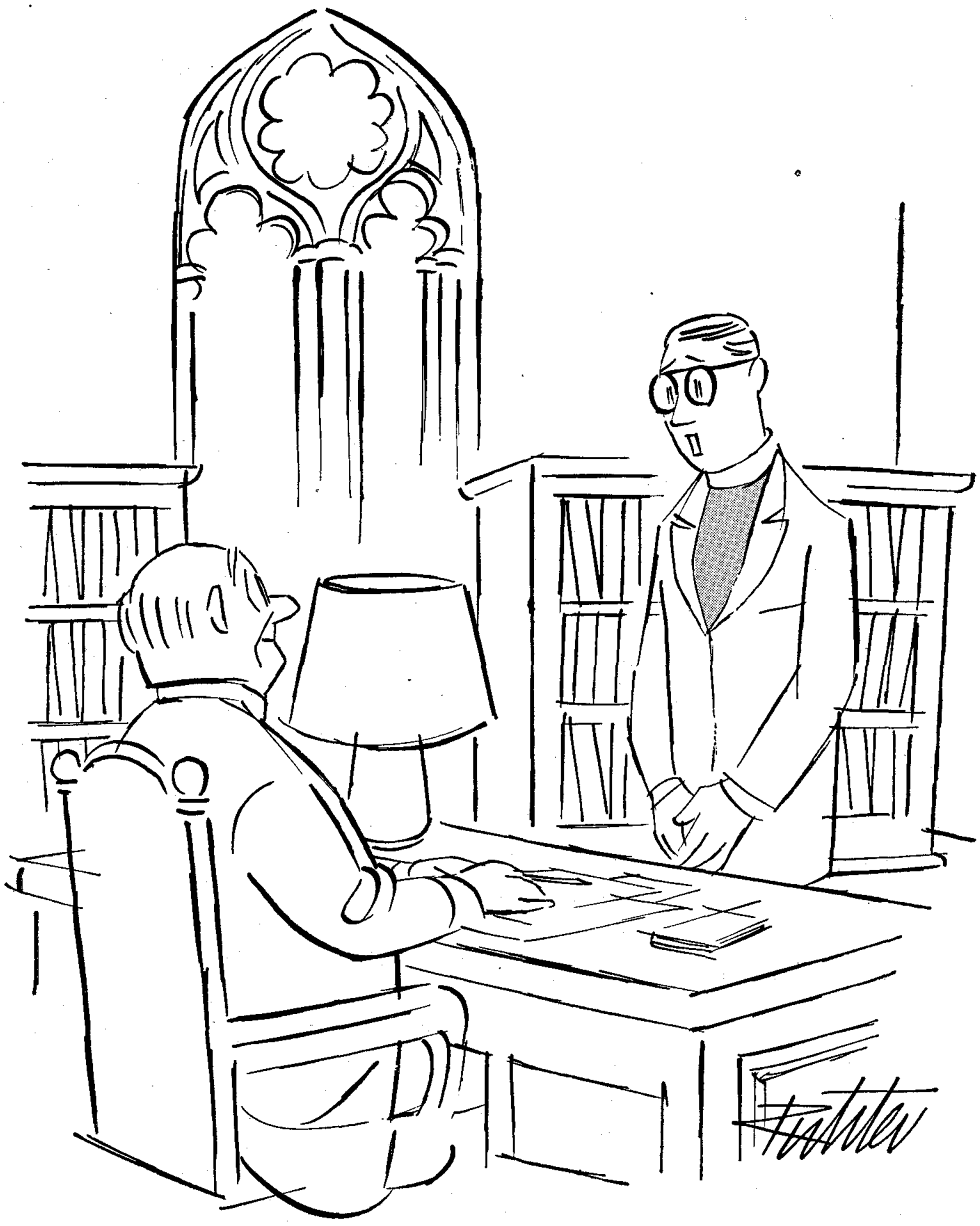
FOR a steadier account of man's trusteeship over nature and his battle against pollution, we turn with relief to the report of the Trustees of Public Reservations, in Massachusetts—a trust to preserve beautiful and historic places for public enjoyment. Reporting on the Whitney and Thayer Woods (Cohasset and Hingham), the trustees state, "A pipeline and faucet were installed at the picnic grove to replace the pump and well which had shown positive pollution on the last test. . . . Although one visitor was so unfortunate as to fall and break a shoulder while playing a game with his outing group, the Reservation has a long record of freedom from serious accidents." Reporting on Magnolia Shore (Gloucester): "There was almost no change at Magnolia Shore during the year. The tides rise and fall with monotonous regularity, and the granite ledges resist successfully the force of the greatest storms." Reporting on Medfield Rhododendrons (Medfield): "Once again your Committee has to report that there were practically no blooms last year." Reporting on Dinosaur Footprints (Holyoke): "In statu quo." This is a somewhat gloomy accounting, but it shows a firm grip on the realities.

Sparker-Upper

THE dinner-party season is on, cocktail parties abound, buffets are groaning, and if, attending these events, you want to groan, too, in an enlightened and cultivated sort of way, you might try groaning about the lighting situation in Venice. After spending an hour with Mr. Abe Feder, a Park Avenue lighting consultant who spent the summer abroad, we regard this as a good conversational bet. "I was the lighting consultant for a two-thousand-seat amphitheatre on an island between the Danieli and the Lido," said Mr. Feder, who operates under the corporate title of Lighting by Feder, "and then I was asked to work out a new lighting approach for St. Mark's Square. The problem is how to lift it, lightingwise, so that more people will stay there until eleven or twelve at night, especially between seasons. Oh, my! Venice presents many problems. Lightingwise, its apparatus is twenty years behind us. We have bulb sources here the Italians haven't begun to scratch. They're very nationalistically minded. They're not accustomed to using equipment from other countries. Still, ideawise, they're doing something on a citywise basis we're not doing here."



Mr. Feder, whom we met at a midtown restaurant, paused to sip a cup of tea. "I've been sick," he said. "I got a bug. Now, the French are also nationalistically minded, but they've done a wonderful job floodlighting all the old castles. Cocteau is in charge of Versailles, you know. He's taken the palace there and made it talk. I stood in front of it on Resisters' Day night with fifteen thousand other people and watched Marie Antoinette appear at a lighted window. The Place de la Concorde has four times the lighting it used to have. The whole business of lighting up monuments is catching fire all over the world. Monuments and cathedrals can be seen better at night, if properly lit, than during the day; the form takes



"I've been praying for a raise for a long time now, Doctor, and I was wondering . . ."

on detail and pattern, and the lighting pinpoints specific things." England is also O.K., according to Lighting by Feder. "When I got to London," its chief said, "I hunted for reactions on what happened at the Coronation and the Festival of Britain. The Coronation made the city light-conscious. Battersea Park is pure fairyland now."

We asked how about New York. "I have a complete abhorrence for what's happening on Park Avenue right now," Mr. Feder said. "Those mercury-vapor lights make people look as though they were dying. Still, my feeling is that on a people basis more people throughout this country are seeking devices whereby masses of people may participate in events. Lighting is one of these devices. We've had tremendous bulb developments. I've made use of some of them in my plans for the Coney Island Aquarium. I've considered the fish. The tanks will take on a new kind of excitement."

We asked Mr. F. how he had come to make a career of lighting. "I was born in Milwaukee," he said. "Lighting hit me like a bomb when I was fourteen and saw the Great Thurston, the magician, in a theatre there. I couldn't take my eyes off the lights. I went to Carnegie Tech in 1926, and lit its Drama Department shows. We did ecclesiastical drama on a large-scale level. I lit things that productionwise didn't exist anywhere else in the country. Lightingwise, I was given opportunities that no one was ever given before." Feder went on to theatrical lighting in Chicago and New York. "I did the Yiddish Theatre productions in the Bronx in 1930," he said. "That was kind of an abstract period, designwise. In 1934, I lit the Gertrude Stein Negro opera 'Four Saints in Three Acts.' I consulted a skin specialist, who told me how Negroes' pigmentation differs from whites', and as a result I used a more intense light to get a luminous quality. All that cellophane that Florine Stettheimer designed! What a lot of blue light I had to pour into *that!*"

Mr. Feder lit many Federal Theatre Project productions, including the Negro "Macbeth" and "Dr. Faustus" put on by Orson Welles, and later handled the lighting for "Angel Street." During the war, as a staff sergeant, he lit the Army Air Forces' production "Winged Victory," and he has since brightened up "Three Wishes for Jamie," Cole Porter's "Out of This World," and Christopher Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," but he has recently turned increasingly to hotels, stores, office buildings, and fashion shows. "I was lighting consultant for the United Nations, and I helped spark up Lord & Taylor," he said. "Around 1939, I decided that theatrewise I had spilled too much out of me in that direction. But I can't really leave the theatre alone. I expect to get back to it, productionwise."

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CANADIAN INTELLIGENCE: On Nelson Street, in Ottawa, there are two adjoining apartment houses named the Lord Nelson and the Lady Hamilton.

Scoop

WE are happy to be able to present herewith a political-news scoop sent to us by a Northern spy doing business in Atlanta, Georgia. He obtained the scoop under the noses of a whole bunch of journalists interviewing Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's brother, who had flown to Atlanta on a brief trip South. Upon arriving, Dr. Eisenhower permitted himself to be escorted by the reporters from the airport to a coffee shop, where he announced that he never discussed for publication either of two subjects: (a) partisan politics and (b) Ike. While the reporters tried to phrase questions on answerable subjects, a photographer asked if he might make his shots and get on with his other duties. Dr. Eisenhower agreed. The photographer thereupon suggested that he say something—anything that came into his head—so the pictures would show him talking, and Dr. Eisenhower stated flatly, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." Nothing about that has been printed anywhere until now.

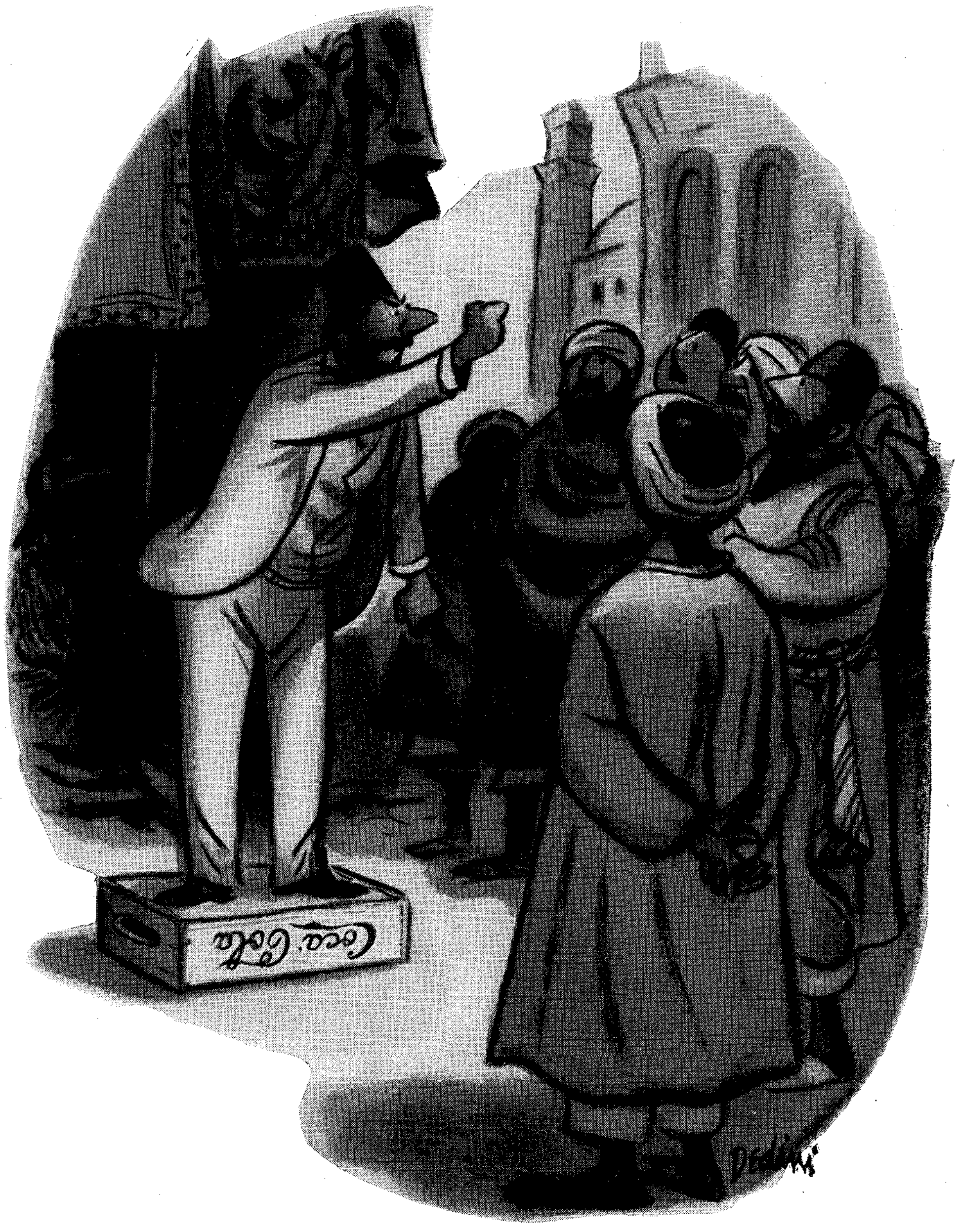
Mixed Bag

"RARE Ancient Spider Among 45,353 Specimens Brought Back by Museum Entomological Expeditions to Western United States and Mexico," the heading on a recent Museum of Natural History bulletin read. The bulletin went on to say that this unusual old spider was "among the 10,000 insects, spiders, and miscellaneous vertebrates" brought back from California and Lower California by Dr. Willis J. Gertsch, a curator in the Department of Insects and Spiders; that "long-horned beetles, tiger beetles, snout beetles, butterflies, wasps, and scorpions were among the 30,000 insects and spiders" brought back from Central Mexico by Dr. and Mrs. Charles Vaurie, research associate in ornithology and assistant in entomology, respectively; and that a third expedition, led by Dr. Frederick Rindge, associate curator in the D. of I. & S., who was also assisted by his wife, "returned from the Rockies with 5,353 insects and spiders, of which there were 3,770 butterflies and moths, 177 spiders, and 1,406 miscellaneous insects."

The Museum's bulletin raised a number of questions in our mind. Should entomological expeditions bother with spiders and scorpions, which, as every schoolboy knows, are not insects but arachnids? And what's an I. & S. man doing with vertebrates? Moreover, a scorpion, fellow-arachnid though he be, is *not* a spider, so can he be classified as *among* spiders (let alone insects), even in Central Mexico, where, thanks to the Good Neighbor policy, cephalothoracic distinctions are doubtless cloudy? What's an ornithology associate doing with snout beetles and scorpions? And how about those precise figures of Dr. Rindge's—aren't Dr. Gertsch's ten thousand bugs (forgive us) and the Vauries' thirty thousand *round* figures?

We went over to the Museum, asked a few questions, and had an instructive morning. "I spent two full months in California and Lower California, with my seventeen-year-old son as assistant," Dr. Gertsch said. "We got four or five thousand spiders, some seven thousand insects of all sorts, and a few incidental snakes and lizards, which are vertebrates. We collected many nocturnal spiders, spotting them with head lamps. Some spiders have eyes that shine at night like diamonds. Night is a wonderful time to search for trap-door spiders and male tarantulas—vagrant types that wander around in search of females. Whatever you may hear, the reputation of the tarantulas of northern Mexico for being dangerous to man is not valid. Their venom is almost impotent on warm-blooded animals. The widely held theory that female spiders kill their husbands isn't altogether correct, either. Some spider couples live together very peaceably. Although the black widow is credited in several Webster's Dictionaries with deriving its name from a habit of devouring its mate, it belongs to a group in which males and females are usually not too intolerant of each other. Among some orb weavers, of course, a male suitor is in great danger. The female, if not fully adult, or if already mated, often regards him as suitable prey. He must tweak the web in a certain way before entering it if he wants to be received in a friendly fashion."

Dr. Gertsch advised us that scorpions are remote relatives of spiders—no closer than a wasp is to a snout beetle—and that the rare ancient spider he nabbed was a hypochilid, dating back two hundred and fifty million years to the Carboniferous Age. He showed us a score of hypochilids, in alcohol; they look something like daddy longlegs. "They spin a very conspicuous little lampshade-like web under overhanging rocks in moist canyons," he said. "I



found these in Kings Canyon, just north of Sequoia National Park. I'm the only full-time spider man in America. I devote my entire time to spiders. My son and I picked up those seven thousand insects and those snakes and lizards on the side."

We next called on Dr. Rindge, a few doors down the hall, and learned not only that his count of his take was indeed precise but that he had broken down the lepidoptera into 1,993 moths and 1,777 butterflies. "Moths have been neglected," he said. "I am primarily interested in moths. I'm really more of a heterocerist than a rhopalocerist. I'm especially interested in the geometrids, whose larvae are inchworms. It was so cold in Wyoming last summer—my wife and I spent from July 20th until August 20th there—that the mothing wasn't too good. Moths don't fly well on cold nights. The butterflying was better." He took us to the next room and introduced us to Mrs. Rindge, who was classifying specimens. She was wearing a blouse with moths and butterflies embroidered on it. "Not classifiable," she said.

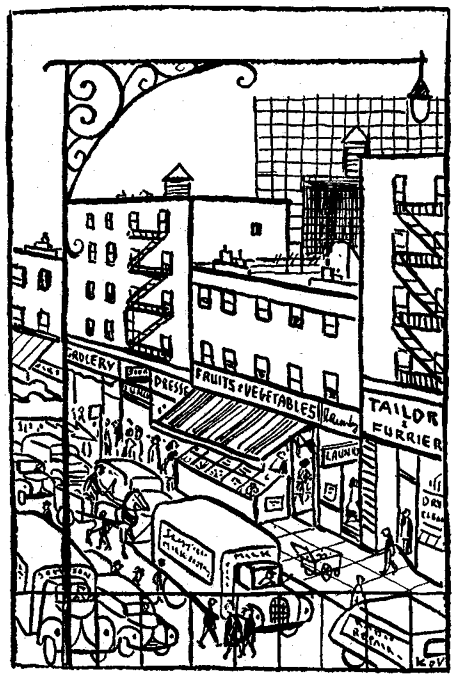
Down a long corridor and up in a tiny secret elevator we went, to an office where we met the Vauries. Their figure, it turned out, was indeed round. "I'm a dentist eighteen hours a week," Dr. Vaurie said. "The rest of the time I work here on birds. I'd much rather go on a bird expedition than an insect expedition, but you need gun permits for that, and in many countries they are hard to get, and besides the Bird Department doesn't have the funds the Insect Department has, so I often accompany my wife on insect expeditions." Mrs. Vaurie smiled the smile of a well-heeled tiger beetler.

Intellectual Magpie

THE hunger for knowledge works in mysterious ways. A man we know who is doing research at the Public Library for his doctoral dissertation, on a conventionally esoteric Ph.D. subject—the fortunes of a minor strain of thought in French drama of the late seventeenth century—left a heap of books relating to this topic on a table in the main reading room and went out to lunch. Upon his return, he found a stranger in his seat, some three or four of the books open before him, taking notes rapidly and intently. Our friend tapped him on the shoulder, whereupon the stranger rose, nodded cheerfully, proceeded without a word up the aisle, sat down at another table, before another pile of books, apparently left temporarily by another reader, opened three or four of them at random, and commenced to take notes rapidly and intently.

Calm

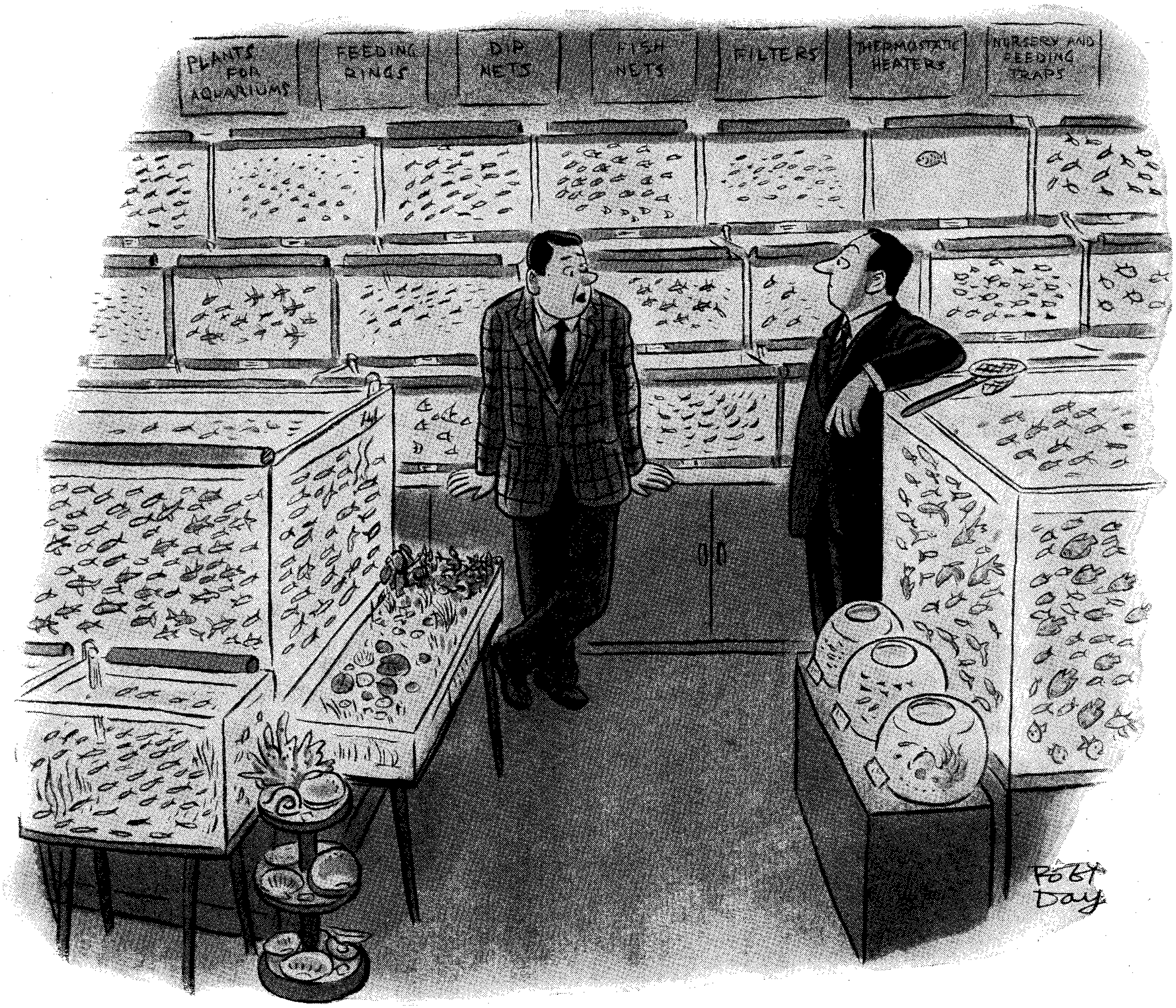
BY Monday, in spite of the Friday storm, the reservoirs of the city were still less than half full and about seventy million gallons of water a day was being pumped from wells on Long Island, but Dominick F. Paduano, Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, wasn't a bit alarmed, and so neither were we. A few days earlier, we had paid a call on the Commissioner, and he had exacted a promise from us not to worry our head about a water shortage until he gave the word. A burly, bespectacled, and eloquent man of fifty-two, occupying a handsome office high up in the Municipal Building, Mr. Paduano takes a remarkably sunny view of the local water-supply system and of himself, as well as of its future and his. "Oh, I could cry like a baby and get pictures of myself in all the papers!" he exclaimed. "The fact is, though, that I expect everything to work out fine, and if you ask me how come, I answer, 'Good management, that's how come!' I was sworn in as commissioner of this department on December 27, 1950, and for three years before that I had been first deputy commissioner and for two years before that I had been second deputy commissioner and altogether I have twenty-four years in the department and you can imagine that I didn't have to go around asking people silly questions when I took over here. I knew what I wanted and got it."



One of the things the Commissioner wanted and got was a permanent program of water conservation. "I educated the businessmen of this city to get along on a lot less water than they'd been used to," he said. "Take the milk companies. Maybe you've noticed lately how much milk is being sold in paper cartons instead of bottles, which have to be washed with precious city water? My work. Or take air-conditioning. Since I've been in office, all air-conditioning systems have had to be equipped with evaporative condensers or water towers. Or take car washing. In the great shortage of '49, we had to prohibit any car washing whatever. Some of those car-washing boys, they came to me with tears in their eyes, and I gave them the answer straight out. 'Drill your own wells,' I said to them. 'As long as you drill wells that don't take more than ninety gallons a minute out of the ground, we've got no control over you.' " The Commissioner calculates that in the past three years he has cut the local consumption of city water by at least 200,000,000 gallons a day. Normally, he pointed out, the city is capable of supplying 1,100,000,000 gallons a day and consumption runs to about 1,000,000,000 gallons a day, so those 200,000,000 unused gallons make quite a difference.

With the air of a man to whom ciphers are as champagne, the Commissioner went on to say that in an emergency the city could always pump a couple of hundred million gallons of water a day out of the Hudson. Next spring, two reservoirs in the huge new Delaware system will be ready to draw on, and a third will be ready early in 1954. These three reservoirs will add 540,000,000 gallons of water a day to the total supply—more than enough, at the city's present rate of growth, to quench our various personal and industrial thirsts through 1970. By then, the whole of the Delaware system will be in operation and there should be plenty of water on tap through the year 2000. "In brief, the supply is running low right now, but the rainy season is at hand and after the next few months there just aren't going to *be* any more water shortages," said the Commissioner. "I beg you to be calm."

Calmly we pressed the Commissioner for a summary of his life, which he hurled at us, in high spirits, about as fol-



"Know what I dread? Inventory."

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lows: Born in 1901, on East Eighteenth Street. Father had emigrated from Campobasso, in central Italy, a short time before. Graduated from Stuyvesant High and took courses in plumbing and electricity at a trade school. Worked as a lamplighter for the New York Edison Company. Rose to electrical serviceman. At same time, became important official in Local 20 of International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. Quit Edison to work for independent contractors. When construction business began to come apart in 1929, took and passed examination for position of electrical inspector in Department of Water Supply, etc. Lives in Queens and is Democratic leader of Twentieth Zone of Tenth Queens Assembly District. Married to lady of Irish descent and has two daughters, both of whom married men of Irish descent. "Naturally," said the Commissioner, "this has given me a good deal of experience in negotiation." We'd noticed that out of eighteen or so photographs on the walls of the Commissioner's office no fewer than twelve were of Mayor Impellitteri. "I haven't taken those pictures down just because people think the Mayor is down," the Commissioner said. "I'd like to mention that the Mayor has never asked me to do one single thing out of line, and in politics that's something." We asked the Commissioner about a rumor that he might be offered the best job the Mayor can bestow—a seat on the Board of Water Supply, whose three members are appointed for life, at a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. The Commissioner looked us straight in the eye. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I'd like that job."

Hope

MIDDLE-AGED parents worried about the rate of liquor consumption in the college-age group can take heart. One such couple, their son at Yale, their daughter at Radcliffe, stopped at a Connecticut inn for dinner the other weekend and asked for a Martini and a Manhattan. A rosy-cheeked girl in her very early twenties brought the drinks on a tray. The man motioned toward his wife and said, "Martini there." He waited for the girl to put it down. She didn't. He looked up to find her wordless with embarrassment, and he realized that, bless her, she didn't know which drink was which.

THE PLATFORM ROCKER

FOR a good part of this year, King Canute was a worry to me, but lately he has given me a certain amount of quiet satisfaction. It must have been nine or ten months ago that, for the first time, I fully realized the existence of a set of detailed, inaccurate, and quite vivid pictures that apparently have been stacked away in the attic of my mind through most of my life and that come instantly to light when various episodes or people—the Battle of Tours, say, or Matthew Arnold, or Gideon—turn up in a book or a conversation. I was casually aware of these pictures all along, I suppose, but until the time I mention, I never gave them much thought, and certainly never troubled about their plausibility.

Perhaps "pictures" is an imprecise word for them, though it is a handy one. They are scenes, really, in which—though I seldom participate—I am present as a living and interested spectator. My view of Canute is from a slight elevation behind the seated King and somewhat to his left. *I* am sitting on a small dune. A beach curves away beyond Canute toward a sandy promontory with tall grass and poplar trees along its ridge. I can see three gold points of the King's crown showing over the top of his head, and a wide gold band embracing the back of it. (He is a dark-haired Dane—a rarity.)

The existence of this picture and all the others—the one of Hannibal, the one of Martin Luther—came to my rather surprised notice quite inadvertently one night last winter. I have a distant cousin named David. He is a quiet, gray-haired man and I am fond of him. He commutes and I live in the city. Often my wife and I spend weekends with him and his, and when they are in town, they stop at our apartment. His work is austerely financial; reading, as he says, is his hobby. Well, on that night last winter we were at David's and he and I had somehow got to talking about Matthew Arnold. Apparently, I said some such idle thing as "I wonder just how he came to be in that hotel," and the cat was out of the bag.

I believe firmly and finally—or did until that time, though I am shakier on the question now—that Matthew Arnold wrote "Dover Beach" in a room on the second floor of a disreputable hotel perched on a cliff above the Strait of Dover. David wants it that Arnold wrote it in his study, or in a garden surrounded by box hedges, and ever since that night he has had a sort of compulsion to smoke this quirk of mine out into the open, to explain it, and, though he doesn't exactly say so, to exorcise it with good sense and reference books. And since that night I have been hounding myself a little, too—dusting off more pictures of great times and great men, and nervously wondering where on earth they came from and whether or not it is all right for me to have them.

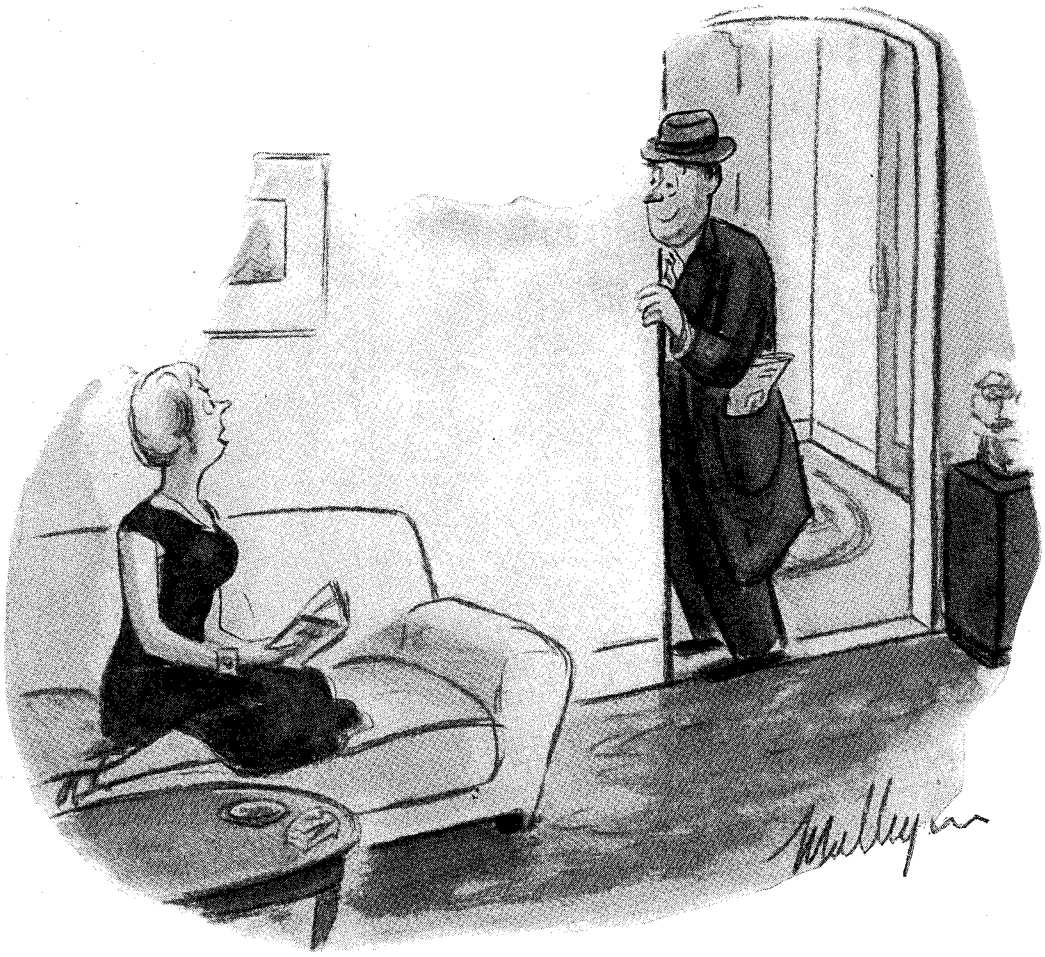
I have a fixed vantage point—a good one—for each of these scenes. This bewilders, annoys, or fascinates my friends, according to their natures. "Where are you at the Battle of Gettysburg?" one of them asked me pointblank after I had explained that in Arnold's room I am off in the shadows on the other side of the bed from the window.

"I am leaning against a big boulder," I told him, Gettysburg springing to mind bright as a July afternoon. "The boulder is in a patch of birch and beech, off to the left of Cemetery Ridge as you look toward the Confederate lines. There is a low fieldstone wall that begins at the edge of the grove and runs along the crest of the ridge. There is a farmhouse out in the open, just back of Meade's men, who are sitting behind the wall. They are loafing, but just the same Pickett is on his way, and bits of the farmhouse roof keep flying off."

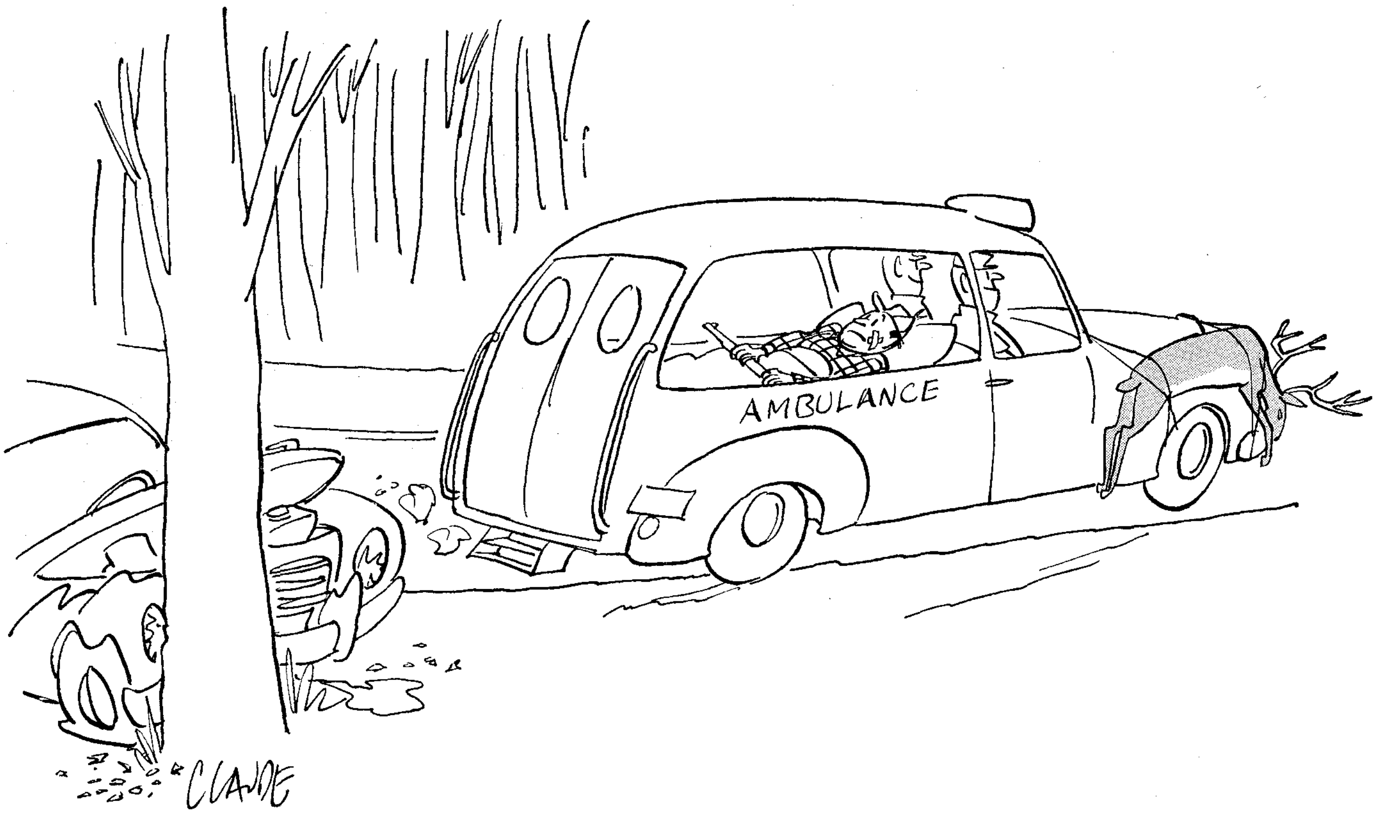
"You know what it might be?" David said when I told him where I am at Gettysburg. "It might be a diorama you saw when you were a boy. I once saw a great big diorama of Lookout Mountain."

"I never saw a diorama of Gettysburg," I said. "Never. I saw one of the sinking of the Titanic, but it was all wrong."

It was, too. Whoever made the diorama I saw had the Titanic going from left to right. Also, his iceberg was too small, as I well



"I liked it better before they gave you an expense account."



remember, and could have pointed out at the time—too low in the water. As I see it, the ship is going from right to left, it rams the berg, the berg breaks in two, and one of the pieces, which is enormous, falls on the Titanic. I am at mast-top height, about a quarter mile to the south, though I have no idea what I am doing there or what holds me up.

David has a knife on his key chain, and when I bother him too much about King Canute or the Titanic, or perhaps Moses in the bulrushes, he gets it out and fiddles with it. Probably he subconsciously wants to stab me, but it is a very small knife, and the wish is modest, too, I guess, considering how I vex him. He was opening and closing the blade that night when we finished with the dioramas, and he turned back pettishly to one of his favorite explanations of my pictures. He often insists that these are actual ones—pictures I saw in the books of my childhood—but I am always able to demolish *that* theory. I am positive I never saw a picture of Sheridan's ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek in which the General had already passed by and there was nothing to show for him but a lot of dust settling on a country road along the edge of a placid little lake. Yet that is his celebrated gallop to me. The dust is fine and golden in the sunlight, and it drops back indolently; birds, recently disturbed, are returning to their business in the dogwood blossoming on the bank along one side of the road. At this point, when I first described the scene to David, he put his knife in his pocket and went for the Encyclopædia Britannica. He and it say that Sheridan did this particular bit of riding in October.

I have seen no book illustration in which the Battle of Tours was fought in front of a set of bleachers, either, but I watch it from bleachers draped in bunting of heraldic design, and Charles Martel, his horse rearing, his claw hammer flashing in the sun, is a sight to remember.

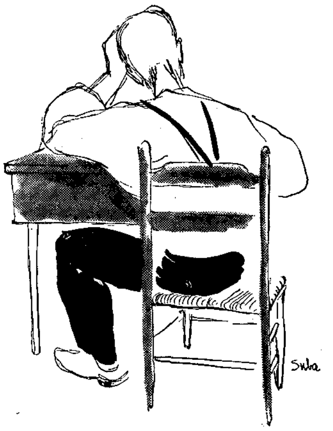
And, speaking of hammers, I have seen textbook drawings of Luther decorously tacking a sheet of paper onto a smooth, well-polished door, but for my money he goes up to a great old worm-eaten one with ninety-five small squares of paper, a bundle something like a desk calendar, in his hand. He nails the whole batch to the door with a railroad spike and starts away. A man opens the door a crack, and Luther shies the hammer at him and stalks off, dusting his hands.

David says, well, if it isn't from the illustrations of books it must be from somewhere else in my childhood that these things come, and I would be inclined to agree with him if I could trace them all back there, but I can't. Moses in the bulrushes is easy enough. I see him clearly—a particularly small child for his age, wearing a red-and-white striped bathing suit of a now somewhat old-fashioned cut, and lying in a minute canoe. I had such a suit once, and when I was a child, my family used to go each summer to a lake in Michigan (the very one that Sheridan's road runs along, come to think of it). Nobody—no child, that is—was allowed to go out in a canoe alone, but if we wore our bathing suits, we could play in one that was kept tied up to our cottage pier, next to a clump of cattails.

I have had further acquaintance with cattails, and it explains another of my scenes. When they are plucked and dried and soaked in kerosene, they make good torches, and that is why, after Gideon routs the Midianites, I see him having to turn back and, weary as he is, put out a prairie fire. He was instructed, of course, to have his men carry trumpets, and lamps beneath pitchers, and, as they approached the enemy by night, to have them break the pitchers and blow the trumpets. He did as he had been told, and the Midianites fled the clatter and the clamor and the rushing lamps, but I have always noticed (I sit on a hilltop, watching the charge sweep down the dark slope) that under the crockery are cattail torches, and some of them fall into dry grass and start a fire, just as a torch of mine once did on a prairie on the outskirts of Chicago.

So I grant David that occasionally I draw on memories that have slid around in my mind and got connected with the wrong events. But I never read Matthew Arnold when I was a child. Who does? I did read some Kipling, but when David and I got into a digressive argument about the line that runs "We sloshed you with Martinis, *and it wasn't 'ardly fair,*" even David conceded that the image that goes with this one I picked up later. (It sticks with me, though. There are these British in a square, and there are these Zulus converging noisily on them—the British cool, silent, Martinis at the ready . . .)

MORE of my friends than David have lately taken to the encyclopedia. I own one, but I consult it only for dates, or the succession of the kings of France, or the middle names of authors—pedestrian and peripheral affairs. I have an acquaintance, though, who uses mine and his own constantly and rather desperately, not so much to correct my scenes themselves as to try to make me go along elsewhere with the people in them. He wants me to see Sheridan rallying his men. But the General's dust is on that road, and that is the nearest I ever come to seeing him. Canute is on his beach, and Arnold is in his doss house, and they never budge. Or you take Hannibal. "He descended into Italy, and with his superior cavalry overran the Po valley," this man has read me from the Columbia Encyclopedia. "In the spring of 217, he crossed the Apennines and marched toward Rome."



I believe it, but to my mind comes a familiar and reliable picture. I see a pass, which to me is always a severe defile high in the Alps, no more than a couple of yards wide, and with huge perpendicular cliffs rising on either side. It is icy, and a whistling wind, such as used to squeal in the speaking tube that ran from just above the front-door bell of my grandfather's house to just beside the kitchen sink, is shooting through it from Gaul to Italy. In the pass, somewhat to the Gaul side, an elephant is stuck, and Hannibal is supervising two men who are prying it slowly through to Italy. I know they will succeed. I know what will happen afterward. The other elephants, there on the north slope with me, will go through easily on their own, and Hannibal will go down and harass Italy, as my friend and David, and everyone else I have talked to, tell me. But wherever Hannibal goes or whatever I read or hear of him, I see him always in that slippery pass.

A FEW weeks ago, I discovered that my pictures had begun to fade and blur, like brown old photographic prints looked at too often in the light of day, and I was sorry. I told David so. "People have their notions," I said, "and what's the harm in this one?" (As a matter of fact, it is benevolent. Poor General Wolfe, a favorite of mine, has got his wish at last, for as his boat drifts dimly past the bluffs of Quebec in the black early hours of a September morning, I see him busy with pad and pencil, composing Gray's "Elegy.") "Some people think the letters of the alphabet come in colors," I went on. "Or that numbers do. I know a woman who thinks four is pink and seven is olive green."

"Pink doesn't seem right for four, somehow," David said, frowning analytically at the little knife in his hand. "Four is more reserved. It's not pink to *me*."

"What is it, then?" I asked.

"Why, just plain smug, I guess," he said.

Neither of us spoke for a while. David looked at me suspiciously, as if what he had said was my fault. He put the knife away, and I have not seen it since. "It hadn't occurred to me, really, but now that I think about it . . ." he said.

"What's eleven?" I asked him.

He is a formidably honest man. "Cold," he said miserably. "Ruthless."

We dropped the subject. It has not come up again, and neither have my pictures. But I know David. I am sure he has been tracking his fancy down to find out where it came from, and I expect he is exorcising it, though I hope not. It must be good to have lively numerals in one's head. In mine, they have always been black and spiritless.

I must admit that, to some extent, he has succeeded in making my view of history and literature more orderly and less vivid, but there is at least one scene that I still fully count on, because I never told it all to David or got around to examining it too closely myself. What King Canute sits on, there beside the waves, is a platform rocker, and as they roll up at him, he slides back and forth in it, tantalizing them. Well, the only *platform rocker* I ever saw belonged to a very old and stern lady, who, as I recall it (I was four or five), used to scoot to and fro, and once in a while, on the forward swing, hand me a horehound drop. She looked nothing whatever like King Canute, but he must have got hold of her chair, and, having learned my lesson, I am going to leave him in it.

—ROBERT HENDERSON

•

THE MARRIAGE PORTION

From commissars of daylight
Love cannot make us free.
Nights of ungracious darkness
Hang over you and me.
We lie awake together
And hear the clocks strike three.

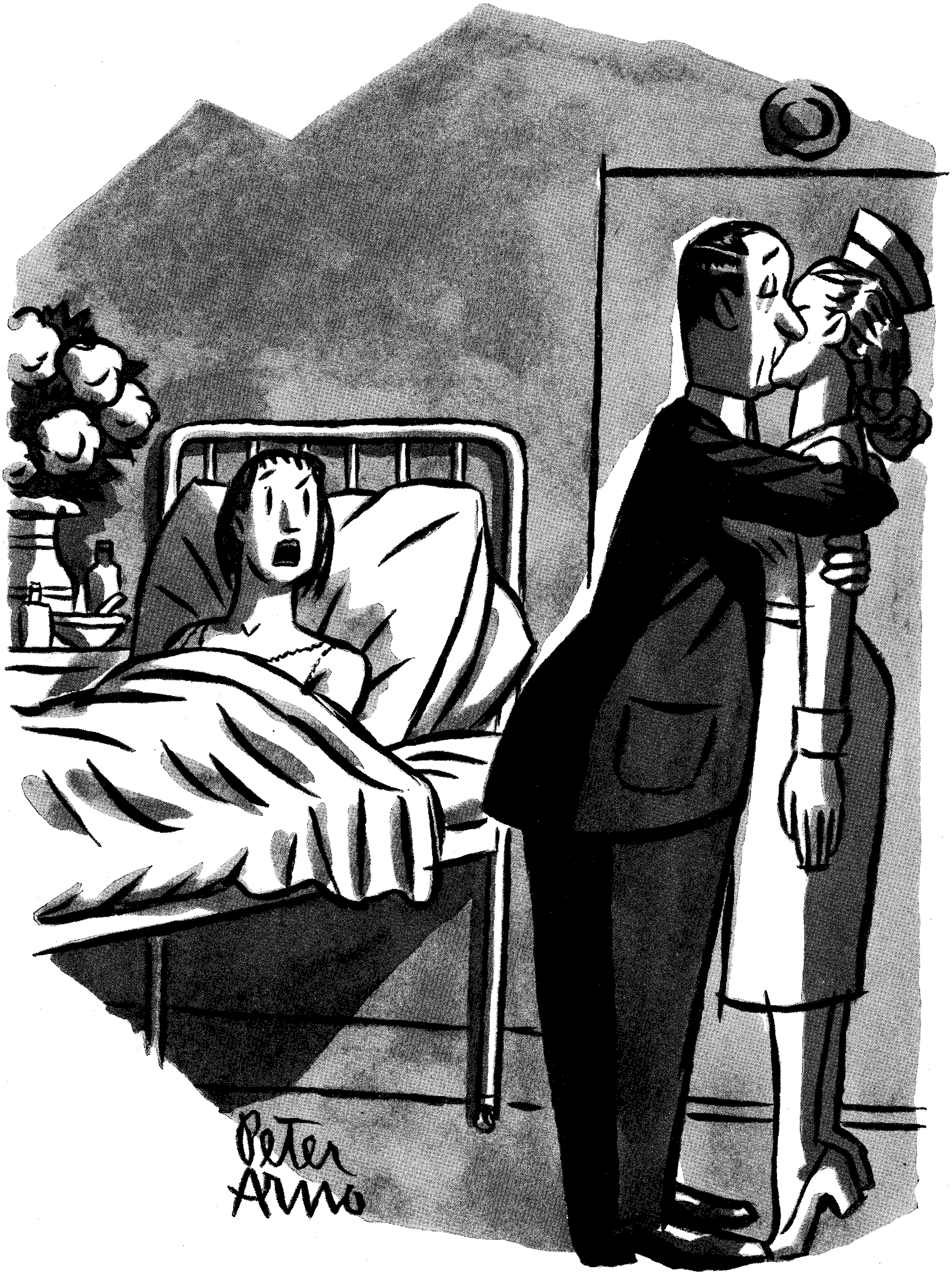
Our loving cannot exile
The felons *but* and *if*,
Yet, being undivided,
Some ways we can contrive
To hold off those besiegers
Who batter round our life:

The thieves of our completeness
Who steal us stone by stone,
The patronage that scowls upon
Our need to be alone,
And all the clever people
Who want us for their own.

The telephone is ringing
And planes and trains depart.
The cocktail party's forming,
The cruise about to start.
To stay behind is fatal—
Act now, the time is short.

If we refuse the summons
And stand at last alone,
We walk, intact and certain,
As man and woman grown
In the deserted playground
When all the rest have gone.

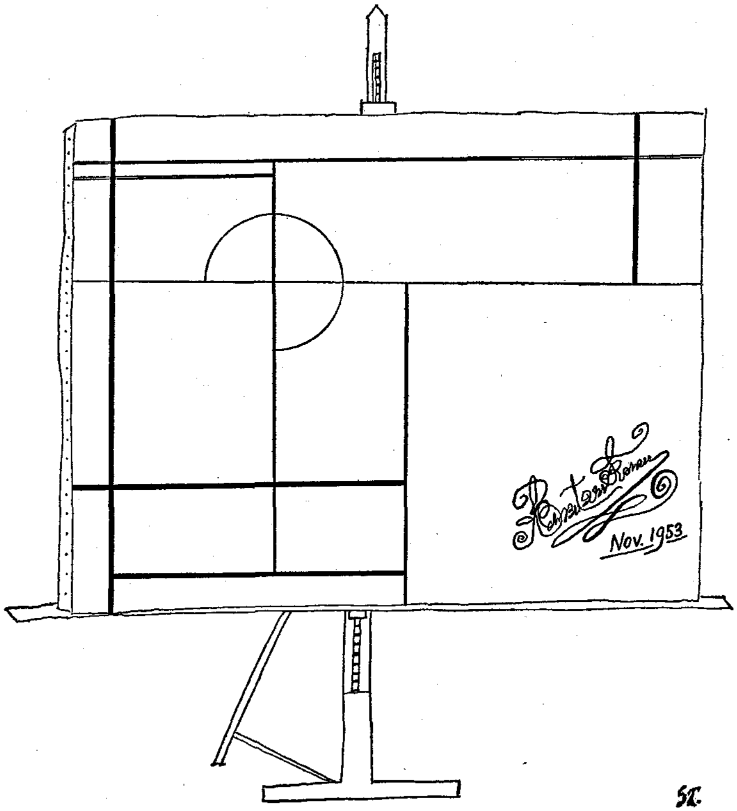
—ADRIENNE CECILE RICH



"*George! It was* *Dr. Carter* *that pulled me through!*"

THE VIEW FROM THE KITCHEN

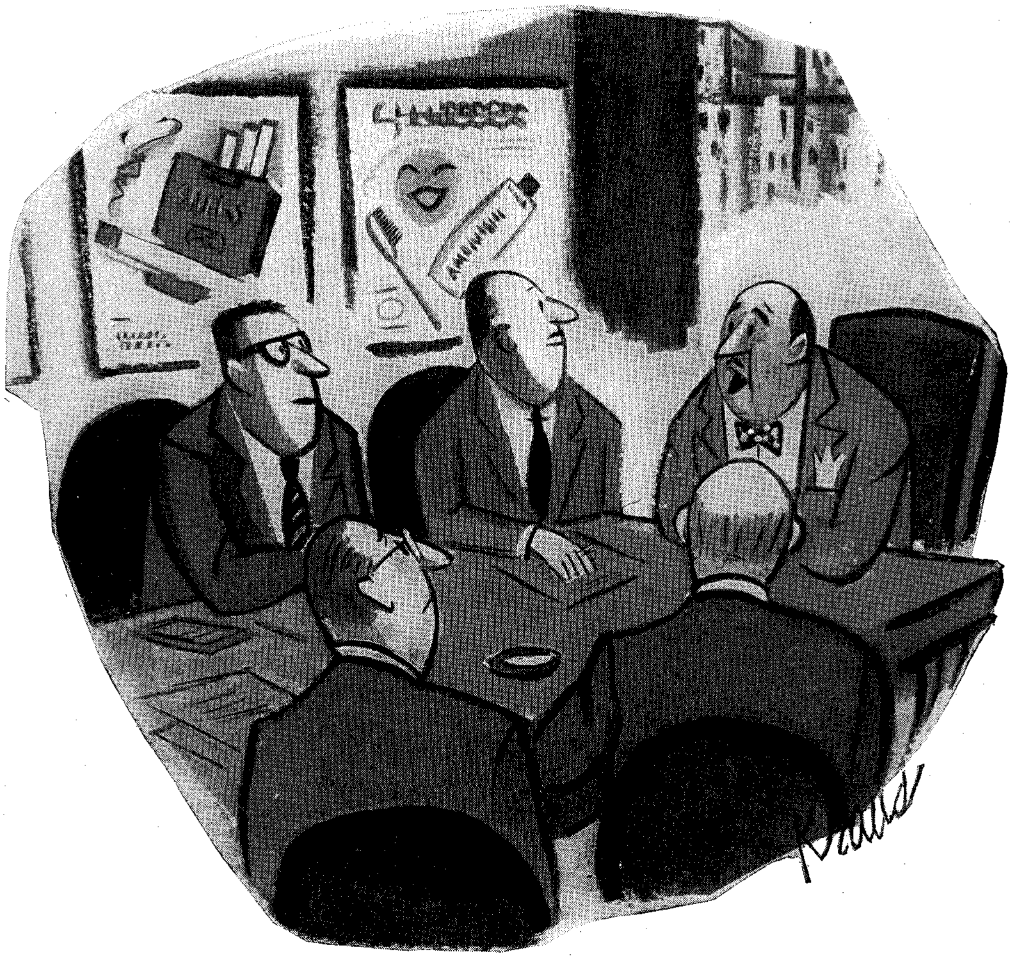
HERBERT'S RETREAT is a snug community of forty or more houses that cluster together on the east bank of the Hudson about thirty miles above New York City. Some of the houses are small and some are middle-sized. No two are alike, and because they are separated by trees, hedges, wooden fences, or untidy vestiges of ancient woods, and because of the vagaries of the terrain, they all seem to be on different levels. Some of the houses certainly reach much higher into the air than others, because a few roofs can be glimpsed from the highway, and in wintertime, when the trees are bare, an occasional stretch of wall is disclosed to passing motorists, but otherwise the community is secluded. One characteristic all the houses have in common: They all eye the river. This does not mean that they all face the river. Some of them face vaguely toward the highway, as though they were not sure exactly where it was. Some face the private roadway, hardly more than a path, that strings them all together. Some face each other, while keeping their distance, and a few seem to stand sideways to everything. But in every house the residents have contrived and plotted and schemed and paid to bring the river as intimately as possible into their lives. The people with houses directly on the river are in luck, of course. The most any of them had to do was to knock out a side wall, widen a window, or build a porch. Those fortunate enough to have houses facing directly on the river had no problem, since the view was theirs for the taking. It is among the people with houses set back from the river that the competition for its favors is keenest. The tallest of these houses have had square wooden balconies balanced on their roofs, where the host and hostess and their guests may perch and drink and admire the view. Occupants of the smaller houses have been very ingenious in devising ways to trap and hold their own particular glimpse of the water. Some have centipede-like porches creeping sideways from their houses to the nearest break in the wall of trees and buildings that cuts them off from the river, so that the vantage point gained, while not exactly natural to the house, is still part of the establishment. It is of no advantage to repair to a neighbor's house in order to see the water and show it off to visitors; each householder feels he must have a view of his own to offer. Several tree houses have been built. One man went so far as to erect a slender round tower of brick in his garden. Only one person can squeeze up the steep spiral staircase of the tower, and only one can stand in the tiny room that tops it, but sooner or later each guest, glass in hand, makes the solitary, claustrophobic ascent and returns to report on the merits of the view from the tower, and to compare it favorably with all other points of survey around.



All the people who live at Herbert's Retreat own their own houses. Newcomers can seldom get a foot in, except in the summertime, when a few residents let their places for two or three months. The tone and welfare of the community is guarded by a board of trustees. There are almost no restrictions on the behavior of children and animals belonging to the community, but there are iron restrictions against strange children and strange animals. The general atmosphere of the place is one of benevolent freedom. The life there is casual and informal, but gracious. A good deal of quiet entertaining is done. All the residents know each other very well or fairly well. There are no strangers. Living there is rather like living in a club.

LATE one November afternoon, a splendid dinner for three was in the first stages of preparation in the kitchen of one of the houses at the Retreat. This house was long, low, and white. It was not large, but it was charming. It was the property of Mrs. George Harkey, who was generally said to be a very romantic-looking young woman, although her face was not pretty. In her kitchen, Bridie and Agnes, the maids, were taking their time about getting the dinner. They knew that the guest of the evening had only just arrived, that drinks had only started, and that they had plenty of time before they need bother with the dining room, where the table was already set with silver and glass and linen, and with candles ready for lighting.

Bridie belonged to the house. She lived in. Agnes worked and lived at the Gieglers', up the road, and had come to help out for the evening. Bridie, who liked heat, had planted her broad self on a chair beside the stove. Agnes, hovering inquisitively around the strange kitchen, was at a double disadvantage. Not only was she relegated, for the time being, to the position of helper but she was new to the community, having come out from New York City only the week before. She longed to stand at the kitchen window, to watch the antics of Mr. and Mrs. Harkey and their guest, whose voices she could hear outside, but the balance of amiability was still uncertain between her and Bridie, and she feared to put herself in a position that might prove embarrassing if Bridie chose to make it so. However, Bridie's unwavering, ironic stare finally drove her to drift with a show



"What if someday they all just decided it didn't pay to advertise?"

of unconcern to the window, where she saw enough to give her courage to make a remark.

"They're at the statue!" she cried.

Bridie rose from the chair as though it had burnt her, and made for the window.

"Don't let them see you looking," she said, and the two of them crowded together at the side of the window, behind the curtain, and stared out.

They could see the river, separated from them by a long, descending sweep of lawn as wide as the house and guarded on either side by a dense barricade of trees and hedges. The grass on the lawn had only recently been planted. It was still thin and tender, but the earth had been rigorously plowed, raked, dug, and rolled to receive it, and there was no doubt that eventually it would present a carpet of emerald-green velvet leading precisely to the edge of the river. A naked woman in white marble, her limbs modestly disposed, stood to the right of the lawn, not far from the house. Farther from the house, and on the left, a gray stone clown, dwarf-sized, bowed his head dejectedly. The clown wore baggy pants, a flowing tie, and a jacket too small for him. His gray stone wig hung dead from one of his hands, and his face, with its despairing grin, had just been freshly powdered, and painted with purple lipstick. It was the guest of the evening, Mr. Charles Runyon, who had decorated the clown, using tools from the handbag of his hostess, Leona Harkey. Now Charles stood with his arm around Leona, and they laughed together at his handiwork. A little apart from them, George Harkey stood alone, joining uncertainly in their amusement, which was exaggerated and intimate and hard to live up to. It was evident he could think of nothing to say. At the start of the jest, Charles had handed him the handbag, asking him to hold it open for him. The handbag still dangled from his hand, and he glanced awkwardly down at it from time to time, and sipped uneasily from the glass he had carried out with him.

"That's the new husband?" Agnes whispered.

"That's him, all right," said Bridie. "Mr. Harkey. George, his name is."

"He's not bad-looking."

"Oh, he *looks* all right. How old would you say he was?"

"About thirty, I'd say, looking at him from here."

"That's what I thought. The same age as herself, then."

"The other fellow is older. Mr. Runyon."

"Mr. God Runyon," said Bridie emphatically. "Yes, he's a good bit older. He must be past fifty, that fellow."

"Why do you call him Mr. God?"

"Ah, the airs he puts on him, lording it around. And the way she kowtows to him. She'll make the new husband kowtow to him, too."

"How long are they married?"

"A month, it is."

"And how long was she a widow?"

"Four months," said Bridie, smiling grimly at Agnes's astonished face. "Finch, her name used to be."

"And he was killed in a car?"

"He was dead-drunk and ran himself into a young tree. Destroyed the tree and killed himself. She had to get a new car. He was all over the windshield when they found him, and the front seat, and bits of him on the hood—blood, hair, everything. Ugh. I often wonder did they get both his eyes to bury him. His face was just pulp, that's all—all mashed. The police were mystified, that he could do himself so much damage against such a small tree. He must have been going awful fast. She never turned a hair. I was here when she got the call. Not a feather out of her."

"She's hard."

"That rip hasn't got a nerve in her body. And there she is now, laughing away the same as ever with Mr. God, and Mr. Harkey standing there in place of Mr. Finch. You'd hardly know the difference, except that Mr. Finch was fair-headed and this fellow is black."

"Where does Mr. God come in?"

"He's her *admirerer*. He admires her, and she admires him. They *admire* each other. Oh, they talk a lot about their admiring, but you should have seen the way he hotfooted it out of the picture when Mr. Finch was killed. She was all up and ready to marry him, of course. She thought sure she was going to be *Mrs.* God. But Mr. God was a match for her. All of a sudden didn't he discover there were people all over the country he had to visit, Arizona and

"Try and look natural."

everywhere, and he ended up going to Italy. This is his first night back. This is the first time she's seen him since the summer. That's what all the fuss is about, getting you in to help with the dinner, and all. This is the first Mr. Harkey has seen of him, either. You can imagine what's going on in *his* mind. He never laid eyes on him before tonight."

"He has a great look of a greyhound. Mr. God, I mean."

"Oh, he's a very *elegant* gentleman. Did you notice the pointy shoes he's wearing. And the waistcoat with the little buttons on it. And the way he shapes around, imagining everybody is looking at him. He'd make you sick."

"They're coming in now. They'll be looking for more drinks, I suppose?"

"That crowd takes care of their own drinks. Out of shame, if nothing else, so we won't see how much they put down. As if I didn't have to carry the empty bottles out. It's a scandal. *He* makes the drinks. He stands up in front of the bar in there like a priest saying Mass, God forgive me, and mixes a Martini for himself, and one for her, and maybe an odd one for the husband. Mr. Finch used to like to make his own. He had a special big glass he used to drink out of. He had a little song he used to sing when he'd had a few. He used to go off by himself in a corner of the living room, and he'd sing, very low—it wouldn't bother you, except that he kept it up—he'd sing

"You're too nice, you're too nice,
You're too nice for me."

"Is that all the words there was to it?"

"That's all. Then he'd get up and make himself another drink in his big glass, and he'd stand and look at the two of them, and sing it all over again, and laugh and laugh."

"And wouldn't they say anything?"

"No, because if they paid any attention to him, he'd point his finger at Mr. God and sing the same thing, over and over, except he'd say '*He's* too nice, *he's* too nice.' It used to get on their nerves."

"Look at them now."

"What did I tell you. That's the way it always is."

Leona and Charles were strolling arm in arm toward the house, carrying their almost finished Martinis in their free hands. George, with the handbag, brought up the rear. George liked sweet Manhattans, and his glass was empty. Charles glanced over his shoulder at the river, and George stopped dead and looked over his shoulder, too.

"Leona, darling, it's exactly what I dreamed of for you," Charles said. "And of course you've done exactly what I would have done. Do you remember how we used to talk and *talk* about it. Who would ever have thought it would all come true?"

"Charles, darling, I hope it won't ever rain again," Leona cried in her dark, husky voice. "I want that poor dismal face to stay just as you painted it, to remind me that you are back at last, and to commemorate our first evening all three together."

Charles' reply was unheard in the kitchen, because the three celebrants had disappeared around the side of the house, and would by now be arranging themselves before the living-room fire.

Bridie turned away from the window. "I don't know where she thinks she's going to get the lawn from," she said, "if she's not going to let it rain. Would you ever think that only a month ago you couldn't see hardly an inch beyond that kitchen window there? The kitchen here was as dark as a cellar, even in the middle of the day. There was a hedge out there almost as high as the house."

"They cut the hedge?" Agnes said politely.

"Cut the *hedge*. God almighty, she couldn't get it down soon enough. I thought she was going to go after it with her nail scissors, the way she was carrying on. I tell you, Agnes, the poor fellow was hardly out of bed the first morning after they got back from the honeymoon when she started screaming about the hedge. 'The hedge must go!' she kept yelling. 'Down with the accursed hedge! I must have my view. Where is my wonderful, my promised view!' Did you ever hear the like of that?"

"Them and their view. You'd think it was a diamond necklace, the way they carry on about their *view*. Mrs. Giegler is just the same. The minute a person walks into the house, it's me view this and me view that, and come and look at me view, and dragging them over to the window and out on to the porch in every sort of weather. Damp, that's all I have to say about it. Damp."

"Oh, this one is a terror on the view. She's had her eye on that view ever since I've been here. She was bound and determined to get that view."

"Well, and now she has it."

THE WITCH OF EAST SEVENTY-SECOND STREET

"I will put upon you the Telephone Curse," said the witch.
"The telephone will call when you are standing on a chair with a Chinese vase
in either hand,
And when you answer, you will hear only the derisive popping of corks."
But I was armed so strong in honesty
Her threats passed by me like the idle wind.

"And I will put upon you the Curse of Dropping," said the witch.
"The dropping of tiny tacks, the dropping of food gobbets,
The escape of wet dishes from the eager-grasping hand,
The dropping of spectacles, stitches, final consonants, the abdomen."
I sneered, jeered, fleered; I flouted, scouted; I pooh-pooh-poohed.

"I will put upon you the Curse of Forgetting!" screamed the witch.
"Names, numbers, faces, old songs, old joy,
Words that once were magic, love, upward ways, the way home."
"No doubt the forgotten is well forgotten," said I.

"And I will put upon you the Curse of Remembering," bubbled the witch.
Terror struck my eyes, knees, heart;
And I took her charred contract
And signed in triplicate.

—Morris Bishop

* * *

"Two people had to die before she could get it. First the poor old daisy who owned the cottage that used to be down there died in her sleep one night, and then, not two weeks later, doesn't poor Mr. Finch go and smash himself up."

"And then she bought the cottage?"

"Not at all," said Bridie, rudely. "She couldn't afford to buy the cottage. There were dozens of them around here after it, but she got herself on the inside first. Mr. Harkey inherited the cottage from his aunt. That was the old one who died. Miss Harkey. An old maid. They were all after that cottage. That's why she married him in such a hurry, apart from the fact that she knew Mr. God would never show his face in the house till she had a new husband."

"Mr. Harkey got the cottage from his aunt, and then this one married him and made him pull it down."

"Pulled it down and carted it away as fast as I'm saying the words. Oh, she was in a terrible hurry about it. She had them out there marking the place for the lawn and planting the grass and putting up the statues before you could turn around. He never said a word, but I think he was sorry to see the cottage go. He said to her that it was the only thing he'd ever owned in his life."

"I would've thought he had money, from the looks of him."

"Not that fellow. Oh, he likes to look as if he was somebody, but he hasn't a penny except what he gets from his job. The old aunt didn't leave him any money, only the cottage. I don't think she had much else to leave. She kept very much to herself. She hadn't much patience with the crowd around here. Well, Mr. Harkey was all pleased. He came down here, just weekends, and began settling in, cooking little meals for himself and all, and the next thing you knew, there *she* was, charging down the road with little *housewarming* presents for him—little pots of patty de fwa, and raspberry jam *I'd* made, and a tin of green-turtle soup she paid a fortune for. She thought he might like the unusual flavor of it, she said. Oh, she'd never have looked at him, only for his view. It would have matched him better to have sold up the place and taken his money and run. She just took it out from under him. He never had a chance, once *she* took after him."

"The poor fellow."

"Oh, I'd waste no sympathy on that fellow, Agnes. Do you know what his job is? Well, now, I'll let you guess. The lowest thing, about the lowest thing you can think of. Go on, guess. I'll give you three guesses."

"An undertaker?"

"No."

"A pawnbroker?"

"No, but you're close."

"A summons server?"

"No. He's a credit manager."

Agnes emitted a low, prolonged shriek and sat down on Bridie's chair by the stove. Bridie smiled her satisfaction.

"A credit manager!" cried Agnes. "A credit manager. Oh, my God, the lowest of the low. A credit manager. And to think I'm going to have to put his dinner in front of him. Oh, the dirty thing."

"At Clancyhanger's," Bridie said.

"Clancyhanger's. The worst bunch of thieves and knaves in the country. The persecutors of the poor. Oh, the way they hop off you when you haven't got the money. Bridie, I've heard enough. I hope she cuts him up and eats him."

"Of course, *she* doesn't say he's a credit manager. That's not good enough for *her*. She makes out he's a junior vice-president, if you don't mind. But I heard him talking to her the first time he came in here for a drink, and that's what he told her. He's a credit manager, and that's all he is."

"One of the ones that does the dirty work. When our Blessed Lord was crucified, he was standing there holding the box of nails."

"That's the sort he is. No real good in him. Although to look at him you'd think butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Oh, he was all full of himself that first day he came in here. He had a girl he brought with him."

"A girl?"

"She was staying with him in the cottage. And there was only the one bed in the place, because I saw the furniture when it was carted out. She was *staying* with him all right, in the full sense of the word."

"Imagine doing the like of that, and probably not engaged or married or anything. Isn't it disgusting?" Agnes said enviously.

"This one may not have been married, Agnes, but she had the *experience* of being married, I'll guarantee you that much. Oh, I think she thought he was going to marry her. She was all busy, making curtains and cushion covers and all, and cleaning up the weeds in the garden down there where the old one had let it go. She was a nice enough girl, too, I'll say that much for her. All excited about the cottage. But she didn't last long after the Madam got to work."

"Tell us, Bridie, what did she do to her?"

"She didn't have to *do* anything. Not

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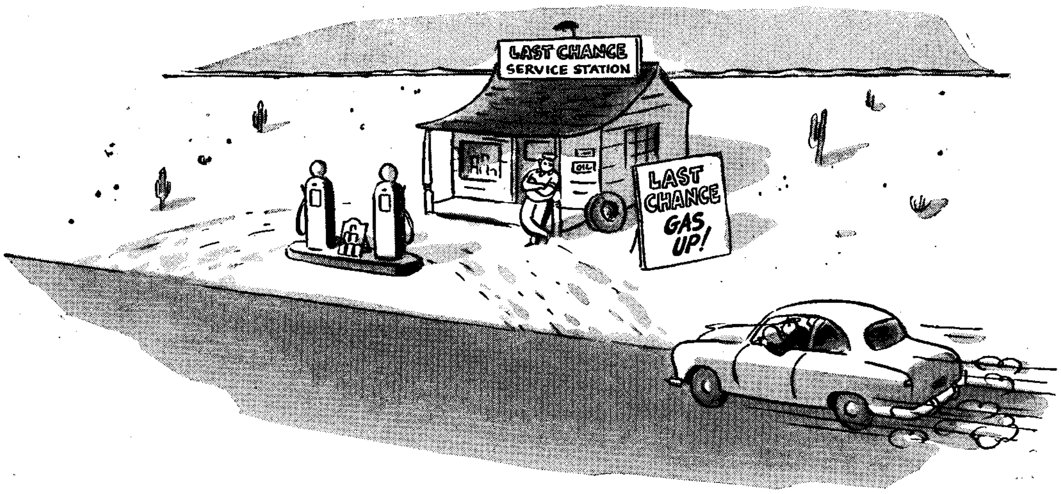

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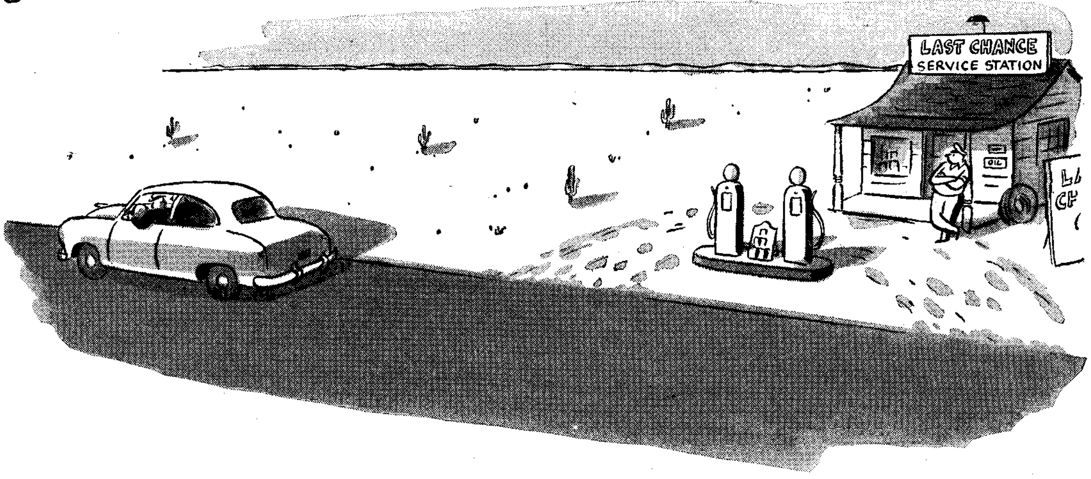

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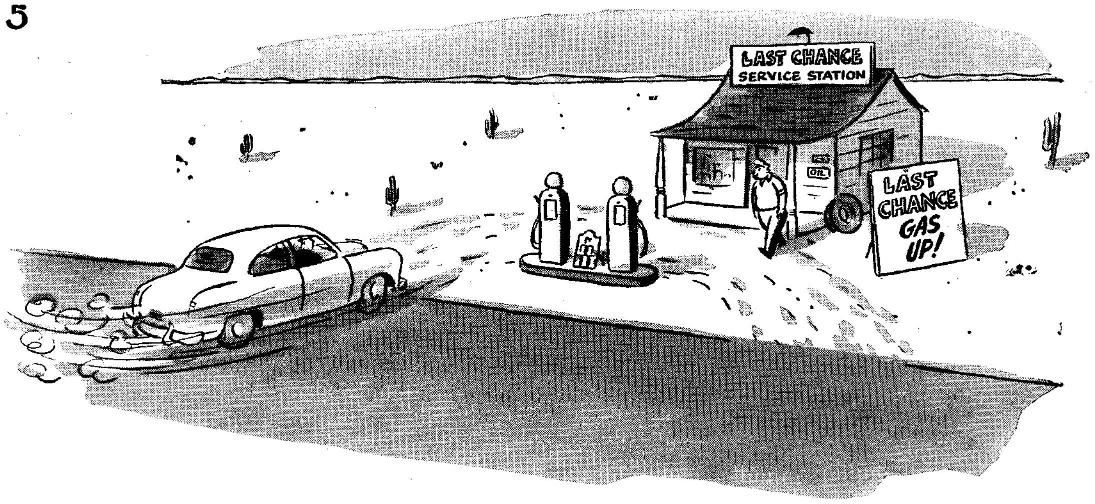

that one. She was all nice to the girl. All advice on how this should go in the cottage, and how that should go, all over her, she was, sweet and nice as you please. But then one night he came up by himself, and the first thing you know, she was on the phone asking him over for a drink. 'I love your girl,' she says to him, 'a dear girl. What does she do?' she says—as if she didn't know, I heard her questioning the girl myself. 'She works in the advertising department in the store,' he says. 'Isn't that interesting,' she says. 'But isn't it a pity she's not more at ease here,' she says. 'We're such a select little group, you know. A lot of artists and writers, *creative* people. We see each other all the time,' she says. 'It's so important to fit in, as you do,' she says. 'I want to give a little party for you, and introduce you to everybody. And there's my friend Charles Runyon, the critic—you know his name, of course.' That's Mr. God. 'You must meet him the minute he gets back from Europe. He's so charming,' she says. 'I know you'll adore him, as we all do.' And then she invited him to a dinner party she was giving, not mentioning the girl, and he didn't mention the girl, either, and he never brought her near the place again. Of course, he didn't know what he was getting in for, with this one. He thought she was all interested in his cottage. And all she was thinking about was how fast she could get it out of the way so she could have her precious view."

"And now I suppose all she's thinking about is how fast she can get *him* out of the way."

"Ah, no, she doesn't mind him, as long as he behaves himself and doesn't cause her any trouble. He's not a bad-looking young fellow, you know. And now she has Mr. God coming around again, paying her compliments and inviting her in to New York to see the new plays, and all. You'll see—he'll be out here every weekend, just the way he used to be. He has his own room here, even. He told her the way he wanted it, and she had it all done up for him. He hasn't even got his own car, but they fall over themselves around here to see which one of them will give him a lift out from the city. They think it's an honor, having him around. He's supposed to be very *witty*. A wit, he is. He never opens that nar-

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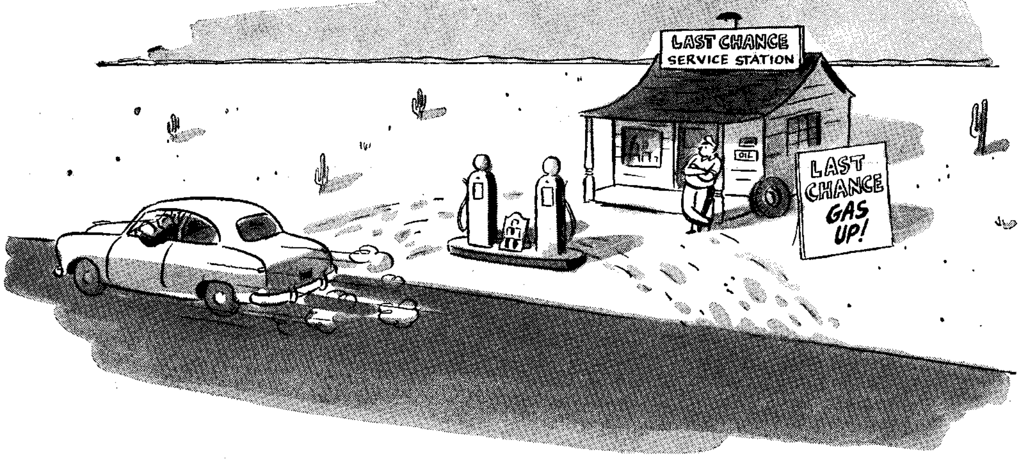

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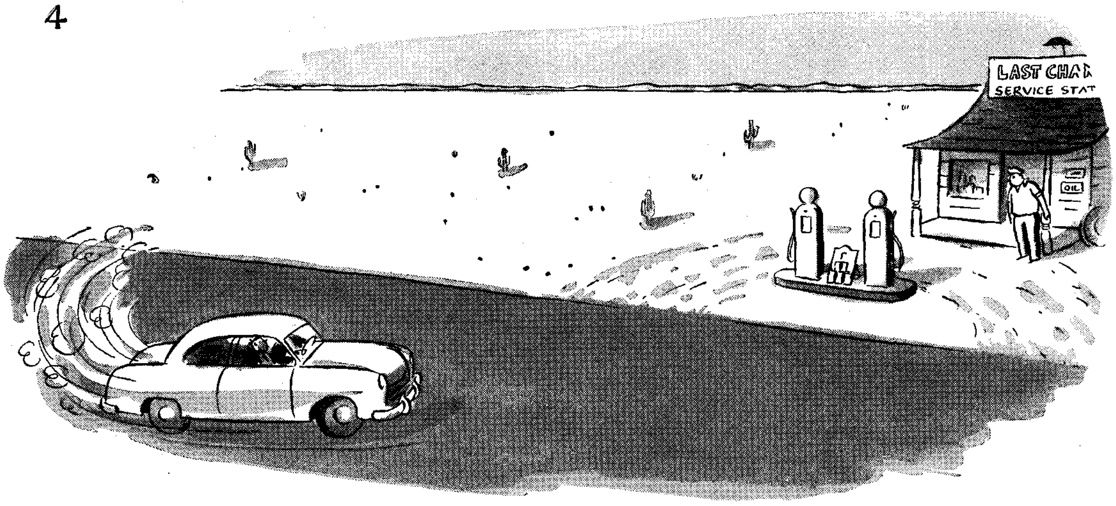

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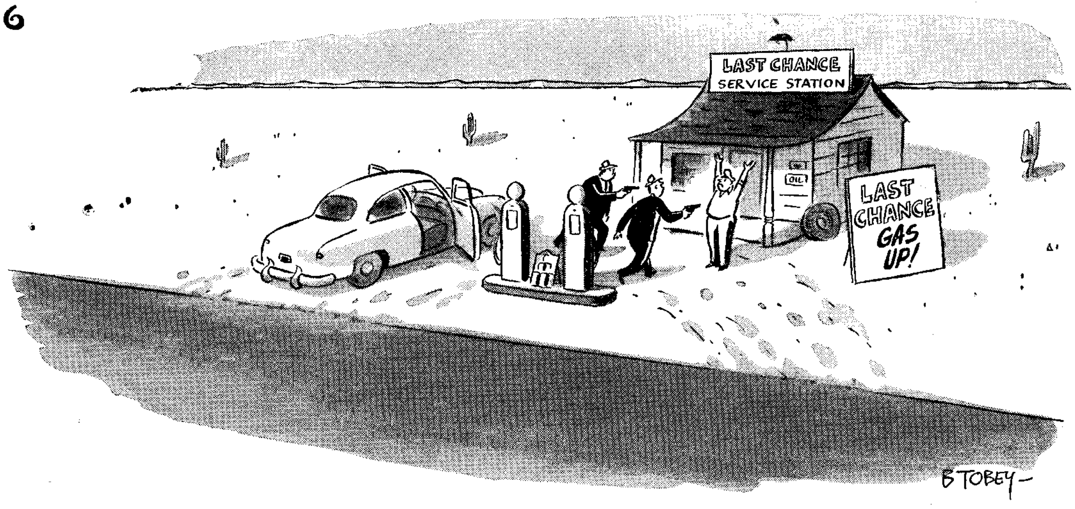


row little mouth of his but they all collapse laughing."

"The way they carry on, it's not decent."

"Oh, the things I could tell you about their carrying-on," Bridie said ominously. "It would curl your hair."

"You mean her and Mr. God."

"No, no, nothing like that there. He's the sort that just pays compliments. I heard him telling her she has a face on her that belongs to the ages. What do you make of that?"

"Is that a compliment? What sort of a compliment is that? Isn't that a queer thing to say to a woman!"

"She liked it. She says she's in love with his mind."

"In love with Mr. God's mind?"

"She's in love with Mr. God's mind."

"In love with his mind. Well, that's a new one. I never heard that one before."

"Neither did Mr. Harkey, by the look of him."

"There he is now," said Agnes, who had resumed her stand by the window. Bridie came to look over her shoulder.

Flashlight in hand, George was making his way timorously over the darkened lawn. He passed the naked woman, at whom he did not glance. Passing the clown, he turned the light briefly on the painted face, and proceeded on. He walked slowly over the place where his cottage had raised its walls, and reached at last the edge of the river, where he stood stabbing convulsively with the flashlight out into the blackness. The path he lighted across and around and over and above the water was ragged and wavering. His hand seemed to be shaking.

"What's he up to now, I wonder," said Bridie.

"Maybe he's looking for his view," Agnes said, and grimaced nervously at her own smartness.

"Well, he's not going to find much down there," Bridie said, and gave her a companionable nudge in the ribs.

Emboldened, Agnes thumbed her nose at the window, and immediately collapsed on the table in a heap of shuddering, feeble giggles, with her hands covering her face. After a second, she moved one finger aside and peered up to see how Bridie was taking this demonstration.

Bridie winked at her.

—Maeve Brennan

PROFILES

A FAREWELL TO STRING AND SEALING WAX—II

Dr. Samuel A. Goudsmit, chairman of the Physics Department at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, at Upton, Long Island, which is one of the country's largest atomic-research centers, got his first tantalizing whiff of physics at the age of eleven. Alone and bored one afternoon, in his parents' comfortable, middle-class house in The Hague, where he was born, he flipped open a textbook of elementary physics that belonged to his older sister, and hit upon a passage describing how the science of spectroscopic phenomena had proved that the stars are composed of the same elements as the earth. "Hydrogen in the sun and iron in the Big Dipper made Heaven seem cozy and attainable," he says. At that time, however, physics did not occur to him as an eventual vocation. Millinery did. His mother owned a fashionable hat shop called Au Louvre, on the Prinsestraat, in The Hague, and from the time he was ten she consulted him regularly before deciding on new models for her clientele. "That one ought to have a flower instead of a feather," the boy would say, and more often than not his mother and her designers would agree that he was right. "I found the talk of styles and Paris entrancing," Goudsmit recalls. "Even now, when I think of Parisian streets and buildings, I can hear my mother's voice telling me about them. And then there was the excitement of guessing six months in advance what kind of hats Dutch ladies would want next. Both the risk and the romance of the business appealed to me greatly."

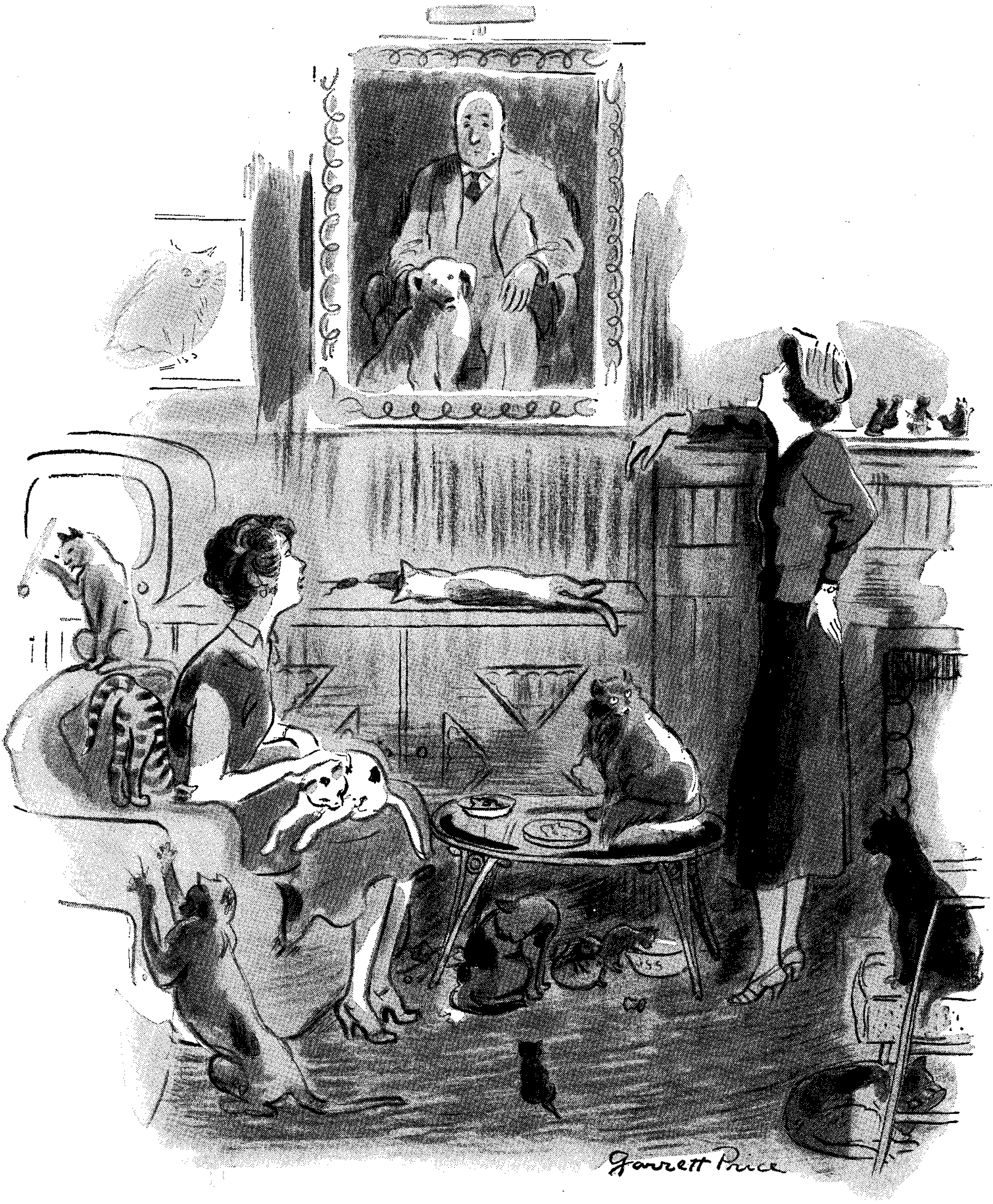
Goudsmit was in his last year of high school when his mother had to abandon Au Louvre, because of poor health. His father, Isaac, was a prosperous wholesale dealer in bathroom fixtures, but this business did not interest the boy at all. His only impressive grades at school were in science and mathematics, so, in 1919, for lack of any other signpost, he enrolled as a physics student at the University of Leyden, ten miles from The Hague. He began his studies with misgivings. His first love was still millinery, and he felt that in his case physics could lead only to a lacklustre career of high-school teaching; he didn't think he was up to meeting the stiff requirements for a professorship in some European university, which was then about as far as a physicist could hope to get. At Leyden, though, his reluctant embrace of physics soon turned to devotion, as he came under the influence of the late Paul Ehrenfest, a professor of international prominence. A less astute teacher might not have become aware of Goudsmit's talents, for they were of an unorthodox nature. Unlike most students of physics, he seemed to base his thinking on empirical hunches rather than on logical and analytical grounds, and he possessed an almost uncanny intuition, comparable perhaps to his ability to forecast Dutch ladies' taste in hats. "Sam always had a fanciful imagination," Dr. Walter F. Colby, director of Intelligence for the Atomic Energy Commission, who was responsible for bringing Goudsmit to this country, said not long ago; and Dr. George Uhlenbeck, a fellow-student of Goudsmit's at Leyden and at present a professor at the University of Michigan, once told a friend, "As physicists go, Sam was never a conspicuously reflective man, but he had, and has, an amazing talent for taking random data and giving them direction. He's a wizard at cryptograms, and it's not hard to understand why." Dr. I. I. Rabi, of Columbia University, who is chairman of the general advisory committee to the Atomic Energy Commission, has also noticed this maverick strain in his makeup. "Sam has a sixth sense when it comes to bringing order to jumbled facts," he says. "He thinks like a detective. He *is* a detective."

Actually, Goudsmit would have the jump on the next man should he ever want to become a detective in the ordinary sense of the word. While studying at Leyden, he had a job on the side for a while as a research assistant at the University of Amsterdam, where he heard that the local police chemist was giving a course in detective techniques. He signed up for it, and for eight months learned how to compare fingerprints, spot forgeries with ultraviolet light, and analyze various types of stains, such as those made by blood and grease. "Taking that course was one of the most sensible things I ever did," Goudsmit says. "I learned a detective's attitude toward the evaluation of evidence. It's been extremely helpful in my work." And, blandly ignoring the tributes paid to his intuitive powers, he adds, "People usually go too much by intuition, without judging what's in front of them."

While at Leyden, Goudsmit also joined the Christian Huygens Society, a student discussion group. The members took turns giving half-hour talks on various cultural topics. Goudsmit's topic was always the same—the structure of the atom, and this caused a falling off of attendance at the meetings he addressed. The society's president finally asked him to find something else to talk about. Goudsmit was baffled. He felt that all he knew was the atom. Determined not to let the president down, he enrolled in a course in Egyptology. When he appeared in the classroom on the opening day of the semester, he found he was the only student there. "Three make a lecture—God, teacher, and student," the professor, an ancient, kindly gentleman began, intoning a Latin proverb, and Goudsmit was embarked on the study of Egyptology. He stayed with the course two years and, with an alacrity that brought joy to the heart of his lonely teacher, learned to decipher hieroglyphics. The professor was eager for him to go into this subject more deeply, but instead Goudsmit turned to collecting scarabs. "The professor considered that vulgar, but the reality of the scarabs made me feel closer to Egypt than the printed hieroglyphics I'd been working on," Goudsmit says. "It's odd that I've never been there, but it's not because I haven't tried. Some years ago, I attempted to set up a cosmic-ray experiment in which the Pyramids would be used as absorbers. I wanted to put Geiger counters both inside and outside them to gauge the rays' powers of penetration. But the project fell through. Another time, while I was teaching at Harvard, I made friends with an Egyptian student of mine, and he said that when he got home his first act would be to get the University of Cairo to invite me there as a lecturer. I gave him an A in the course, and then the scoundrel went and married an American girl and settled in Boston."

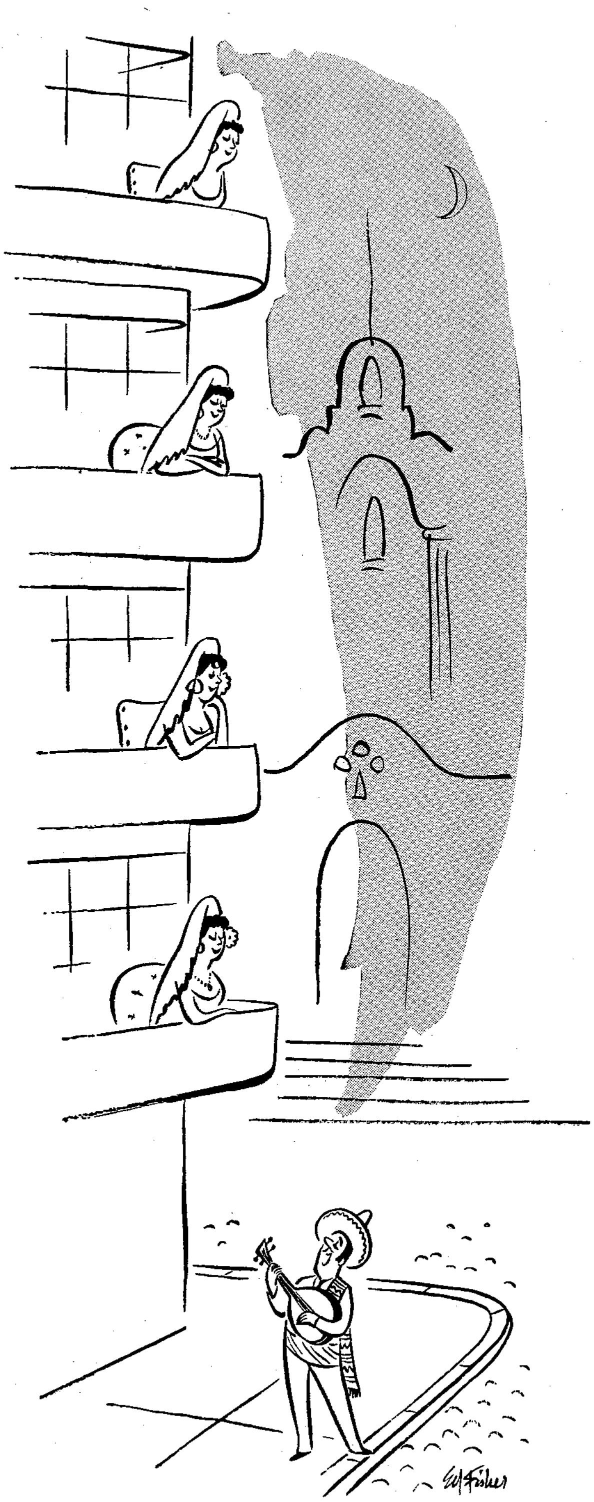
Under Ehrenfest's direction, Goudsmit made excellent progress at the University of Leyden. His second year there, when he was only eighteen, he produced a treatise, based on his own research, that dealt with the spectroscopy of alkali doublets. "A most presumptuous display of self-confidence but a highly creditable paper," Uhlenbeck recently said of this early effort. Other papers followed, and they were climaxed in the summer of 1925, two years before Goudsmit received his Ph.D., by one he prepared with Uhlenbeck, describing their discovery of the electron spin, a contribution of fundamental importance to the quantum theory; without it the magnetic properties of matter cannot be adequately explained. The electron spin has since become so taken for granted in physics that students today are inclined to believe it was revealed in Genesis, but at the time it was what physicists needed to clear up an enormous number of riddles involving the structure of the atom. More than one winner of a Nobel Prize has drawn heavily on the findings of the two young Leyden scholars in working out the contribution to science that earned him the award. "Physics must forever be in debt to those two men for discovering the spin," Rabi once declared.

With the publication of the electron-spin theory, both its authors were established as important physicists. Goudsmit was invited to attend discussions at the Institute of Theoretical Physics, in Copenhagen, which was headed by the eminent Dr. Niels Bohr, and he was subsequently awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship, which he used to study in Germany; while there, he joined forces with Dr. Edmund Back, a German scientist, and the two men succeeded in measuring the spin of the atomic nucleus, the first time this had ever been done. In 1926, Colby, who was touring the Continent as a talent scout for the University of Michigan's Physics Department, visited Leyden and, on Ehrenfest's recommendation, signed up Goudsmit and Uhlenbeck as instructors. Goudsmit was engaged to Jeanne Logher, a former designer in his mother's shop, and he felt that the relatively high teaching salaries offered in the United States were a factor that a young man who was about to assume domestic re-



"One morning they went out for a walk, and that's the last I ever saw of them."

sponsibilities was in no position to ignore. Moreover, the opportunities for academic advancement were considerably greater here than in Europe. The idea, however, had its drawbacks. For one thing, he hated to leave Ehrenfest. For another, he hated to leave Europe, where the physicists were then at the height of what Goudsmit sometimes longingly calls "the string-and-sealing-wax era"—an era in which men filled with the excitement of discovery but handicapped by meagre budgets rigged up their own primitive laboratory equipment, using whatever odds and ends happened to be at hand, and with it accomplished miracles of pure research. Ehrenfest minimized both objections. "I'd advise you to go," he said to Goudsmit. "American physics may disappoint you at first, but the science is building up there. Always watch the slope of the graph. It's not where a thing is at the moment that counts but where it's going." In the summer of 1927, Goudsmit, now a married man, moved with his bride to Ann Arbor.



At Michigan, some of the time Goudsmit was accustomed to devote to research was taken up by the unfamiliar task of teaching, but he found that this did not make him nearly as unhappy as he had feared. In fact, he soon came to look upon teaching as a welcome new aspect of his career. In his spare hours, he continued his study of atomic structure, writing numerous papers and two books on the subject, but, valuable as his findings were, none were as spectacular as the spin theory. This did not surprise him. On the eve of the spin theory's publication, Ehrenfest had warned him that just such a letdown was likely to follow, and in 1931, while Goudsmit, then twenty-nine, was delivering a guest lecture at the Sorbonne, he referred to himself, more or less facetiously, as a "has-been." He has since elaborated on this phenomenon. "As a physicist's career goes, it was to be expected," he says. "A scientist can do useful work all his life, but if he is to carry learning one big step forward, he usually does so before he is thirty. Youth has the quality of being radical, in the literal sense of the word—of going to the root. In science, as in other fields, youth seems to be the time when one is driven to examine the roots—the basic assumptions of everything that has previously been accepted. Obviously, if one hits on something through this approach, it may well be outstanding. After a scientist passes his creative peak, it seems to me the most useful thing he can do is teach the status quo to youngsters, who may then attack it with all their irreverent curiosity and so perhaps arrive at fresh knowledge. Teaching gives older scientists the same satisfaction as parenthood—the sense of self-renewal."

This fairly abstract satisfaction was not the only one that Goudsmit derived from teaching. Somewhat to his astonishment, he discovered that he also enjoyed the homely, day-to-day routine of academic life. He liked the company of his students outside the classroom as well as in it. Friday nights, he held open house for them, with his wife acting as hostess. "They'd bring their dates, and the girls and I would fix pancakes and later wash the dishes together," Mrs. Goudsmit recalls. Goudsmit's first candidate for a Ph.D., Robert F. Bacher, who later became a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, remembers that during his final year at the university he spent three hours or more every day simply hashing things over with his teacher. "We talked not only about physics but about Egyptology and life in general," Bacher has since said. "I've observed a great deal of teaching in the more than twenty years since I left Michigan, and I believe Sam is probably one of the two or three best lecturers in the profession." Goudsmit's ways in the classroom were far from formal, if a report of an episode at Columbia, where he taught a summer-school class shortly after the war, is any indication. According to Rabi, who, no matter what the season, is usually busy in his laboratory on Morningside Heights, Goudsmit was proctoring an examination one suffocating August afternoon when, glancing out the window, he saw an ice-cream vender in the street below. Silently invoking the honor system, Goudsmit left the room. Ten minutes later, he returned with thirty popsicles and put one on each of his perspiring students' desks.

Goudsmit has some fairly strong feelings about the teaching of physics. He thinks, for one thing, that the textbooks most teachers use stress applied science over theory to an appalling degree. More than once he has heard a teacher tell students that diligence in laboratory work will make them handy at repairing mechanical gadgets at home. He summed up his opinion of this approach to the subject during a

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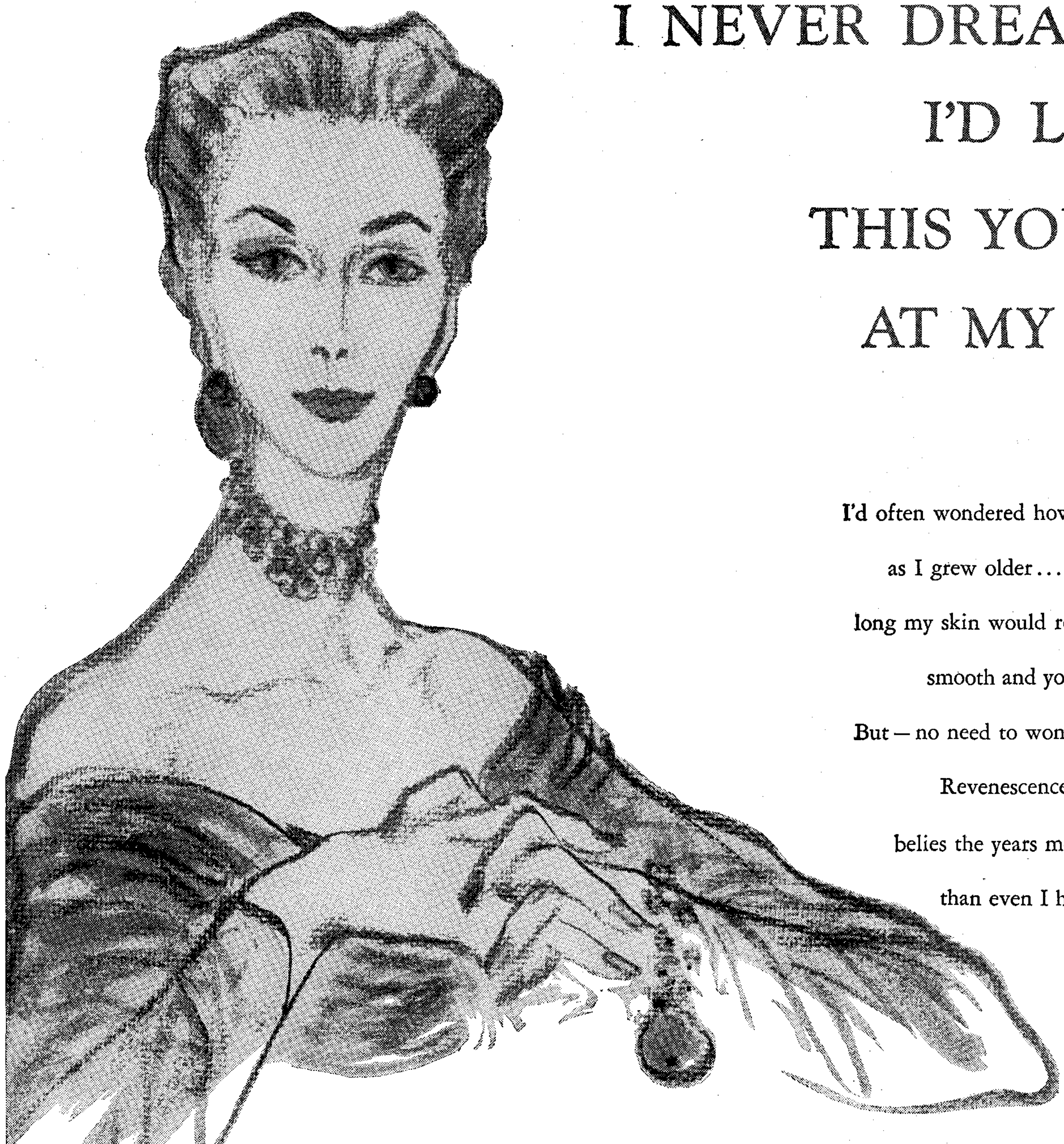

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symposium at Harvard three years ago: "I can only say that I have taught elementary, intermediate, and advanced laboratory work to undergraduates and graduates for many years and . . . I still am unable to do anything helpful around the house." Goudsmit feels that even when teachers do stress theory they tend to resort to homespun analogies that are misleading; in discussing radio waves, for example, a teacher will usually draw a wavy line on the blackboard and mention the surface of the ocean, although actually radio waves and water waves have nothing in common. "To some teachers an atom is always a ball," he says. "In the winter it's a basketball, in the spring it's a baseball, and the rest of the time it's a ping-pong ball. The atom is no more explained by such images than the idea of God is by a picture of an old man with a long beard sitting on a cloud."

Some years ago, a student of Goudsmit's at the University of Michigan wrote a letter in which he made an earnest attempt to give a friend of his an idea of his teacher's classroom technique:

Dr. Goudsmit started his lecture today with the usual serio-levity with which he approaches his almost futile effort to impart even a cursory grasp of physics to dull engineers. He made the routine cracks about the inefficacy of the "prehistoric" demonstration apparatus, and wandered playfully around the darkened lecture room snatching spectra, which were being produced by a machine on the lecture table, with a small screen held in his hand. Presently, however, he became serious and began to talk about atomic theory. His accent thickened slightly, and his voice became a bit louder. He spoke with a trace of negligent reverence of those colleagues of his who had contributed vastly to the great mass of modern scientific knowledge—Bohr, Einstein, and the like. His enthusiasm mounted as he explained how new concepts evolved into satisfactory theories with the help of classical physical manipulations. Philosophically, he discussed the pitfalls man has encountered in trying to resolve the most basic puzzles of nature in terms of "wire models and ping-pong balls" and with great humility he accepted man's impotency and insignificance. He was eloquent! When the bell rang, he stopped abruptly in the middle of a thought, as though awakened from a trance, smiled wryly at the stupid dolts pulling on their coats, and disappeared through the door at the rear of the lecture platform.

The fact of the matter is that, unfortunately, few scientific concepts are reminiscent of wire models, ping-pong balls, or anything in everyday life, and Goudsmit is pretty much resigned to the belief that it will probably be a long, long time before the general public begins to get so much as a glimmer of what the physicists who influence their

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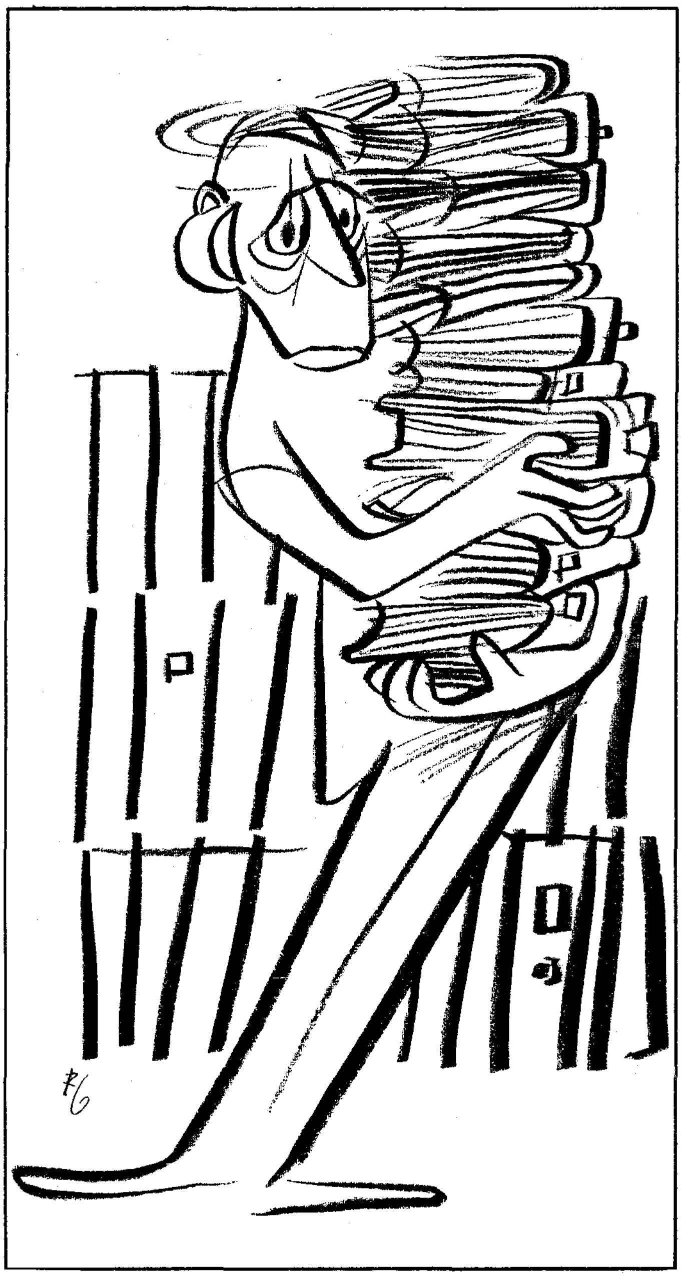

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*Note slumped shoulders—the result of twenty-two years of lugging heavy stacks of 78 RPM records from shelves to phonograph.

*Note watery eyes, head spinning in small, nervous circles—the result of 22 years of trying to read spinning record labels revolving at 78 revolutions per minute (26 miles per hour).

*Note cupped ears—the result of efforts to hear music above noise of steel needle ripping through shellac-record grooves.

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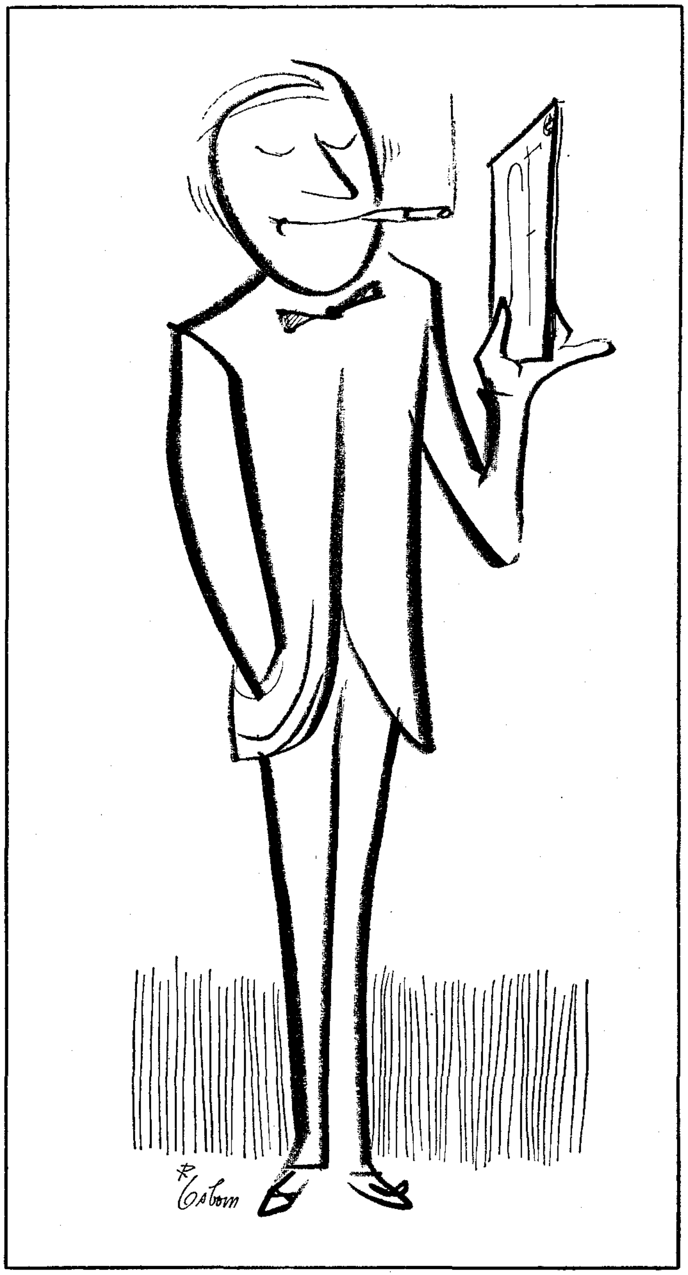

1953

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destiny are talking about. He feels, however, that this is no valid reason for the tendency—more noticeable in the past, perhaps, but still in evidence—for scientists to live apart from other people. As an example of this tendency, he recalls the time he drove down to Princeton in the winter of 1948 to visit his old friend Uhlenbeck, who had spent the preceding six months or so at the Institute for Advanced Study there. After discussing physics for a few hours in Uhlenbeck's quarters, the two men went over to the Institute's lounge for tea and sat down at a table no more than a yard away from one at which Goudsmit thought he recognized T. S. Eliot, the poet and dramatist. "George started talking physics where we had left off a few minutes before," Goudsmit says. "But I broke in and asked him if the fellow at the next table wasn't Eliot. He said it was, and that Eliot had been at the Institute for the past two months, working on a play. The two hadn't even nodded to each other when we went in, and I thought that was strange. 'Haven't you and he ever met?' I asked George, and he looked mildly surprised and said no, they hadn't. There was nothing unusual about that, he assured me, since the scientists at the Institute and the people studying the arts there rarely mingled, and he pointed to several tables in the lounge at which scientists were clustered and then to some others at which there were only people in the humanities. What a wretched situation it was, I thought, that two men of such enormous curiosity as George and Eliot could spend a couple of months in the same small community and never even get around to passing the time of day."

In the summer of 1938, while travelling in Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship, Goudsmit returned to the Netherlands, where the University of Amsterdam offered him the professorship he had once thought he was incapable of attaining. The offer was tempting, but by then he felt too firmly established in the United States to make the switch. He was a full professor of three years' standing at Michigan, and he had a comfortable house in Ann Arbor and a five-year-old daughter, Esther, who was already beginning to acquire American ways. Esther, now a junior at Smith, looks back happily on her childhood in Michigan. "There were always people in the house—either students or scientists," she says. "I. I. [Rabi] and Uncle Enrico [Dr. Enrico Fermi, of the University of Chicago]

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and all the others would sit around in a circle, discussing and discussing. I never understood what they were talking about, of course, but I felt sure they did, because they all seemed like such fine men."

The excursion to the Netherlands gave Goudsmit his last opportunity to visit his parents. The next time he entered his family's house in The Hague, he was the uniformed civilian head of a secret American military mission known as Alsos, which was sent overseas during the war to find out what progress Hitler was making in the development of atomic weapons. In the summer of 1945, after beating his way across France and into Germany, Goudsmit made a side trip to The Hague, but he knew when he parked his dusty jeep outside the family house that he would not find his father and mother there, for he had learned from captured German records that, being Jews, they had been gassed two years earlier in a Nazi concentration camp. The house was a shambles. Everything made of wood—doors, walls, moldings—had been torn down and burned as fuel during the Occupation. "Climbing into the little room where I had spent so many hours of my life," Goudsmit wrote in "Alsos," a book in which he described the mission's experiences, "I found a few scattered papers, among them my high-school report cards that my parents had saved so carefully through all these years. If I closed my eyes, I could see the house as it used to look. . . . Here was the glassed-in porch which was my mother's favorite breakfast nook. There was the corner where the piano always stood. Over there had been my bookcase. . . . The little garden in back of the house looked sadly neglected. Only the lilac tree was still standing."

AFTER four years of war service, most of it secret and technical, Goudsmit found the prospect of resuming his placid existence at Michigan hardly satisfying. His realization that he did not want to go back there came to him on the evening of December 10, 1945, while he was having dinner on a train with Dr. David Dennison, an old friend and colleague of his at Ann Arbor, whom he had not seen since 1941. The two men, both of whom had errands in Washington, had boarded the train at Trenton after attending a party given at Princeton in honor of Wolfgang Pauli, who had just received the Nobel Prize for his Exclusion Principle. As they sat in the dining car,

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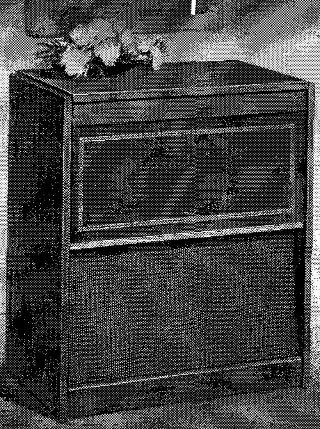

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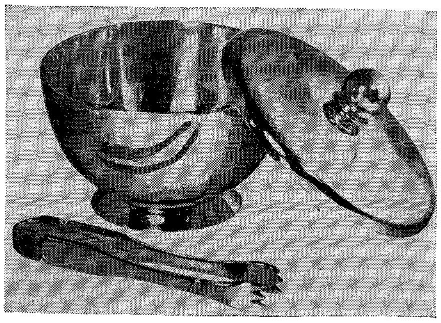

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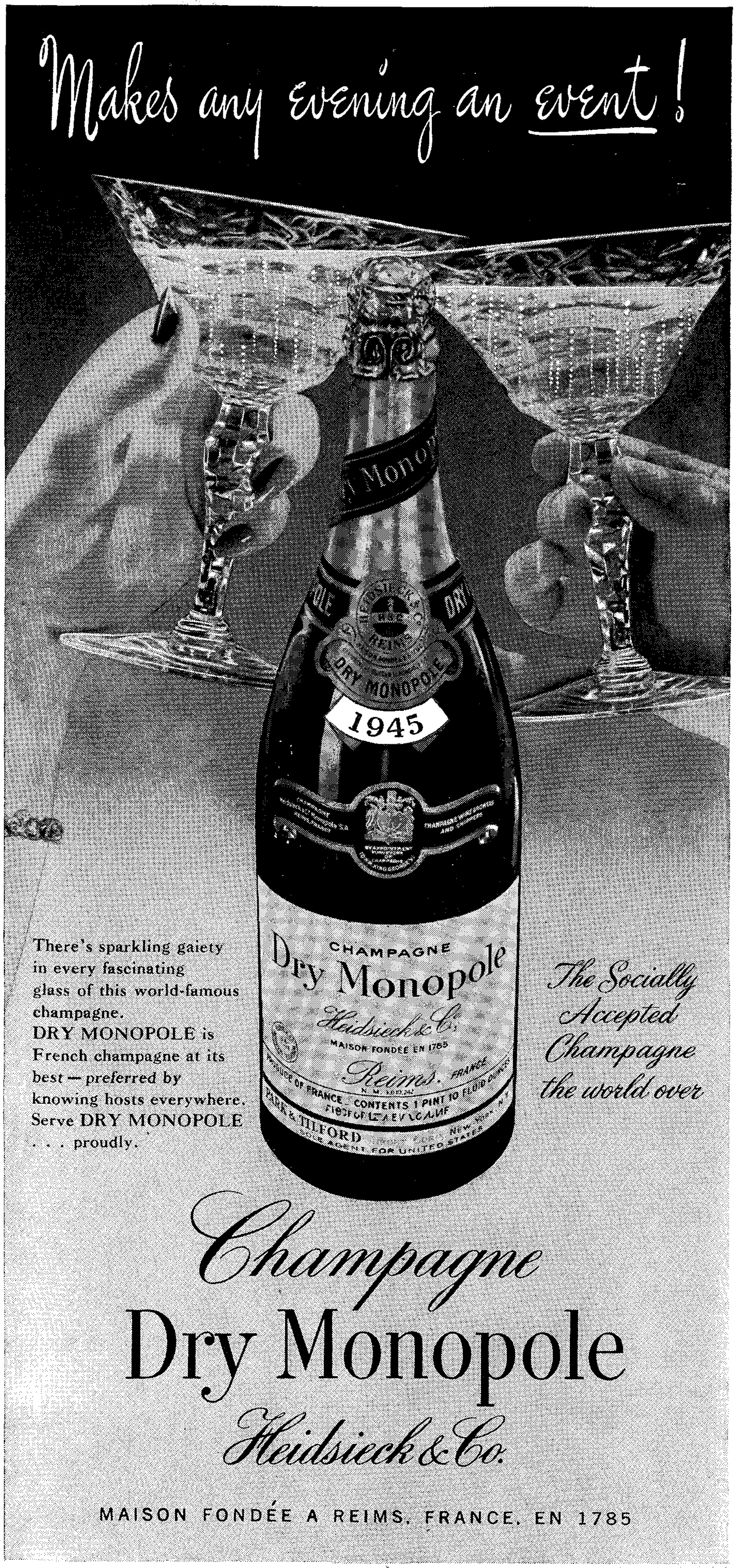
Goudsmit was enjoying the reunion immensely when Dennison, who was chatting about faculty doings at Michigan, happened to remark that he had some good news for him—Goudsmit was going to be granted a wish he had made in 1937. In the spring of that year, Goudsmit, who was spending most of his time in research and was teaching only a few graduate students, had told the head of the Physics Department that if and when the opportunity arose he would like to devote himself solely to teaching elementary courses to undergraduates. His feeling at the time was that he was done for as a research man because he hadn't an adequate mathematical background, and that teaching first-year physics was the next-best thing to retirement, which he couldn't afford. Now, eight years later, Dennison was telling him that the opportunity he had asked for was awaiting him. To his amazement, Goudsmit realized suddenly that he no longer wanted it. "I can see in retrospect how childish it was of me, but that evening I found myself wondering how David could think I would possibly be interested in teaching undergraduates at a Midwestern university," he says. "I'd returned only recently from overseas, and I suppose I hadn't yet got things back into their proper perspective. Anyway, I had the feeling that it was my duty to take an active part in scientific developments in order to—yes, at the time I perhaps even meant it literally—to help save the world. I had the illusion then of—well, of having grown considerably. I felt caught up in the violent upsurge of everything associated with physics that had followed Hiroshima, and I wanted to be more closely associated with it than seemed possible on a university campus. In a modified way, I still feel the same about a physicist's obligation to society, but in 1945 I went overboard on the subject."

It took Goudsmit some time to figure out how to translate his rather vague feelings about obligation into some form of positive action. He wasn't even sure that his decision on the diner had been a sound one, and, while groping for a solution to his problem, he joined the faculty of Northwestern University, in Evanston, Illinois, in the hope that a change of scene might revive his interest in academic life. But after a year of it he was still, in his word, "restless." In the spring of 1948, he received an offer to join the staff at Brookhaven as senior scientist and, after some soul-searching, accepted it, for there, he



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hoped, he could not only continue his research and teaching but would have a hand in the elaborate scientific enterprises that were sprouting up all over the nation. "It was a straddling maneuver, my coming to Brookhaven," he has since said. "I imagined that it would spare me the decision of choosing between the old and the new." It might be thought that he swung both feet on the side of the new when, in 1950, he became chairman of Brookhaven's Physics Department, and thus assumed a heavy burden of administrative worries, but in theory, at least, he is still straddling, for he has not relinquished his post as senior scientist, which offers vast opportunities for pure research—if he only had the time.

In taking on his additional duties, Goudsmit was, of course, well aware that he would have to give up much time that he would like to devote to research; but by then he was convinced that in view of the current trends in science he could do no less. The military was moving in on the physicists. Government and industry were investing huge sums of money in the profession. Decisions affecting the whole future course of physics were being made by men who in many cases were not the best qualified to make them. Some of these men had never got beyond teaching science to high-school students, and others weren't scientists at all. Then, too, Goudsmit had observed that certain excellent physicists were proving themselves first-rate administrators—instituting efficient research techniques in their organizations, cutting through red tape whenever it threatened to hamper the scientists working under them, and discreetly handling senators with an itch to pry into what goes on in government laboratories. "That interested me," Goud-

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smit says. "It seemed to demonstrate that there might be an art to administering, that one might learn to guide without commanding. I now know that this is true, but I also know that many researchers who haven't yet come around to seeing it that way are taking an intellectually snobbish attitude toward administering that isn't helping the situation any. It's the same sort of snobbery that makes young physicists feel they won't get ahead unless they use the title of 'Doctor.' As if titles meant anything—except when it comes to airline-reservation clerks. They're the only ones I use my Ph.D. on. It guarantees me a seat, because they always figure I'm a physician dashing off on an emergency call."

The friendliness Goudsmit displayed toward his students during his teaching days was not, as is sometimes the case, a calculated pedagogic device for charming them into an interest in his subject; his geniality is as definite a part of his nature as his intuitiveness, and it helps to make him something of an exception among physicists. He had not been at Brookhaven long when a reactor expert paid a call on him and, upon leaving his office, was heard to exclaim in astonishment to a colleague in the corridor, "That fellow Goudsmit! He talks physics, but he talks a lot of other things, too. Gives you the feeling that we've been infiltrated by a layman." Mrs. Mariette Kuper, who is executive assistant to the director of Brookhaven, feels much the same way. The wife of Dr. J. B. H. Kuper, who is chairman of the institution's Department of Instrumentation and Health Physics, she regards physicists as pleasant and human enough, on the whole, but rather like members of a religious order. "They go around talking their special language, like monks in India," she says. "Sam talks the language the rest of us talk." Mrs. Regina Brown, who is Goudsmit's administrative secretary, has found working for him an unusual experience. "I'd heard he was an important scientist, and that made me kind of nervous when I started out," she recently said. "I got a real surprise during my first few days on the job. While I was getting acquainted with the files in the office, I found several transcripts of technical addresses he had delivered, and saw that the recording stenographer had typed in the word 'laughter' in parentheses after a good many of the sentences. I could hardly believe my eyes. Most physicists are just walking brains, but he's different. He's more interested in people. A lot of the

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young men around here—and the older ones, too—come to him for advice about their personal problems. They ask me if Mr. Anthony or the Great White Father can see them, and he somehow makes time for them." Dr. Edward O. Salant, a well-known cosmic-ray man of Brookhaven, puts it differently. "Sam's rather peculiar for a physicist," he says. "Most of us are just as sensitive as he is, but to inorganic matter rather than to people and their private worries. Our work isn't concerned with life. It doesn't involve us with the sort of emotions that physicians and people in business see so much of, so if there's anything to Shaw's claim that man becomes like his work, it's only natural for us to be pretty inept when we're confronted with human problems. I envy Sam, in a way, but personally I regard the world as essentially a convenient platform for a cosmotron."

As for Goudsmit himself, he is unaware that his outlook differs much from that of other physicists. He believes that physicists are no less capable of experiencing human emotions than any other group, but he concedes that what stirs their emotions may be rather different. As he sees it, achievement arouses affection in a physicist, and he cites as an example his own feeling toward a notoriously bad-mannered but exceedingly brilliant scientist. "He's a mean, caustic, and boorish man," Goudsmit says. "I once dined with him in a restaurant and he hounded the waiter until the poor fellow got so nervous he dropped his tray, and that made my friend howl with glee. To most people, he would be *persona non grata*. To me, he is a man who has solved difficult scientific problems, and in my home, he is welcome."

IN Goudsmit's dual capacity at Brookhaven, he is constantly plagued by the feeling that no matter what he is doing at any given moment, he ought to be doing something else. "Before the bomb, contemplation was the physicist's stock in trade," he says. "It's a luxury now." His only moments of calm come in the early morning, before the day's problems begin. He tries to leave his home, a stucco house in Sayville, in time to reach his office ahead of the rest of the staff, so that he can have a few minutes of solitary reflection to strengthen him for the long hours ahead. He makes the half-hour trip to Brookhaven in an aging Oldsmobile, and finds the drive exhilarating. "It gives me the virtuous illusion that

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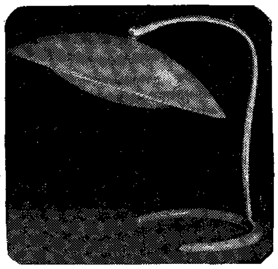
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I'm exercising," he says. The sight of armed guards at the entrance to the institution is slightly disturbing, he admits, but once they have let him by, he forgets them as he looks about at the neatly laid-out grounds and finds solace in the reminiscent names of its thoroughfares—Princeton Street, Cornell Avenue, Columbia Street. If, as he nears Building 109, a plain, one-story wooden structure in which he and his assistants have their headquarters, he finds the adjacent parking space empty, he is cheered. "No good mornings to say, no telephone bells ringing or typewriters banging," he explains. Entering 109, he makes his way down a short, still corridor, and, unlocking its door, lets himself into his unpretentious office. At this point, he takes a deep, satisfied breath and feels ready to tackle the day's work. But at the thought of work his energy and confidence die. "At that instant, my day begins to disintegrate," he says. "I don't know where to start. All sorts of projects crowd into my head. The morning has fooled me again. A moment before, my office seemed a citadel, but now it has become a trap—a maze with countless passageways that I must explore all at once."

A blackboard that stands in front of Goudsmit's desk—all physicists think with chalk—does nothing to restore his peace of mind. Its upper right-hand corner, where he has scrawled the day's schedule, is crammed with disparate commitments that make his head swim. By way of an antidote, he is likely to tell himself that this may be one of the days when two physicists who are engaged in improving a mass spectrometer that he conceived in broad outline five years ago will burst into his office with the news that they have ironed another wrinkle out of their working model. Goudsmit has told them that, regardless of what he is doing, they are to break in on him the minute they have any progress to report. "That spectrometer is one of the few projects I'm involved in nowadays that give me the feeling I'm a scientist," he says. When the spectrometer is finally ready for use, it will be more compact than and one-tenth as expensive as any other model, and, what is more important, it will weigh heavy atoms with greater accuracy. While Goudsmit prefers to think of his spectrometer as an instrument that will be primarily useful in basic research, he is not oblivious to the fact that an industrial engineer who recently visited Brookhaven expressed the belief that it may prove valuable in re-

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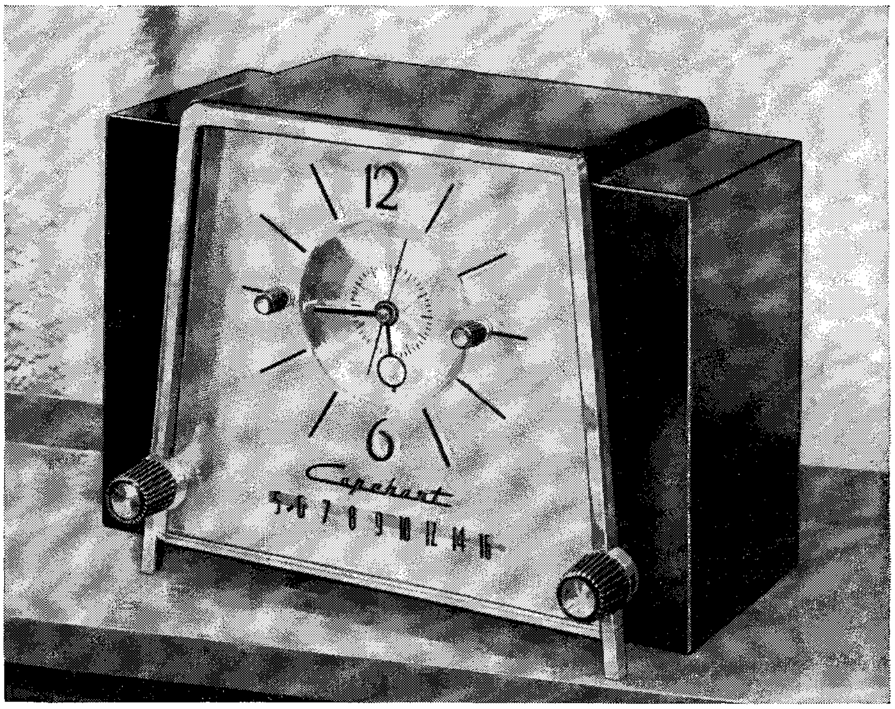

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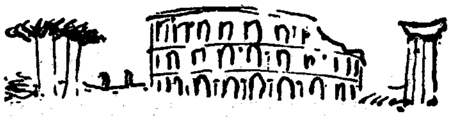

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fining oil and analyzing gases. The possibility of a substantial reward from industry, much as he could use it, confuses him. "Money and engineering have diverted us to the point where I don't know if we're gadgeteers or scientists," he says. "There are easily three times as many physicists now as there were before the war, but only ten per cent of them are in the fields where important discoveries are made. The bomb showed so-called practical men that physicists aren't necessarily vague longhairs, and now they won't let us alone."

Sooner or later, of course, Goudsmit has to turn his attention back to his blackboard. On a typical day, one of the notations on it may remind him that he has called a meeting of the group leaders in his department for three that afternoon. He does not expect it to be as exhausting an administrative session as the one at which the nine million dollars that the Atomic Energy Commission appropriates to Brookhaven every year is budgeted, but touchy considerations are bound to arise. Some extra money has been allocated to the Physics Department, and the heads of the ten branches of the department—High Energy Physics, Nuclear Properties, Solid States Studies, and so on—will have a lot to say about how it should be apportioned. It will be up to Goudsmit, as chairman of the department, to make the final decisions and fend off the brickbats of the men who feel that they didn't get a fair share. This is a position most administrators find themselves in from time to time, and Goudsmit does not enjoy it, but then, as he often points out, he never did think that he would wholeheartedly enjoy being an administrator.

Goudsmit's cherished solitude ends when one of his two secretaries comes in and puts the morning's mail and a cup of coffee on his desk. The coffee cup, a gift from his staff, has a whip painted on its side—a little intramural joke testifying to his easygoing nature as a boss. Sipping his coffee as he goes through his mail, Goudsmit may find a couple of pieces of particular interest. One may be a research paper from his old friend Fermi, submitted to him as the editor of the *Physical Review*, the semimonthly publication of the American Physical Society. Although Goudsmit has a board of distinguished scientists and a clerical staff of four to assist him in editing the *Review*, the job could consume his entire working day if he allowed it to, and sometimes it seems to him that he has enough to do without it. But this morning the job is a joy, for

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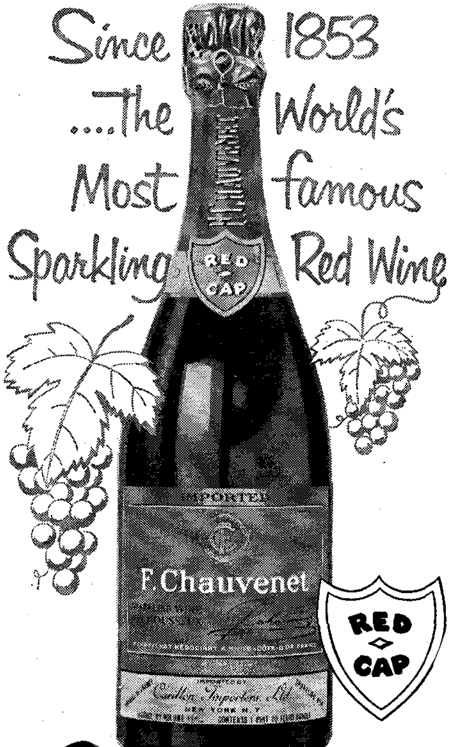

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it gives him the opportunity to be one of the first to read the results of Fermi's newest research.

The other item of interest in the mail may be a long memorandum from the Navy describing in detail the educational backgrounds of four outstanding young engineering officers who have been selected to study nuclear physics under Goudsmit at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he gives a four-week course each year. Its aim is to prepare officers for later training in nuclear engineering, which, it is expected, will eventually enable them to direct the operation of submarines run by atomic energy. "I try to wean them away from the engineering handbooks they've been raised on," Goudsmit says. "Those manuals are anathema to a physicist. They're answer books without questions. The principal spur to scientific thinking is doubt about the answers and a desire to remove that doubt, so I try to teach them the questions and make them wonder if the old answers are really the right ones. Well, they're bright, eager young men, but so far I can't say that they have become exactly weighed down by doubts. But perhaps that's all for the best. I've put in for a dive on the first atomic submarine, and if I get to go along, I sincerely trust there won't be any doubt about surfacing."

Fortified by his coffee, Goudsmit tackles the blackboard again, but at this moment his telephone may ring. Possibly the call is from an Intelligence official in Washington who wants to discuss the advisability of letting a certain German physicist work on an American atomic project. Goudsmit's experience in Germany during the war has made him an authority on such matters. Assuring the government man that he will call back, he opens the combination lock of a cabinet near his desk and plows through his files for the necessary information. The files are full of documents he accumulated in the course of the Alsos mission—Himmler's dossier on underground laboratories, for instance, which was found in Munich, and Göring's budget for atomic research, a souvenir of Göttingen. Frequently while he is rummaging about in the drawers, he lingers over another accumulation—a box containing the hundred or so scarabs that he has collected since his Leyden days. One of his favorite pieces of Egyptology is a worn clay figure of a pregnant hippopotamus, representing Toueris, the goddess of fertility, and as he runs a thumb over its smooth back, he may turn to gaze at

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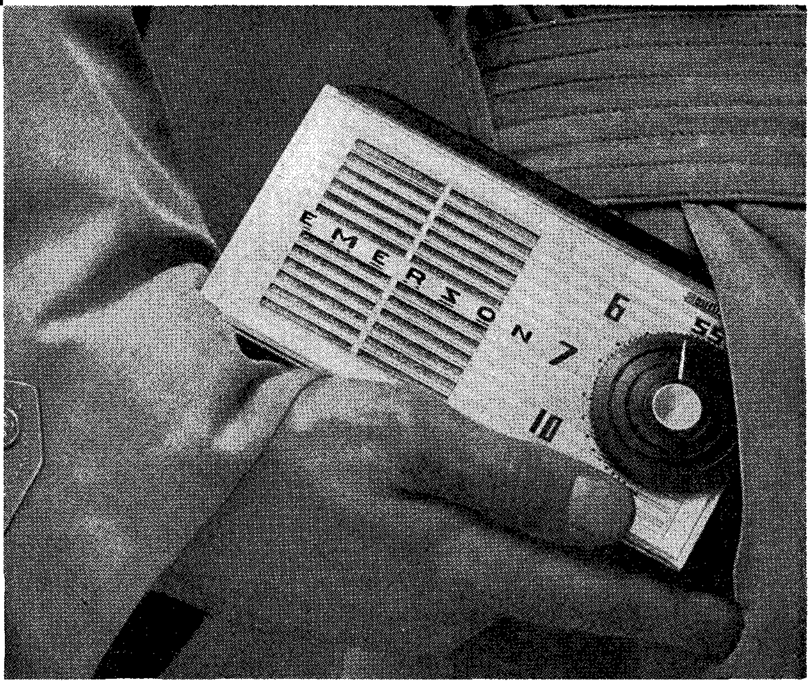

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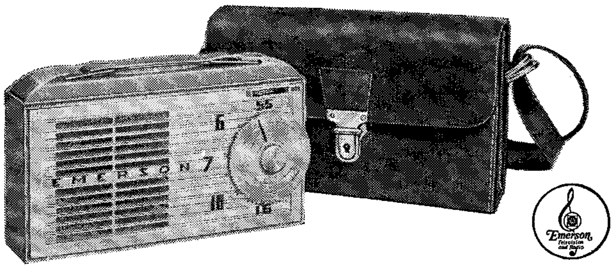

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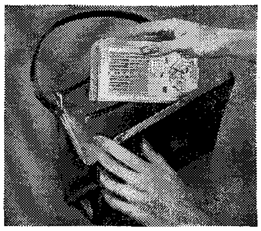

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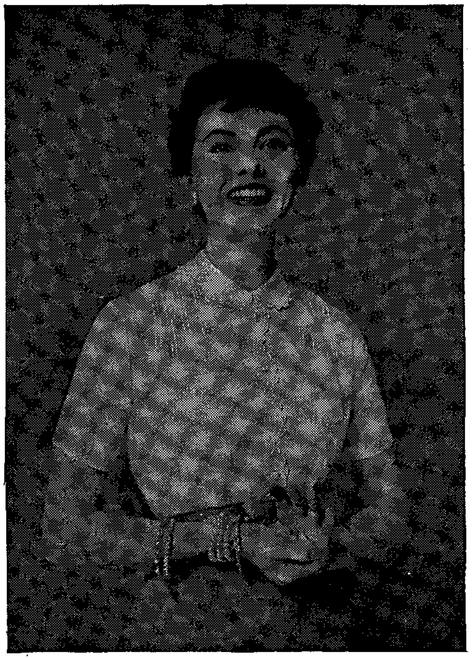

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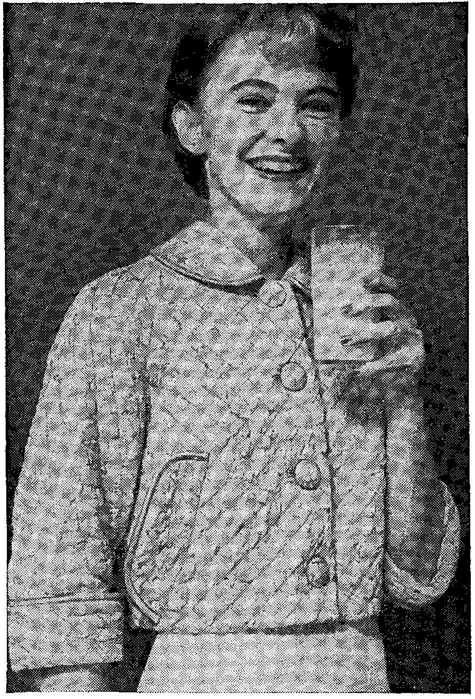

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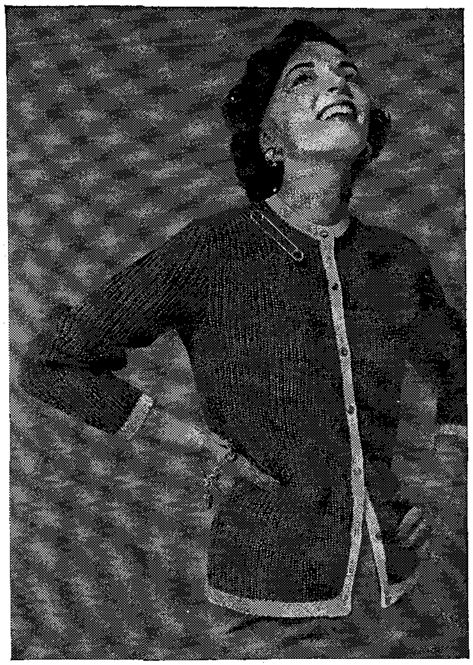

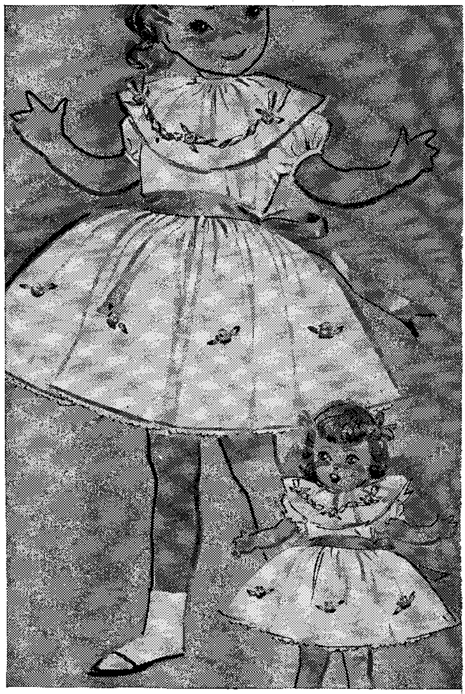

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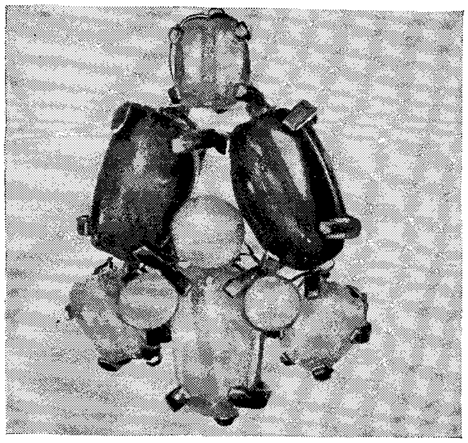

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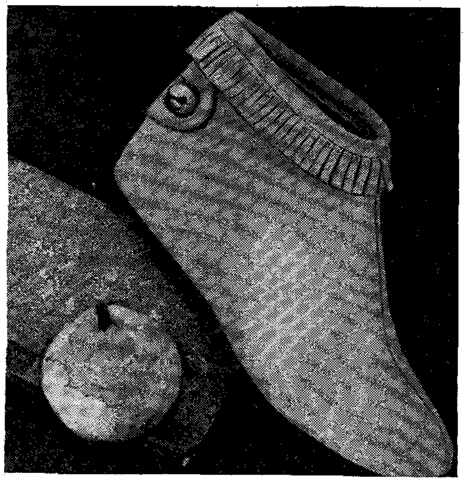

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1216. **GOSSAMER SHEER**, blithe spirit oblong of pure silk striped organza by Top Hit that she can wear a host of charming ways. White with red, navy, pink, black, bronze or white stripes, **2.98**

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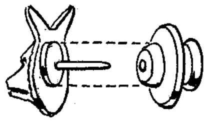

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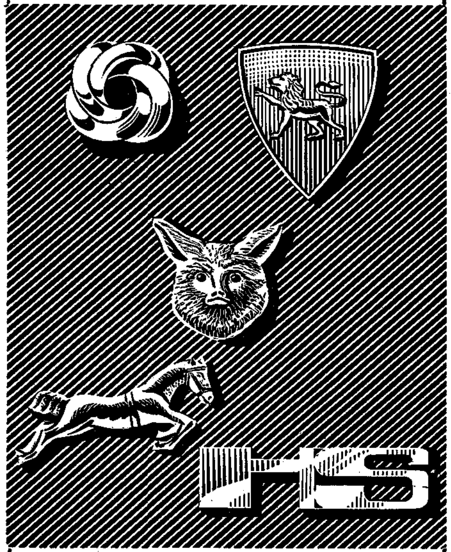

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lithographs on the wall that show the Temple of Karnak and people drinking tea on the terrace at Shepheard's. "I love my scarabs because they remind me that there is a life beyond the world of physics," he says.

After Goudsmit has called Washington back, a secretary may place on his desk a bulky security report, its cover stamped "CONFIDENTIAL" in large red letters, that concerns a candidate for a physicist's job with the Atomic Energy Commission. Goudsmit is a member of the three-man Personnel Security Board for the Commission's New York district, which checks on scientists against whom security charges have been made. The reports submitted to the board are exhaustive, and Goudsmit generally finds that reading them takes more time than they are worth. "So many of them fall into the category of men who have an in-law who has, or had, Leftist connections," he says. "Frankly, after three years on the job I've just about concluded that the screening process is far less likely to catch a Fuchs than to hurt many innocents. That man Fuchs! Harmful as he was to the free nations, he was even more harmful to science. So many travel restrictions now keep scientists of different countries from getting together to talk science—the science of nature's secrets, I mean, not governments' secrets. We need each other's ideas or our research will run dry."

At last, Goudsmit takes a good stern look at the blackboard, and notes that a brand-new physics Ph.D. who would like to work at Brookhaven is due in exactly three minutes. He has allowed the young candidate half an hour, which, he realizes, may be excessive. It won't be if the applicant is the diffident sort of man who is hard to get to know but who may well have the makings of a valuable scientist. On the other hand, if he turns out to be one of those smooth and garrulous opportunists who a generation ago would have scorned the idea of struggling along with string and sealing wax but who now regard physics as the coming thing, Goudsmit will find the half hour far too long. The chances are, though, that the young man will not fit exactly into either classification but will be the mystifying composite of visionary scientist and well-adjusted citizen that the universities are turning out nowadays, and that Goudsmit finds intensely difficult to relate to anything in his previous experience. In the corridor outside he can hear the secretary and the Ph.D. approaching, and, rising from his chair, he spends his last seconds

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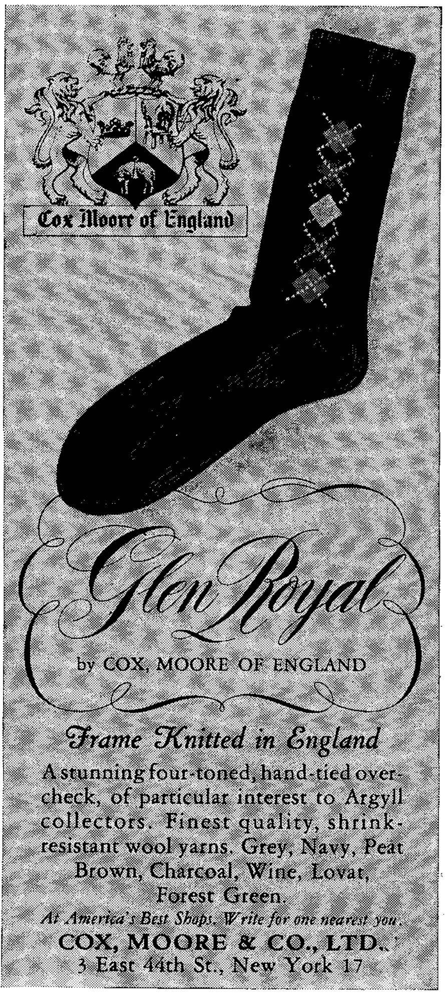

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of privacy rearranging the cast of his mind in order to present the proper front. "At times like that, I wish that I felt sick," he says. "Just sick enough, that is, to go home and go to bed and do some serious thinking about my mass spectrometer—or even sort out my scarabs—while the Long Island fog closes in around my bedroom windows. But then the door to my office opens, and there's no escape."

—DANIEL LANG

(*This is the second of two articles on Dr. Goudsmit.*)

•

TRAVEL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Letter in the Peru* (*Ind.*) *Tribune*]

DEAR SIR:

I just returned from a trip to California. I went by way of Iowa, Nebraska, and Wyoming, where I have a son. I stopped at Las Vegas, Nevada, the famous gambling town.

I have never seen so much money in all my life. A prosperous city is a small word for it. I went in the Golden Nugget Club, where slot machines, roulette wheels, poker tables, dice games and other gambling of all kinds are in lively progress.

Silver dollars are standard change when breaking a $10 or $20 bill. My pocket was so heavy I could hardly walk.

I played several slot machines to be like the rest of the crowd. Of course, I came out the loser. I thought to myself, if Governor Craig could only see this town. The Golden Nugget is a million-dollar club.

Then I went into the California Club, where Sutters Gold Mill is in operation, panning gold. Very fascinating. Then the Las Vegas Club, the house of one arm bandits. A statue of a one armed bandit holding a gun stands by the slot machines.

While getting a hair cut, the barber told me he spent all his earnings, except his room and board for three years on slot machines, trying to win. The haircut was $1.50 for a trim.

I decided a fortune was not easy to win and went on to Riverside, Calif., where it was scorching hot. The orange trees and date trees were loaded. I went to San Diego and saw the ocean and then headed east by a southern route.

In New Mexico, Indians dressed in bright colors could be seen on the streets. The deserts were unbearably hot. Stretches of 50 miles and more and not a house. Nothing but sand and waste land.

I wondered what one would do in case of car trouble. Thank goodness I had none.

After paying as much as 35 cents per gallon for gas, it was a welcome relief to get gas in Texas and Oklahoma for 19, 20, and 21 cents per gallon.

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I went over the turnpike which is from Oklahoma City to Tulsa, 102 miles of good four lane road. The cost for driving over this highway is $1.40.

Then on east till I saw the good old Indiana line. I have decided that there are a lot of states worse than Indiana.

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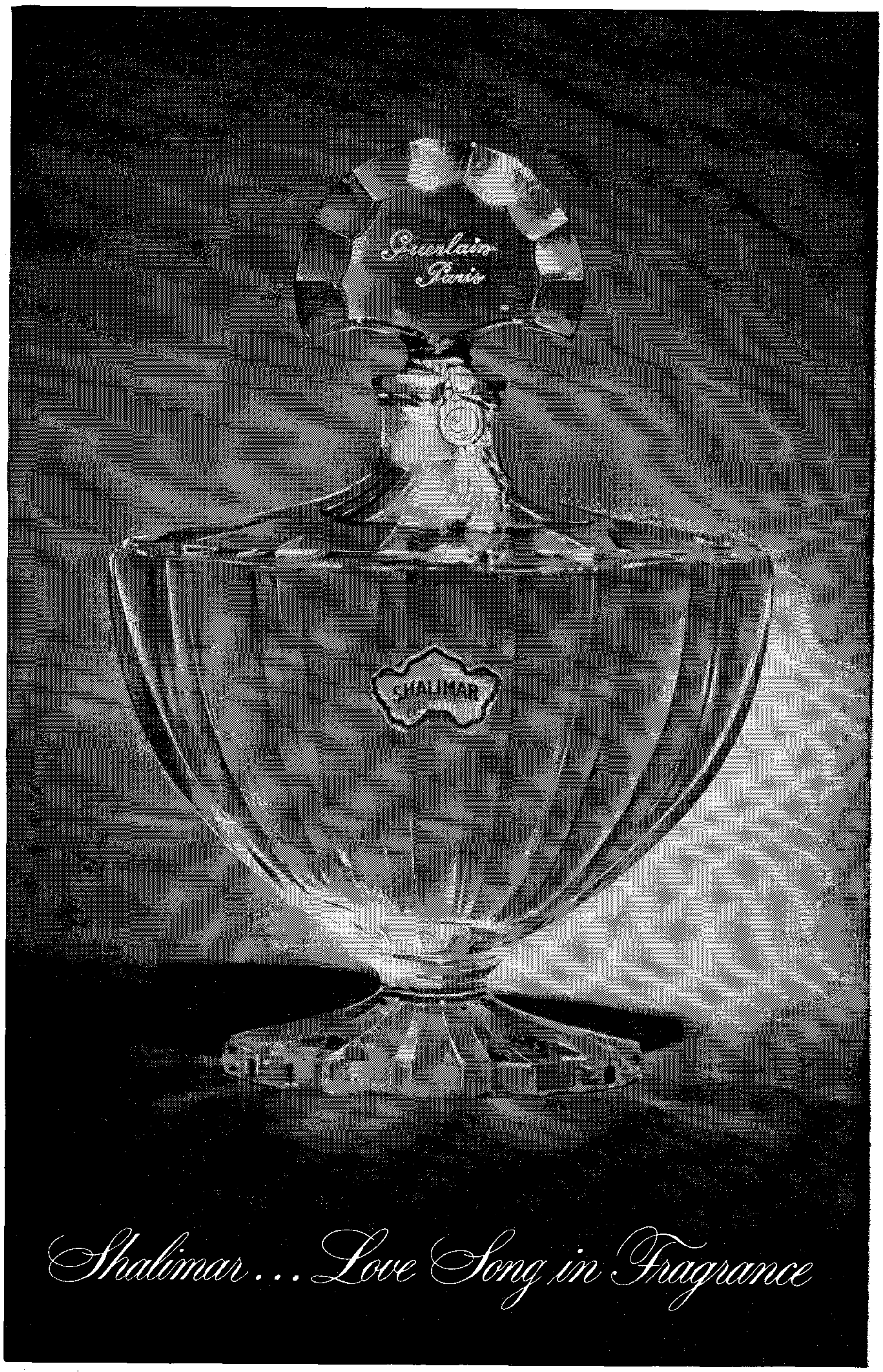

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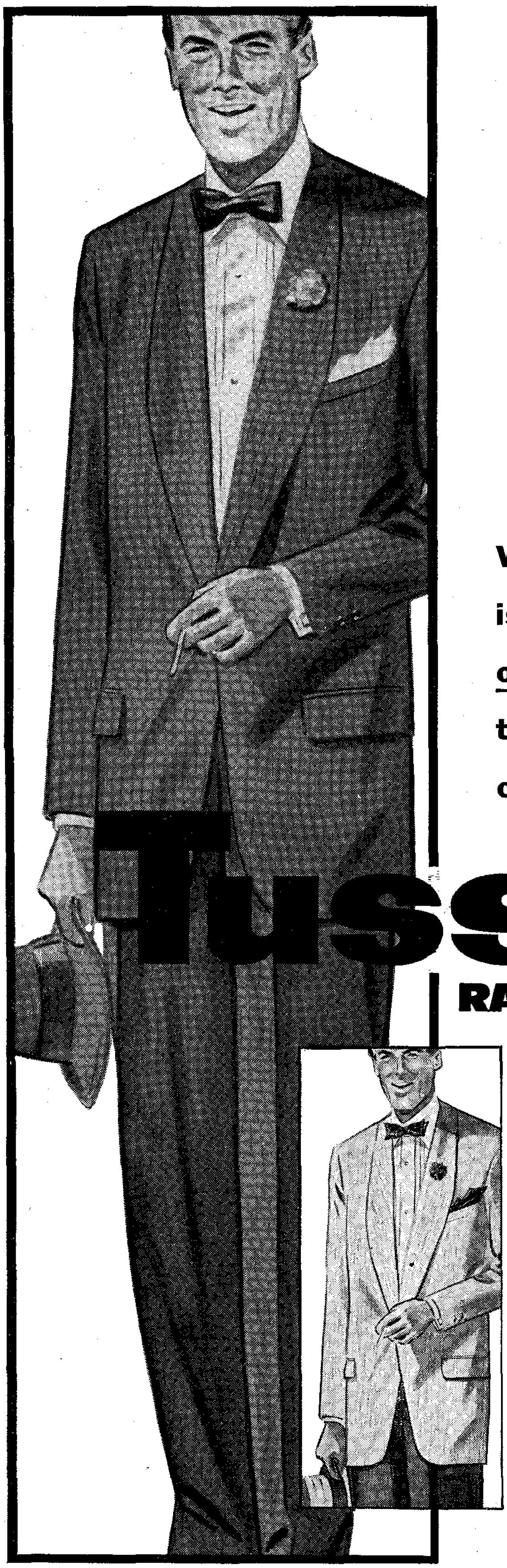

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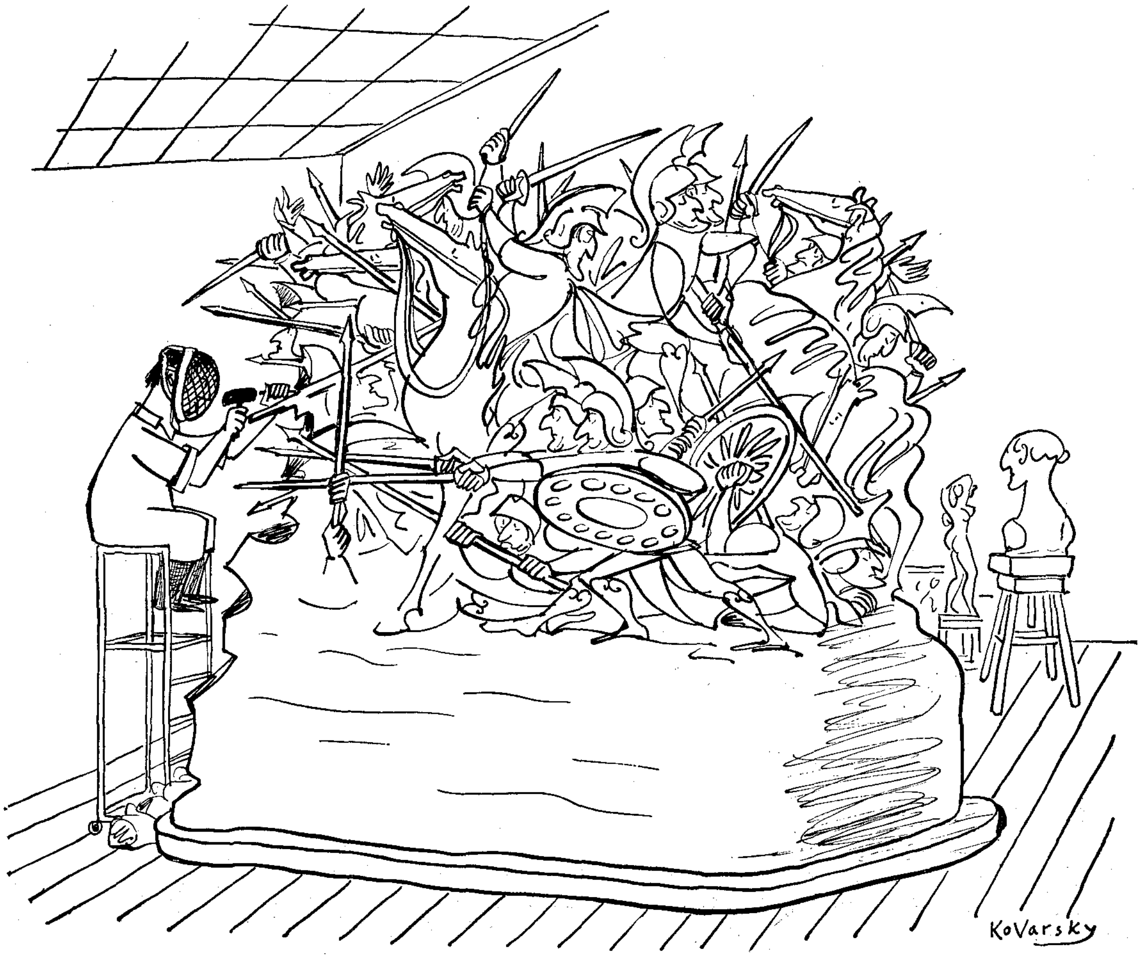
THE THEATRE

A PARABLE OF SOME TALENTS

A LONG, long time ago—so long ago, in fact, that I may be mistaken about some of the details—Mr. George Nathan wrote a magazine article celebrating the opening of the Paramount Theatre. Mr. Nathan went on at some length, and in a tone that could easily be confused with reverence, about the singular majesty of the trappings of the building: the great chandeliers outwinking the stars; the acres of canvas and the unthinkable weight of marble that had gone into paintings and statuary; the fifty-piece orchestra that, propelled by some prodigy of hydraulics, rose shimmering out of Hell to furnish angel music; the stairways that reached up to no conceivable destination less appalling than the gates of Heaven; the usherettes walking in beauty; the lovely grottoes underground where one might, though with enormous temerity, wash one's hands; the cathedral hush that, like incense, like a benediction, hung over all these wondrous things. And then, my prince concluded, in a tone that even for him might be esteemed sombre, the curtain, itself a hymn to splendor, went up on a picture of a cowboy kissing a horse.

I have no intention, of course, of comparing Charles Boyer to even so effulgent a figure as William S. Hart, or Mary Martin to the most delectable horse that ever trotted this earth, but that, as nearly as I can approximate it, was the effect on me of what went on last week at the Alvin Theatre at the opening of the play called "Kind Sir." The audience was so constituted that if the atomic bomb had chosen that night and that theatre on which to fall it would have taken so dolorous a toll of wit and chivalry and beauty that Western civilization could hardly have survived; the scene on the stage was a living room of such glowing and immaculate grandeur that the mind could imagine no play half worthy to be enacted in it; the six separate costumes that adorned the female star were such miracles of color and design that the ladies in my vicinity were almost, though not quite, speechless with awe and envy; the manner that adorned the male was notably Continental and dangerous, and also agitated at least half the spectators to tiny gasps of rapture; there was, in short, such richness everywhere that all was like a dream, unattainable in this poor world and most improbable in the next. It was, that is, until, far more lamentably than I can tell, the actors started in to talk.

They talked for two and a half hours, and in all that aching eternity no one of them said anything that would have come astonishingly from the bygone Hart, or even from his horse. The plot that engaged them was born in the mind of a man named Norman Krasna, who had previously given us such cheerful, if unenterprising, trifles as "Dear Ruth" and "John Loves Mary." It had to do with the convolutions of sex in high places—specifically, in the world of the theatre and the diplomatic corps. The heroine, it seemed, was a celebrated actress, now grown a little weary of the tinsel triumphs of the stage and sighing only for romance. Her vis-à-vis was a handsome, balding man, practiced in the gallantries of his native France, who had relinquished a successful career in private finance to ally himself with the State Department. They met, and presently, since it could hardly have been otherwise, they were in love—so passionately and irresistibly so, in fact, that it wasn't long before he had moved into the apartment directly under hers and fallen into the habit of climbing up the stairs (thus avoiding, of course, the compromising use of the elevator) and visiting her at night. He allowed her to believe that he was a married man whose wife would never divorce him, and she was courageously prepared to accept this situation. However, at precisely nine-thirty-four on opening night (or ten-fourteen on subsequent ones, when the curtain goes up forty minutes later), it was revealed that the plausible scoundrel wasn't married at all but had adopted this repulsive expedient to guard himself against anything in the



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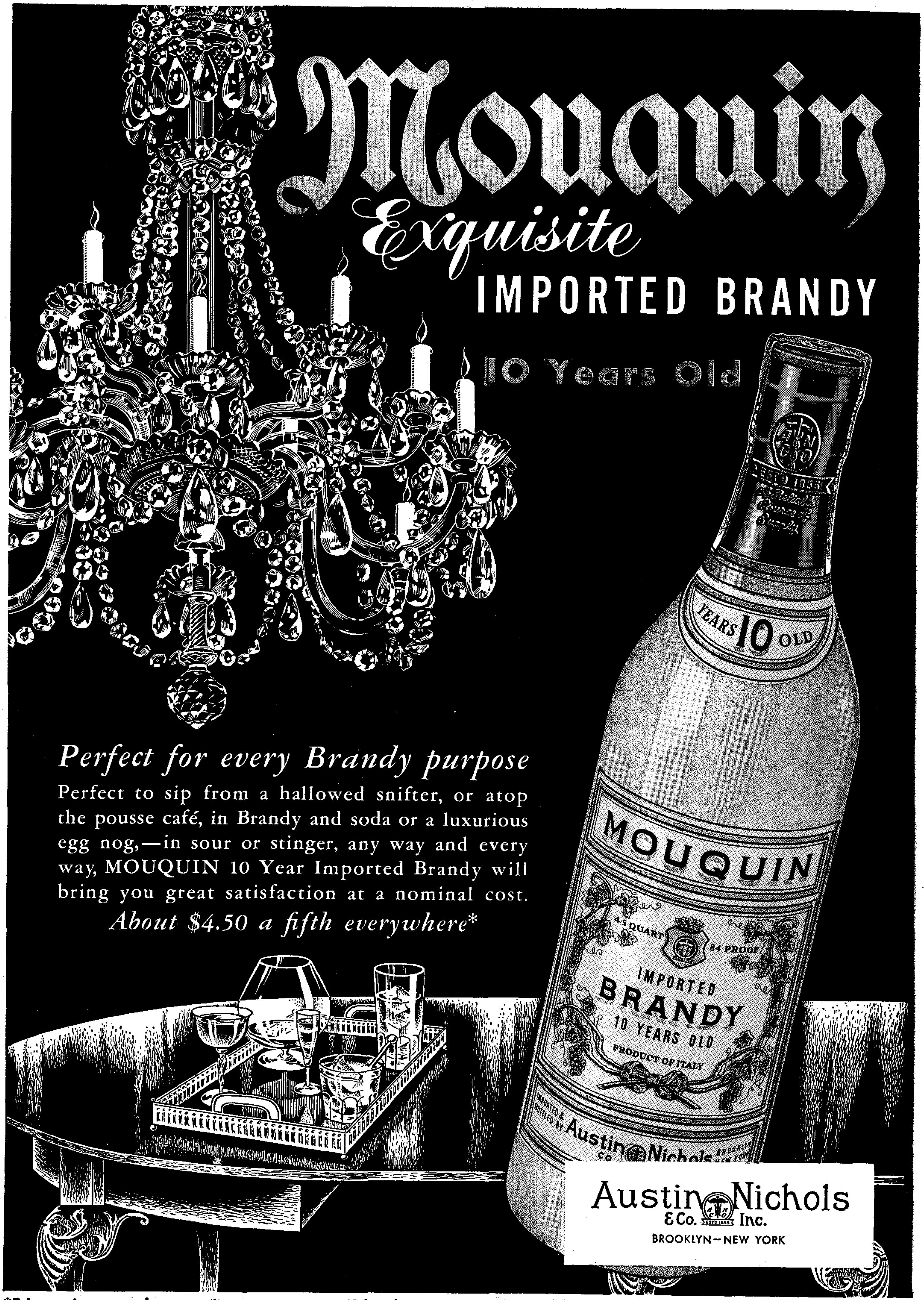
form of a permanent entanglement. I shan't tell you how the lady extricated herself from her nagging predicament, how she soundly and thoroughly humiliated him in his turn, or how, in the end, she won him irrevocably for her own. It is enough to tell you that all these praiseworthy happenings came to pass. The way in which they did you'll have to find out for yourself, simply because your weary scout hasn't the spirit to go on.

As the heroine (the quality, or eerie lack of it, of Mr. Krasna's script is so little conducive to orderly thought that I almost wrote "the horse"), Miss Martin displayed tremendous charm as well as a pretty determination to fathom her author's unfathomable purpose, and Mr. Boyer, as the fatally appetizing cad, gave ample evidence of all the lure for which he is so justly famous, and if the airy generalizations about sex that he was called on to deliver sounded oddly childlike when accompanied by a French accent, the fault was hardly his. The rest of the cast is composed of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross, and the contributions of these excellent actors, along with those of Jo Mielziner and Main Bocher, who did the scenery and the costumes, respectively, are, I think, the most arresting demonstration of the theory of conspicuous waste in all my memory. The entertainment, finally, is scheduled to go on until late in May, when its stars are committed to other pursuits, and the advance sale has been so vast that practically full houses are assured up to then. I wish I could report these matters without perceptible indignation, but I'm afraid I can't. The fact is that I think the whole thing is rather shocking. If the theatre yearns to be respected, as its acolytes so often insist it does, it might at least make some effort to be respectable.

"THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC," by *Howard Teichmann and George S. Kaufman*, is a bright, neatly managed little comedy that gave me, on the whole, more pleasure than anything else I have seen this season. This, of course, is not much in the way of a compliment, since nearly all the notices that have appeared in this department so far have been more or less in the nature of dirges, but it is the best I can do at the moment. In any case, I had a lovely time, what with the presence on the Belasco stage of Josephine Hull, who is certainly the most winsome as well as the most erratically constructed girl I ever had; the appearance in her support of Loring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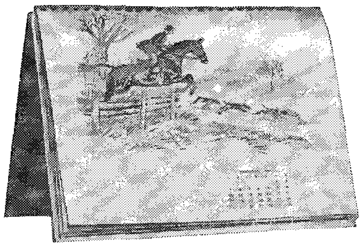
Smith, an actor of great technical proficiency, along with a large company of almost equally gifted mimes; and the satisfaction of listening to a script that contains not only acceptable satire—about the rarest commodity on our stage right now—but also a full measure of the kind of broad, roughhouse humor that used to delight me in the carefree days before I took up this demented trade and that, to my grateful astonishment, still does now.

The piece that introduces all these pleasing things opens with the annual stockholders' meeting of a gigantic corporation known as General Products, which manufactures anything, from hairpins to diesel locomotives, that seems likely to make money. Everything is going along in its usual majestic way, with the four members of the board, each one a stunning monument to rugged individualism, reading off the astronomical profits for the year and passing all their own resolutions with agreeable unanimity, when a little old lady, who chances to hold ten shares of stock, gets up to ask a rather tiresome question. She just wants to know what the chairman of the board does to earn his salary of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and when she is told that he attends five meetings that consume all told at least ten hours of his time, she mildly remarks that seventeen thousand five hundred dollars an hour seems to her a little bit too much. This is obviously a dangerous line of thought, and the alarmed directors do their best to close it off by offering their critic employment in the company. The rest of the play has to do with the activities of a notably freewheeling mind and a stubbornly unorthodox personality in the world of business, where these qualities are generally regarded with suspicion, if not outright hostility. The heroine is installed in an office and equipped with a secretary, who is instructed to see that her nose is kept firmly out of things that don't concern her. She is dispatched to Washington to interview a former member of the firm, who should be getting it government contracts but appears to be suffering from an inconvenient attack of honesty and consequently isn't much good to his ex-associates. For reasons too complex to be investigated here, she flies back to New York with this man, to the intense enjoyment of the tabloid press and the television commentators, who scent clandestine romance, and finally, allied with him, she gains a glorious triumph over the wicked directors and emerges at the end as a



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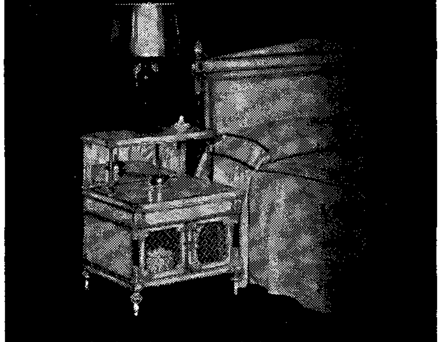

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vice-president herself, with not only the Cadillac but also a solid-gold chauffeur.

This ingenious nonsense is full of accurate pot shots at a system capable of such intricate miracles as creating demand by destroying supply, and achieving prosperity by forcing men out of work, but it is at its best, I think, when it devotes itself to little scenes of almost wholly irrelevant vaudeville. Once, for instance, we are allowed to watch Mr. Smith, as the director transplanted to Washington, deliver "Spartacus to the Gladiators" with gestures that might easily seem superabundant to Orson Welles, and, again, we see Mrs. Hull, who, of course, impersonates the minority monkey wrench in the celestial works, doing nothing more startling than removing a strange assortment of objects from her desk drawer and packing them away in a suitcase but making of it a masterpiece of comic pantomime you are never likely to forget. I was bewitched, in fact, by practically everything about "The Solid Gold Cadillac," with the exception of a connective narrative sequence delivered over a loudspeaker by Fred Allen, which had a kind of implacable roguishness woefully out of key with all the rest of the play and which, aside from giving the stagehands an opportunity to shift the elaborate scenery around, accomplished no useful purpose at all that I could see. We will not, however, quibble about details. It is a very funny show. I suggest you go and see it right away.

Several times in the past, I have wrestled hopelessly with Mrs. Hull's appearance and behavior on the stage. It comes out as badly as a thumbnail description of Niagara Falls and I won't repeat it here, being content to inform you that she is exactly as wonderful as she was in "You Can't Take It with You" and "Harvey" and all the rest. Mr. Smith is very fine, too, in his controlled but internally desperate way, and there are first-rate performances by Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, Henry Jones, and Geoffrey Lumb, as the four demon executives, and by Mary Welch and Jack Ruth, as a subordinate love interest. Mr. Kaufman's direction is in his happiest vein, and Edward Gilbert's settings are their own neat commentary on the world of great affairs. A series of interpolated movie shots, taking us off into the dreadful domain of the television commentators, is very entertaining, too.

IN the first act of "The Trip to Bountiful," at the Henry Miller, Horton Foote establishes about the most distress-

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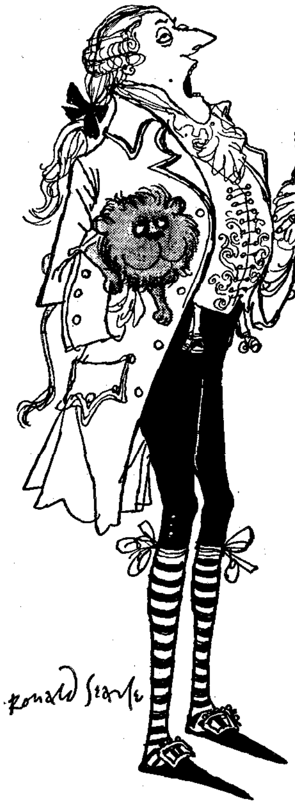

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ing domestic scene I remember seeing since the curtain went up on the Lester ménage in "Tobacco Road" so many years ago. A middle-aged man and his wife and his mother are occupying a frowzy two-room flat somewhere in the heart of Houston, Texas, a metropolis that may never again be so outrageously libelled. He is an ex-farm boy who is now an underpaid clerical worker in a store; his mother is a broken-spirited old drudge, with nothing to sustain her except her memories of the land; his wife is a ferocious summing up of all the idle, discontented, and empty-headed women—the Coke drinkers, double-feature addicts, and juke-box enthusiasts—who are so often alleged to make up most of the female population of the desolate South. Their life together is a nightmare. The old lady, a dogged singer of hymns, divides her time between sitting in a rocking chair, staring out over the hostile and incomprehensible city, and trotting apprehensively about her household tasks, interrupting them now and then to succumb to a heart attack. The wife, a fading but still hideously vivacious brunette, devotes herself to reading moving-picture fan magazines, to singing in bloodcurdling disharmony with the radio, to visiting complex atrocities on her hair and face and nails, to telephoning her friend Rosella, who is clearly an even more revolting specimen than she is, and, most of all, to an unending and almost incredibly venomous persecution of her mother-in-law. The husband, a reader of glossy little books on self-improvement, is a figure of unrelieved pathos, miserably unable to defend his mother, whom he loves, against his wife, who has drained away most of his spirit. They are an appalling trio, and Mr. Foote has brought them to life with perception, economy, and the same kind of chilling graveyard humor that made the aforementioned "Tobacco Road" a horror and a delight.

After this more than promising beginning, however, most of the vitality, unhappily, goes out of "The Trip to Bountiful." The old lady escapes from the flat, taking with her the government-pension check that her daughter-in-law had counted on to get her hair fixed, and sets out on the trail back to the family homestead, which has been rotting vacantly away for some twenty years, in the town of Bountiful, now dead and gone itself. She has several encounters on the way—with a ticket agent in the Houston bus terminal, whose schedules list the name of no such town; with a pretty girl whose husband is away in the Army and with whom she talks of the spacious past and love

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and the boundless mercy of God; and with a sheriff who has been instructed by her pursuing relatives to detain her but whom she ultimately persuades to allow her to go back for one last look at Bountiful. The final act shows her in the tangled undergrowth in the yard outside the ruined house, gathering from its remembered peace the little strength she will need for her few remaining years of hateful captivity in Houston. It is all rather touching, and Mr. Foote has written of it with dignity and compassion, but it is theatrically monotonous—essentially, in fact, a protracted and repetitious monologue by a gallant bore. The embarrassing truth, I'm afraid, is that when the unspeakable daughter-in-law leaves the scene (after the first act, she is visible only briefly, at the beginning of the second and at the end of the third), she takes with her almost all the fine, disorderly bite and impetus of the play. It is a great pity that, having created three such fascinating characters, the author found himself with nothing particularly stimulating to say about them, because the theatre has seldom so sadly needed a few real people on the stage. But that's the way it was, and there, I guess, you are.

As the lady in flight to the past, Lillian Gish gives a beautifully sustained and affecting performance, but, memorable as this is, it is surpassed by the really extraordinary one turned in by Jo Van Fleet, as the wife. Miss Van Fleet's diction is like the twittering of an exhausted bird, intermittently punctuated by screeches of rapture or despair; her little trills of laughter are terribly unnerving, having no remotest connection with amusement; her habitual expression is as vacant as the moon but somehow smoldering; her gestures are profuse, abrupt, and almost completely meaningless; her carriage is languorous but at the same time industrious, in the sense that all the separate parts of her body are deeply involved in getting her slowly from place to place. Altogether, it is one of the funniest and most awe-inspiring comments on Southern womanhood I have ever seen, and I only regret that I wasn't privileged to watch it all night long. There were other thoughtful and effective contributions, by Gene Lyons as the tormented son and husband, Eva Marie Saint as the sympathetic young woman on the bus, and Frank Overton as the helpful sheriff. Vincent Donehue's direction provides a great deal of telling detail, and Otis Riggs' settings, though they caused some mechanical anguish on opening night, are ingenious and interesting.

—Wolcott Gibbs

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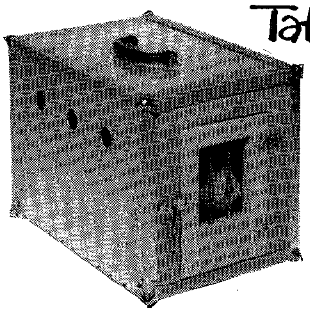

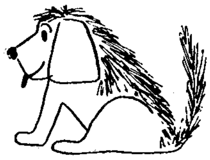

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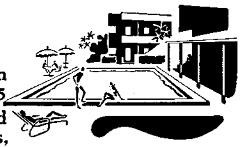

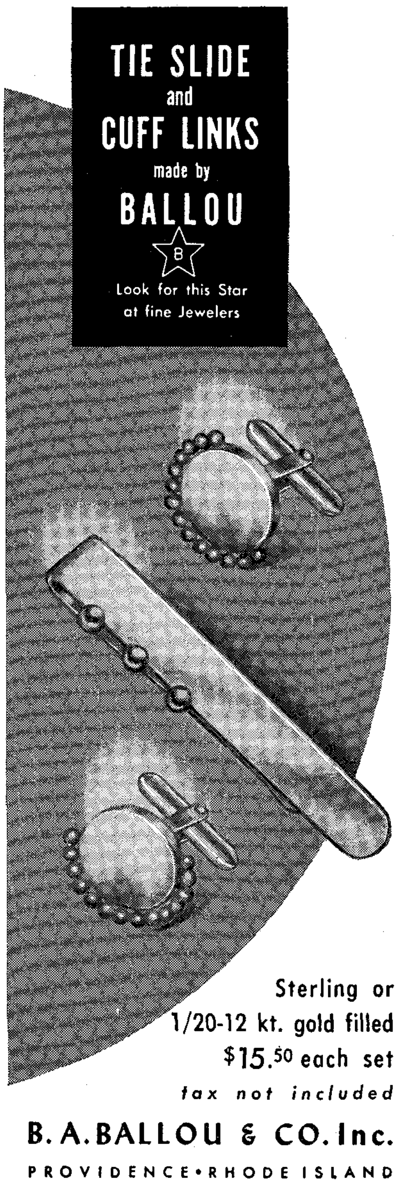

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FOOTBALL

Good Show

As often happens, all those people who thought twice about venturing out of doors in last weekend's menacing weather to look at their pet football teams thought once too often. In spite of snow, wind, rain, slush, and mud, some fine performances were turned in, and the fare along the Ivy League circuit, which hasn't been at its best this fall on the pleasantest Saturdays, was perfection. The airlines, which are frequently in a whimsical mood on football weekends, had a lot to do with the poor attendance; in general, the only spectator sportsmen who got where they had intended to go were the ones who remembered that the railways may be old but are also reliable. Pennsylvania, the western end of the Ivy League circuit, did tremendously well at the box office, eight inches of snow notwithstanding, but then Penn is the darling of Philadelphia, is right in the middle of town, and was entertaining Notre Dame on its one Eastern call of the season. Notre Dame, which is not in the habit of losing games, especially to Easterners, won, all right, but the score (28–20) conveys a faint idea of how difficult it was to turn what had promised to be a reasonably easy trick. Penn has had rough going this year—playing a big-time schedule while sticking to Ivy League rules about scholastic standards and limitations on practice—but it had its old, rugged look on Saturday. One explanation could be that Hynoski, who last year was among this department's favorites, was onstage longer than he has usually been this season. Hynoski, a great offensive player, was a bit naïve on defense last year. That didn't matter until the arrival of the regulation that made it impossible to substitute players with the freedom and frequency of gentlemen callers in French farces. The defensive education of Hynoski has, it is clear, made progress.

Almost nobody showed up to see Columbia beat Dartmouth, 25–19, in a life-size thriller at Baker Field. More than the weather could have been to blame for this. Columbia had distinguished itself by beating Harvard, 6–0, in the middle of October, and by not winning a single game since. And Dartmouth, the story went, was several touchdowns better than Columbia, an opinion generated mainly by Dartmouth's defeat of Yale the weekend before, 32–0. However, as those who saw the Dartmouth-Yale game had been saying, that victory looked best on paper, and Dartmouth, which had had no trouble at all with Yale's passing attack, was unable to do anything about the passes thrown by Dick Carr of Columbia, even when it was quite obvious to everyone present that the next play would be another pass by Carr. The outcome could be called unexpected, but then, considering Columbia's manpower problems, any Columbia victory can be called unexpected. Columbia rarely plays the greatest football in the world, but it does play sturdy, heads-up, interesting football most of the time, and this sort of thing is bound to have its rewards.

Sentimentalists turned, naturally, to the match between Harvard and Princeton, the first leg of the annual Big Three round robin. The game was played in Cambridge, on a wild, dark, and wind-swept moor, and at the tail end of a twenty-four-hour hurricane and cloudburst. It is customary for all Big Three games to produce a hero or heroes; Saturday's hero was the Harvard groundkeeper, who came up with a neat, springy, not very damp playing surface, on which a first-rate football game, instead of the predicted swimming match, could be, and was, performed. The game offered all the familiar but lovable elements of melodrama: a dozen goal-line stands against desperate odds, a number of handsome runs and pass plays, and several drastic changes of fortune when the ball was fumbled and lost to the enemy—once as a Princeton back reached the Harvard goal. Princeton won, 6–0, literally in the end, when a last-minute pass, almost the first successful Princeton one of the day, found its mark—Homer Smith, the Princeton captain. Like Hynoski of Penn, Dick Emery, who threw the pass, has had an in-and-out year. An adroit passer but not a decisive quarterback, he lost his job some weeks ago to Art Pitts, who began the season as a second-string fullback, and he made his first appearance of the afternoon only a moment before he threw the pass to Smith. Emery's return to the team, and to good fortune, was all the more conspicuous because, in the gathering gloom, the number on his uniform, unsullied by a single roll on the dirty turf, was the only legible one on the field.

—J. W. L.

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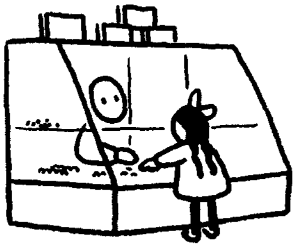
DRAGONS, PINK BABIES, AND THE CONSULAR SERVICE

LATE in January of 1949, Peiping surrendered gracefully to the ever victorious Communist Army, and one day soon after, my fiancée—a Chinese girl—telephoned me to say that her father, who had been ill for a long while, was dying. We must marry immediately, Aimee said, or face the prospect of waiting out at least a year of mourning, as Chinese custom demanded. It seemed unfeeling to hold a wedding at such a time, and there was no way of guessing what the Communist authorities would say to a marriage between the daughter of a bureaucratic-capitalist Chinese and an American teacher, but the future was so uncertain that we decided we must go ahead. Aimee's family, when consulted, agreed. However, since we could not be sure we were not bringing some sort of trouble on them, we planned to keep the marriage a secret, at least for a while.

Peiping had, of course, just been through a siege of over a month. I had been cut off from the National Tsinghwa University, twelve miles outside the city, where I taught English, and had been living in a small house in Peiping that I had previously rented for use on weekends and holidays. During the siege, Aimee used to bring me tureens of fatty pork cooked with aniseed, and invite me to unbelievable banquets for two in her family's enormous house. Her source of supply was a secret, and I had never asked her about it; I only know that without her, and it, I would have had little besides watered rice to eat.



Now, though the siege was over, foreigners were forbidden to leave the city, so I was still unable to get back to my classes. Communist troops were quartered in the front courtyards of Aimee's home, and their horses were tethered in the garden, where they ate venerable and valuable chrysanthemum roots and became as much the subject of the family's complaints as the soldiers themselves. The family—Aimee's two brothers and eight sisters, plus wives, husbands, children, aunts, and uncles, made about twenty-five people living in the house; her mother was dead—spent most of its time complaining. The Communists were using a relatively light hand at the moment, but the men in the buildings around the front courtyards were taking up space, using precious water and electricity, and causing unrest among the servants.

Aimee's people had lived in the old mansion for generations. Surrounded, along with its outbuildings and its large garden, which must be close to fifty thousand square feet in area, by a wall, it contains more than a hundred rooms, as well as a labyrinth of corridors and courts. It sprawls over several acres, and all the rooms were at one time warmed by radiant heat—that is, by charcoal fires kept burning under the tile floors—but after the revolution of 1911 the cost had become too great and coal stoves were installed. Although normally there were at least twenty servants, at the time of the siege there were less than ten, and afterward, under the influence of the Communists, these grew insolent and lazy. Fires were made carelessly or not at all, and meals were late and unappetizing. One servant, laying a fire in the old man's sickroom, was heard telling the invalid—even then too ill to speak—that it was only a matter of time before they would see who would make whose fires. The servant was discharged, and spent the next two days wailing at the main gate, arousing deep sympathy among the soldiers. They were already suspicious of people living in so large a house, and now they became so surly and sullen that the family stopped using the main gate, coming and going instead by a small one that opened on a back alley. All in all, the situation was far from propitious for a wedding.

SOME time before matters were brought to a head in this way, I had inquired at the American Consulate about making my prospective marriage to a Chinese lawful in America. In essence, a Chinese marriage is simple. Two families make out a certificate, a number of friends witness the document in the presence of a respected friend of the two families, and that's all there is to it. Although divorce is rare, it is even easier. Both families simply agree to tear up the certificate. Nothing is made a matter of official record; the certificate form—a paper bordered with pictures of writhing pink babies and strings of gold coins—can be bought at any stationer's

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and filled in by the parties concerned.

The American government, I was told at the Consulate, looks upon a Chinese wedding—which is a civil and personal, but not a religious, ceremony—as scarcely a matrimonial bond at all, recognizing a marriage with a Chinese only when it is recorded in sacred archives, after a ceremony conducted by someone of religious authority. The Consulate also insisted that it must have a representative at the ceremony—although I am told this is not a State Department regulation—and that the Consulate be paid a marriage-registration fee of one dollar.

When Aimee and I began hastily making our plans, her family said that they wanted whatever ceremony we had to be Chinese. Though religion has no part in a Chinese wedding, Aimee and I were sure we could persuade a Buddhist priest to preside at the ceremony, acting in place of the family friend and thus satisfying both the family and the Consulate. This would be the first Chinese Buddhist wedding in history, and we were rather excited about it.

A day or two after I had informed the Consulate of our intentions, a vice-consul named Kepler telephoned me to say that a Buddhist wedding wouldn't be legal in the eyes of the American government, any more than, say, a Taoist or Moslem wedding. Apparently these were all considered fly-by-night, unreliable religions, and the Consulate, without quite saying so, excluded all but Christian ceremonies from their sanction. There was evidently nothing for it but to try to have a Christian ceremony that would seem as Chinese as possible. Mr. Kepler said he would see what he could do about finding us a Christian priest or minister, and I went to Aimee's house in the hope of breaking the news diplomatically.

Two days later, Mr. Kepler called me again. The Anglicans, the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Salvation Army had all been sounded out, and none of them was willing to give an interracial marriage its blessing without written consent from the parents of both bride and groom. I had received no mail from abroad since before the siege. I was not sure that letters were getting to America even yet, and it was unlikely that my mother would give her consent. Anyway, I couldn't write to her and get a reply in time.

I went to the Consulate to canvass the possibility of being married in two ceremonies—a Chinese one immediate-

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ly, and a Christian one when it could be arranged, for the benefit of the Consulate and the sake of American legality. While I was discussing all this with Mr. Kepler, a Chinese porter, who was waxing the hall floor, stopped at the open office door. He introduced himself hesitantly and said perhaps he could help. "My brother is a Christian minister," he told us.

"Well, now, really?" said Mr. Kepler. "I didn't know that. What denomination? What is the name of his church?"

The porter said he didn't know, because he wasn't a Christian himself, and didn't particularly like his brother. But after all, he said, a brother is a brother, and if he could direct a little business his way, that was only proper. I asked him to send his brother to Aimee's house that evening, and said she and I would meet him there.

The minister came at seven o'clock. Aimee and I talked to him in a building called the Hall of Ancient Pines, which was in the garden and had been the favorite retreat of Aimee's father. It had become our own retreat from the endless complaints and histrionics of the rest of the family, which was feeling the uncertainties of a swiftly changing society, and especially the strain of playing host to the squatter troops in their house. "I am Reverend Joseph Feng," the minister told us. We soon discovered that this was all he could say in English. Even his Mandarin was poor, thickened by a heavy Cantonese accent, and Aimee had almost as much trouble understanding him as I did. He was the first Christian minister ever to set foot in that house. He was wearing a tattered brown tweed topcoat and pearl-gray spats, and, twisted about his neck, its ends hanging elegantly front and back, a once white silk scarf. He carried a carved cane, which, when he had sat down, he kept clutched between his knees. Aimee asked what denomination he belonged to, and he produced a worn piece of paper on which was written, above many seals and signatures, "Reverend Joseph Feng is an ordained clergyman of the Assemblies of God."

I had never heard of the Assemblies of God, but we were not inclined to question him too closely, being more than happy to accept him if the American Consulate was satisfied. We knew that Aimee's family was indifferent to the religious aspects of the occasion, and was concerned only that the simple Chinese ceremony be included. As I have said, the signing of the certificate

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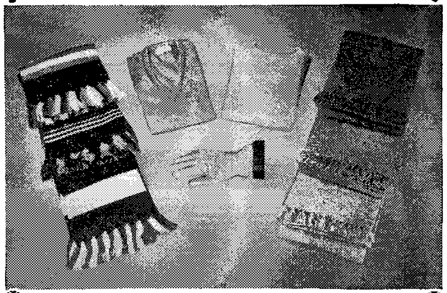

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is the core of it; beyond that, there may be some slight additional ceremony, though this is not necessary. Both bride and bridegroom are sponsored by a relative or close friend, rings are exchanged, and the presiding friend—in this case the Reverend Mr. Feng—wishes the couple long life and many babies.

The Reverend Mr. Feng, probably briefed by his brother, quickly understood what was wanted, and I made an appointment to meet him in Mr. Kepler's office the next morning.

"YES, yes," said Mr. Kepler when, with Mr. Feng beside me, I explained that we had found a suitable minister. "The Assemblies of God. That's fine! Fine! And when will the wedding be? I'm attending as the consular witness, you know."

Trying not to show the relief I felt, I told him the wedding would take place at Aimee's house two days later, at eight o'clock in the evening. I then explained that we were trying to keep our marriage a secret, particularly from the troops occupying the front courtyards of the house, since we didn't know what the reaction of the Communist authorities would be, and that we would tell anyone who might be curious about people coming and going that night that we were having a small private party. For some reason, the secrecy seemed to appeal to Mr. Kepler, and he said heartily, "You can depend on me!"

I pointed out that the Reverend Mr. Feng knew no English and that therefore the marriage ceremony would be entirely in Chinese. Mr. Kepler was sympathetic; he appeared to believe that conducting the Christian ceremony in Chinese had something to do with keeping the wedding a secret.

The Reverend Mr. Feng returned with me to Aimee's, where she and I spent some time haggling with him about his fee. There were many paper currencies in use in Peiping then, and the stability of all of them was doubtful. When people discussed the price of anything more valuable than a pack of cigarettes, they talked in terms of silver or gold dollars, or perhaps pounds of millet or bolts of cloth. The Reverend Mr. Feng wanted silver—twenty Mexican dollars' worth. Five dollars Mex. would have paid a servant's wages for a month. We finally agreed on nine dollars Mex. It was high, but the Reverend—again, no doubt, briefed by his brother—was well aware of his value to us. We told him we were trying to keep the wedding as simple and as Chinese as

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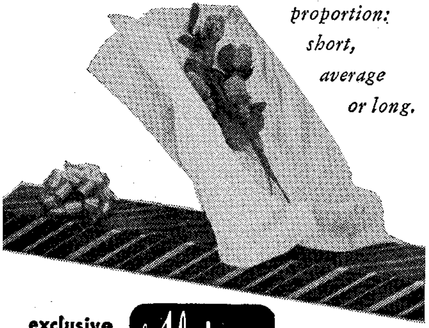

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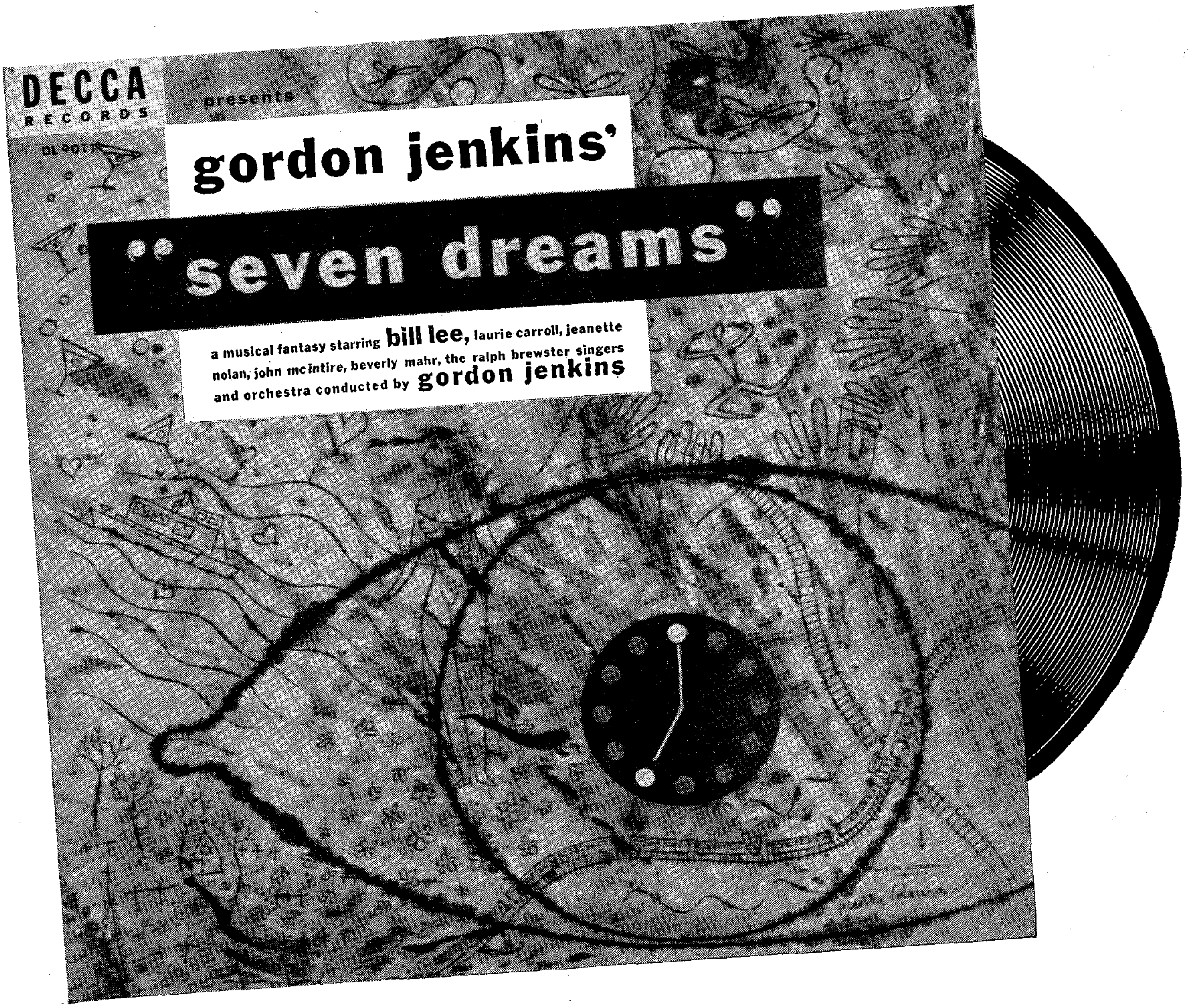
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possible, and asked for his coöperation. He promised to do his best.

AIMEE and I had two days to get ourselves ready. Since I had no ring to give her, and no money to buy one, she gave me a diamond ring to put on her finger during the ceremony. By Chinese custom, as well as Western, I was not allowed to see her costume before the wedding, but she had already prepared mine—a sky-blue gown of fine Tibetan wool, and a vestlike jacket of patterned black silk to be worn over it. I was also to wear black silk shoes and white socks. This is the formal wedding costume for men. Aimee didn't care for the garish red of the traditional Chinese wedding dress and would say only that she would wear a self-designed adaptation of it.

All the other details were left to friends and servants. I had been told not to appear before eight o'clock on the night of the wedding. It was decided to use the main gate again, for that night only; it was lacquered red and had a great, sweeping roof, and so would be much easier for our guests to find than the small one opening onto the back alley. There was an entrance court just inside the gate, and behind it lay the courtyards where the Communist soldiers were quartered.

The night of the wedding was cold, and when I arrived at the gate I found a group of soldiers warming themselves around a wood fire there. They seemed rather nervous and hostile—perhaps because of the sudden traffic that evening through the gate they had come to consider exclusively theirs. Off to the left of the gate, a little door in the wall of the entrance court opened on a corner of the garden, and I found a servant waiting beside the gate to lead the guests there. From inside the garden door, a line of paper lanterns hanging overhead marked out a way along stone and pebble paths, through rock grottoes, under a wisteria arbor, past faintly reeking, quietly chomping horses, through groves of rustling bamboo, to the Hall of Ancient Pines, where the wedding was to take place.

ANCIENT PINES was an imposing room, perhaps fifty by a hundred feet in size, where many great men of China had been entertained by Aimee's father. Except for a few sofas and overstuffed chairs, it was furnished in Chinese style. The floors were of polished black tile and were covered with Chinese carpets. Six hexagonal lanterns of glass and carved wood hung in a

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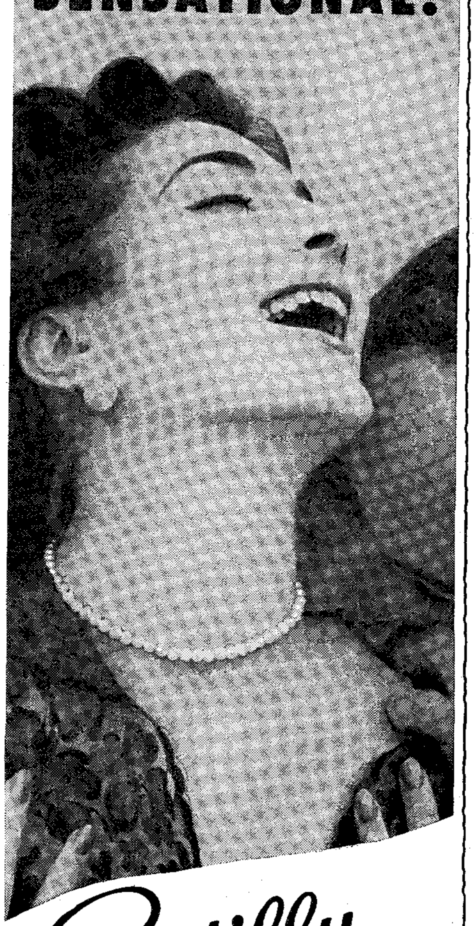

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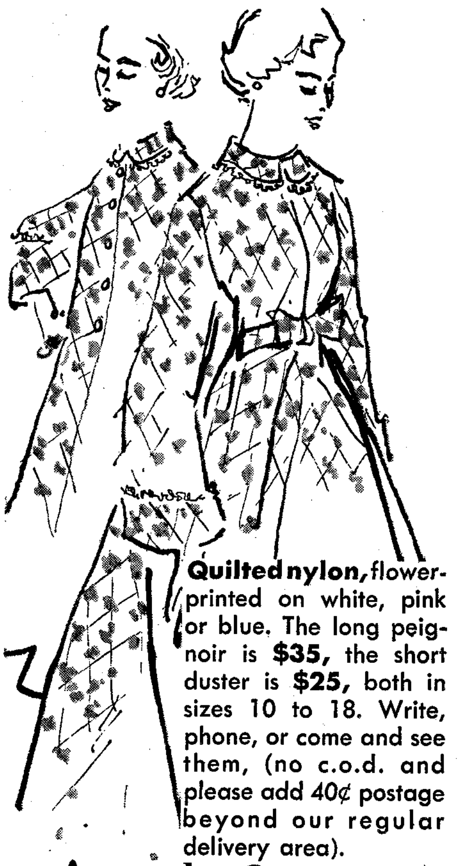

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row from the ceiling, and from the corners of each hung long red silk tassels. Potted flowering plants and orange and lime trees were scattered about the room, and Chinese landscape paintings decorated the walls, except for the north one, which was panelled with mirrors. When I arrived, about twenty guests were already there, and servants were carrying immense quantities of food and drink to various sideboards and tables. The windows had been covered with rice paper to shield us from the eyes of wandering soldiers.

Mr. Kepler was there, I saw, sitting directly under a lantern and talking, with visible enjoyment, to one of Aimee's attractive younger sisters. In a few minutes, Hetta Crouse, the friend through whom Aimee and I had met, came in with her husband, William Empson. Hetta is South African, and a sculptress; William is a British writer who was at that time teaching in Peiping University. Hetta was to sponsor me, and I asked her if she had brought her seal.

I should explain that everyone in China has a seal. It is the equivalent of a signature, which is not valid there, the Chinese being convinced that a signature can easily be copied but that no two seals are ever alike. Even children have to use seals when they register in school or sign receipts for their supplies.

"I brought a whole bloody sackful," Hetta said, dumping a collection of seals of all sizes from her handbag onto a table. "Some of them are mine, and some are William's, and some are the ones the children use, and I don't know where we got the others. But we must use all of them on your certificate. They'll look *very* important."

In a short while, the Reverend Mr. Feng came in. He was dressed as before, with the dingy scarf hanging fore and aft, and his cane in hand. He carefully removed his coat, though not the scarf, switching the cane from one hand to the other as he did so, and, after shaking hands with me, joined Mr. Kepler. Servants continued to bring delicacies to the tables and sideboards until they could hold no more, and it became evident that both the food and the guests were ready. Then Mme. Hu, Aimee's godmother, who was to give her away, entered with a flourish and, speaking in English in deference to the foreigners present, announced, "The matrimony begins!"

The Reverend Mr. Feng jumped to his feet and, scarf flowing, strode to the center of the room just as Aimee appeared at the door, flanked by two of

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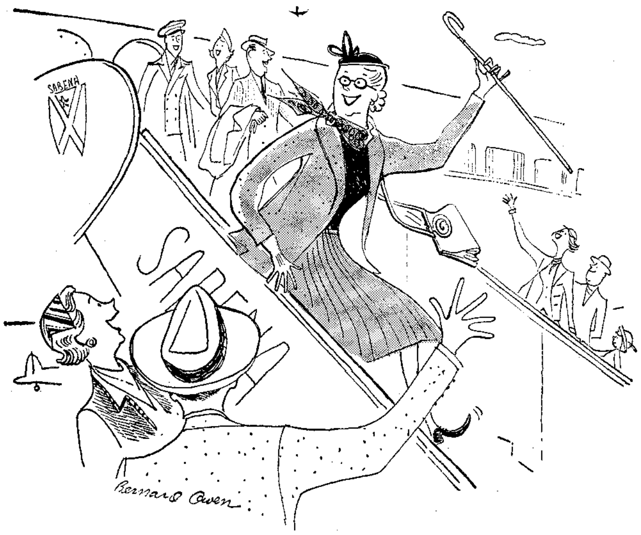

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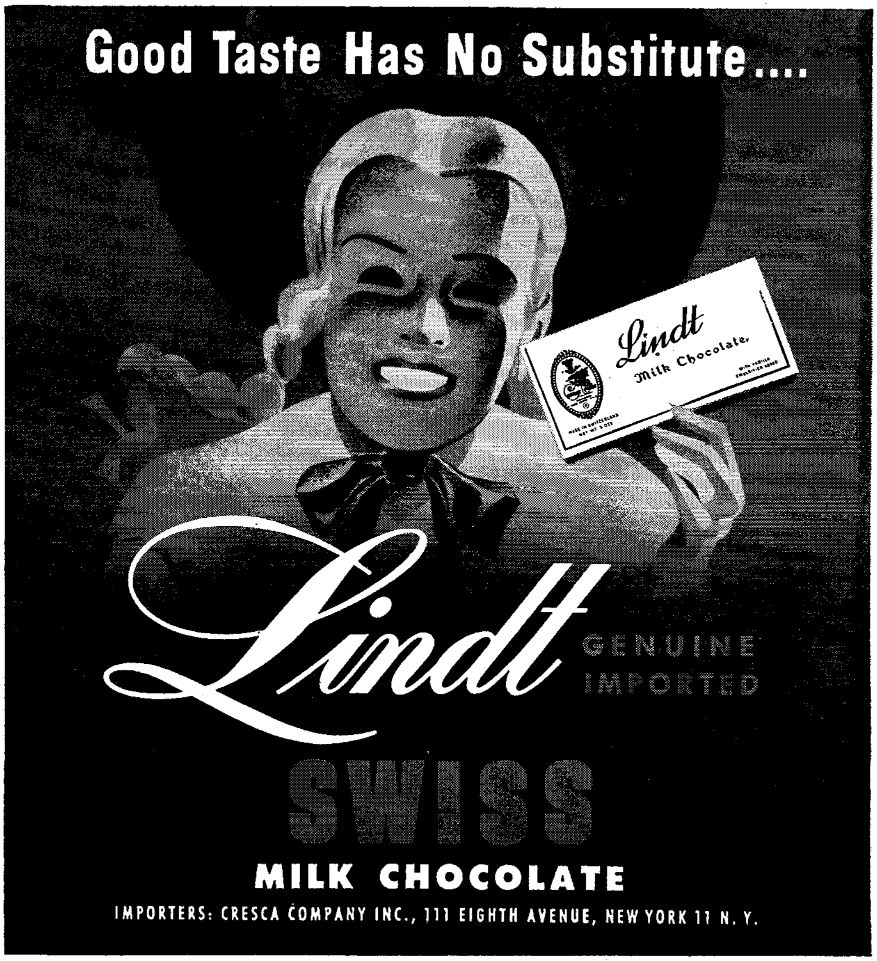
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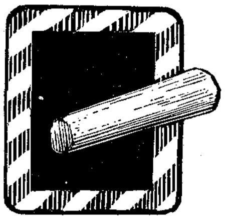

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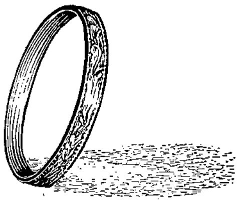

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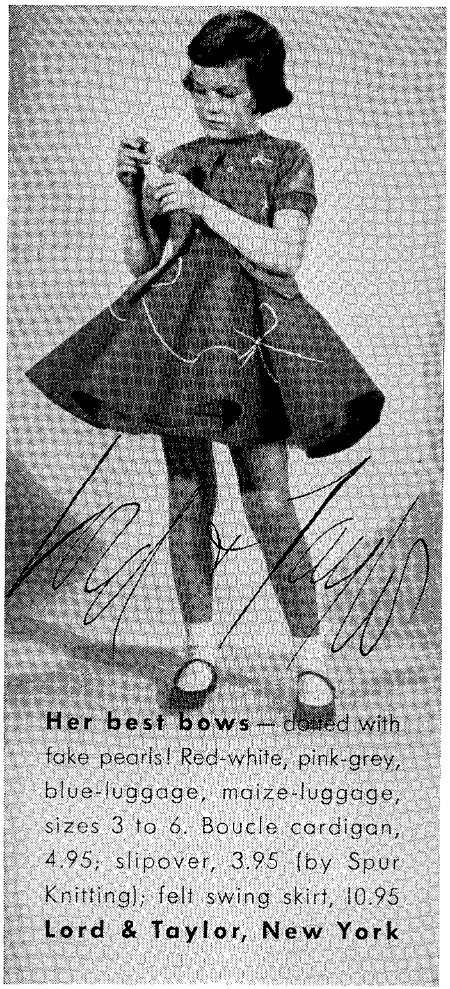
her sisters. Her dress, which went from neck to ankle, was scarlet, gold, and black. Enormous gold butterflies, and phoenixes dripping jewels and mounted on springs, trembled on her head. Coiled gold dragons hung from her ears. She was wearing the high-platformed shoes of the Manchu nobility, and, tottering into the room, she looked like something out of Chinese opera.

No one spoke. Aimee made her unsteady way to the side of the room opposite me, and immediately all the guests and participants except the Reverend Mr. Feng hurried to take their places with one or the other of us—Aimee's family and friends grouped behind her, and my party, which included Mr. Kepler but was decidedly outnumbered, behind me. Hetta stood at my elbow facing Mme. Hu and Aimee. The Reverend Mr. Feng was alone in the middle of the room, facing the south end, balancing himself lightly on his cane. After a moment, Aimee and I stepped in front of him, and I could see Aimee, her eyes demurely cast down, and the Reverend Mr. Feng's scarf reflected waveringly in the mellow old mirror panels of the north wall.

The Reverend Mr. Feng rolled his eyes upward and opened his mouth. No one was prepared for the volume of his voice. Aimee swayed visibly on her platforms. The reverberations of his first sentence faded, and he started again, softly, slowly, with agony in his voice, which increased in volume until he reached a new fortissimo. Again there was silence. We were steeling ourselves for a third outburst when he began a rhythmic chant that rose and fell. I was sure he had passed into a trance. Nothing he said was intelligible to me, but it certainly didn't sound like a marriage ceremony. Just what, I wondered, were the Assemblies of God, and what had we let ourselves in for?

I could see Hetta's frozen face in a corner of the mirror. I wondered what she was thinking—what they all were thinking. I hoped Mr. Kepler was satisfied with his Christian ceremony; this was all his fault. I looked directly at him, but his eyes were closed and his face expressionless. The food is cold, I thought. What can we do? Can't someone stop him?

I was suddenly aware that the Reverend Mr. Feng *had* stopped, and was looking at me. For a startled moment, I thought he had been reading my mind, and then I realized that I was missing a cue. I nodded my head slowly. I wasn't sure, but I supposed he had said the equivalent of "Do you take this wom-



Her best bows—dotted with fake pearls! Red-white, pink-grey, blue-luggage, maize-luggage, sizes 3 to 6. Boucle cardigan, 4.95; slipover, 3.95 (by Spur Knitting); felt swing skirt, 10.95
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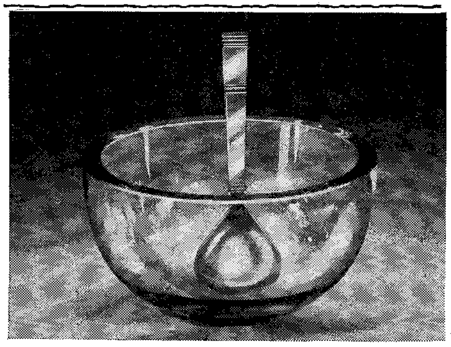

Heavy Swedish crystal bowl (10 oz.) with sterling dressing spoon, $13.50. Also available: Pair of salt dishes with spoons, $10.50; dessert bowl (1 qt.) with spoon, $29.50, and large bowl (2 qts.) with all-silver serving set, $59.00. Fed. Tax and shipping included.
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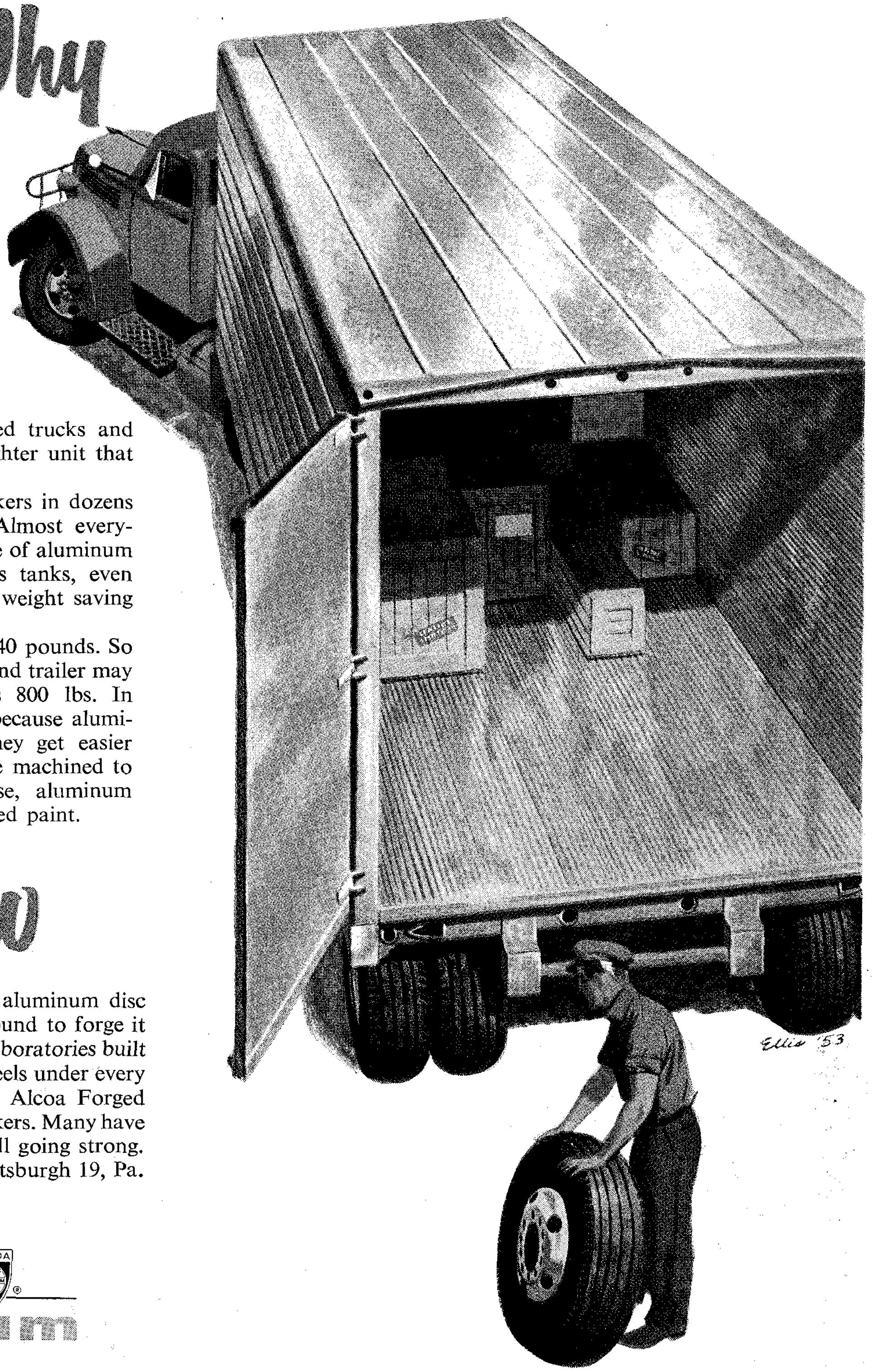

State laws limit the weight of loaded trucks and trailers. The trucker's answer is a lighter unit that hauls heavier loads.

Light, strong aluminum helps truckers in dozens of places on tractors and trailers. Almost everything you see on a modern rig is made of aluminum . . . frames, floors, sides, roofs, gas tanks, even wheels and axle housings—a possible weight saving of 8400 pounds.

Just one aluminum wheel can save 40 pounds. So by using aluminum wheels, a tractor and trailer may increase cargo capacity as much as 800 lbs. In addition, truckers get longer tire life because aluminum wheels conduct heat better. They get easier steering because aluminum wheels are machined to precision roundness. And, of course, aluminum wheels are easier to change, never need paint.

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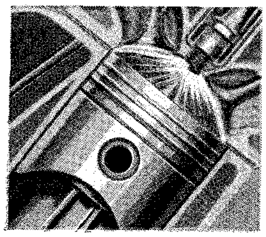
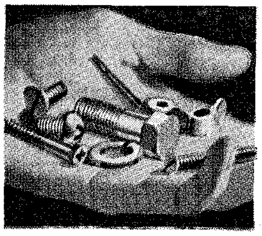
Alcoa engineers designed the forged aluminum disc wheel. In Alcoa shops, ways were found to forge it and machine it true. Alcoa research laboratories built special machines to test and study wheels under every condition of service life. Over 50,000 Alcoa Forged Disc Wheels give extra payload to truckers. Many have run over ½-million miles and are still going strong. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

Alcoa Aluminum

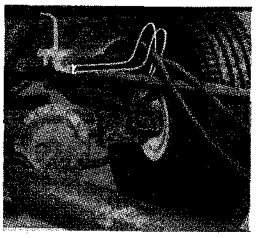
ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA



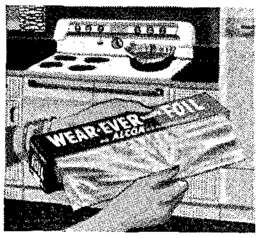
All makes of cars now use aluminum pistons — many Alcoa Aluminum. They make engines smoother, quieter, more powerful. Alcoa does more piston research than any other metal supplier.



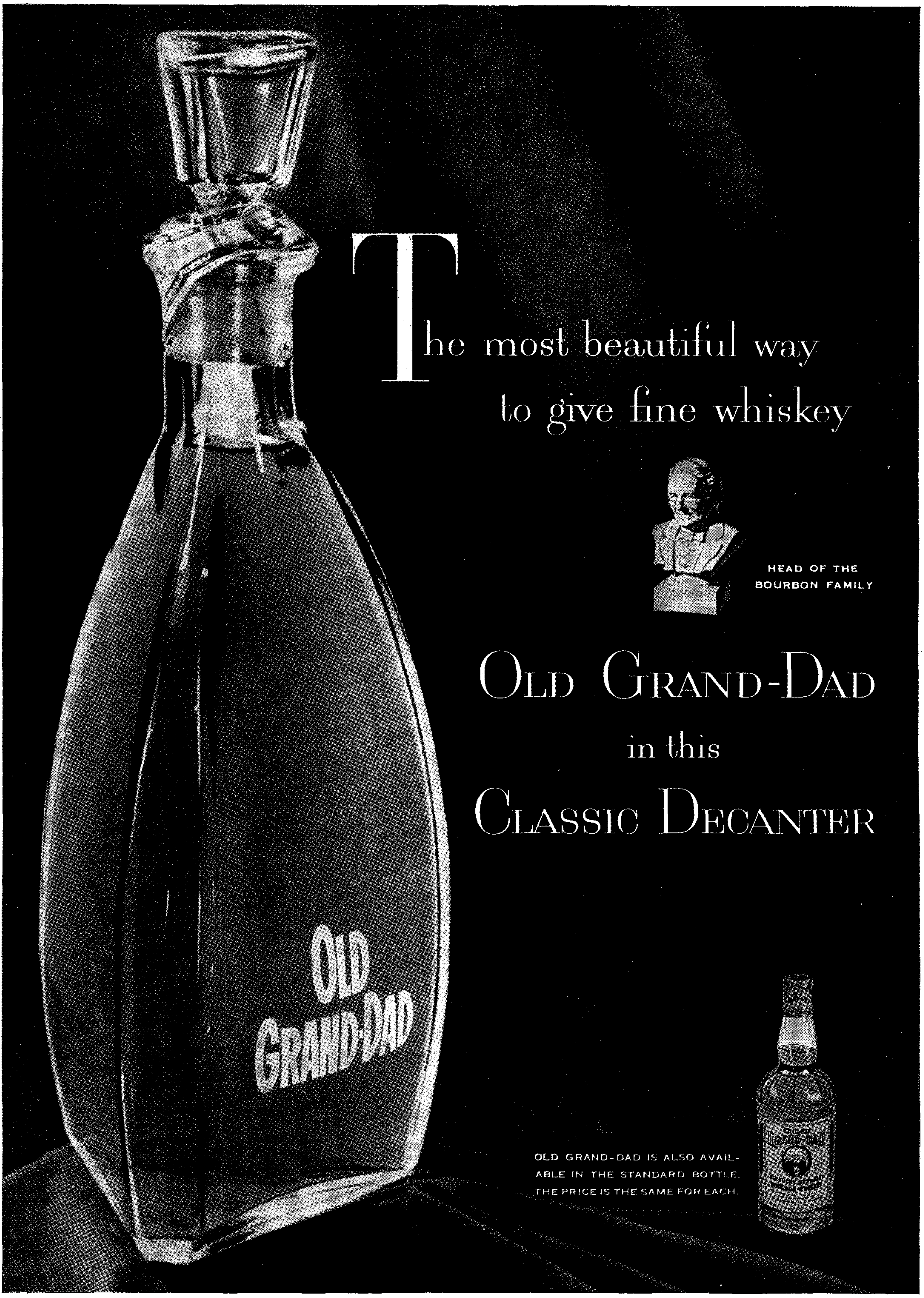
Bus and truck builders know that Alcoa Aluminum Fasteners are a must for joining aluminum assemblies. They "dress up" products of wood and plastic, too.



Alcoa UTILITUBE is widely used in the automotive industry for oil and fuel lines, brake lines and hydraulic systems. Easy to bend and install . . . UTILITUBE resists corrosion.



Bright new helper in America's kitchens is Wear-Ever brand Alcoa Aluminum Foil. Homemakers find it indispensable for food storage, cooking, freezing. Saves work, too!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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY an . . ." He turned to Aimee and said something, and she nodded, too, so I knew I must have been right.

Aimee held out her left hand and I put the diamond ring on it; then I held out mine and she put an alexandrite ring on it. We bowed to the Reverend Mr. Feng, then to each other, and finally to the guests. The wedding was over. What had seemed like hours had been, as the Reverend had promised it would be, only a few minutes. The food had not even begun to cool.

WE put all of Hetta's seals, as well as our own and those of the other witnesses, on the Chinese marriage certificate with the gold coins and the pink babies around its edge. We ate all the food and drank all the drink. The Reverend Mr. Feng got his nine dollars Mex., and Mr. Kepler had, by his own testimony, "a most interesting evening." But because, marriage or not, Aimee's father was still dying, and the soldiers, who were not to know there had been a wedding, were still in the house, I went home with the Empsons and played three-handed bridge until morning. And then I went to the Consulate and paid my dollar, and subsequently locked among my most valuable documents a piece of stiff white paper with "U. S. Consular Service Marriage Certificate" printed in bold black type across the top. Typewritten underneath, making Aimee and me lawfully married in the eyes of the government of the United States, are the words "Rev. Joseph Feng of the Assemblies of God officiating." —DAVID KIDD

●

You'll invariably find those who write in editorial vein, who are expressing their own opinions, proving first to themselves those things which are good and then holding fast to them thereafter. No, they don't always gain public acceptance of those things they advocate but they have never yet advocated a procedure that might be harmful.—*Nyack (N. Y.) Journal-News.*

Careful, though! There's always a first time.

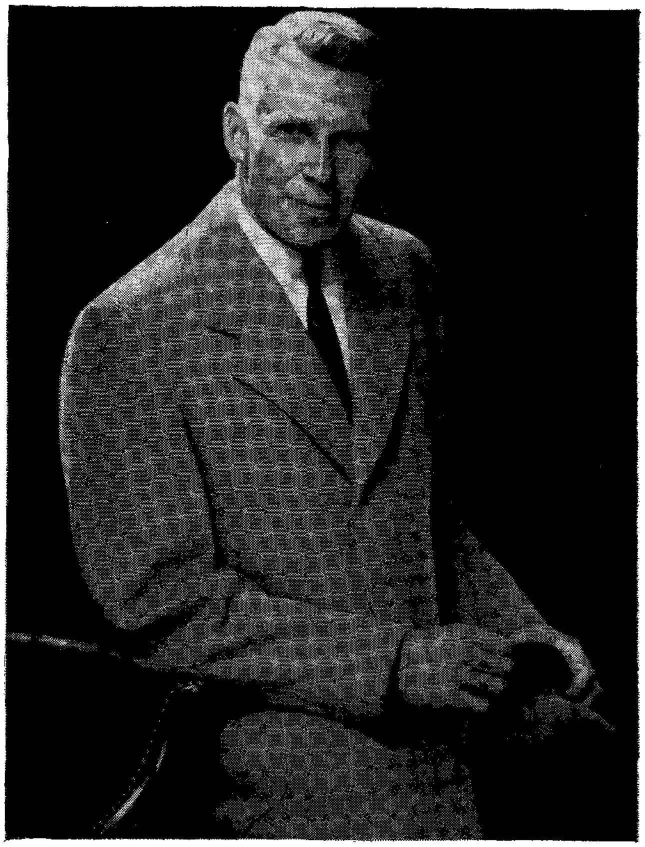
●

WHAT PAGE OF "MANAGEMENT METHODS" D'YA READ?

If you would like to retain your copies of MANAGEMENT METHODS, here's a specially designed binder that will hold 12 issues without crowding.—*Adv. on page 47 of the October, 1953, issue.*

IDEAS don't improve with age.

Neither MANAGEMENT METHODS Magazine—nor its contents—is designed to be filed.—*A thought on page 2 of the same issue.*



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ANNALS OF CRIME

IT HAS NO NAME

ON Friday, September 9, 1949, at 10:25 A.M., an eastbound Canadian Pacific Airlines DC-3 left Ancienne Lorette, the airport of Quebec, on a scheduled run more or less following the course of the St. Lawrence River. The flight, known as Flight 108, had started at nine that morning in Montreal, and its ultimate destination was Seven Islands, a fishing village on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite the Gaspé Peninsula and three hundred miles from Quebec. (Seven Islands has since become a much more thriving community, for it is being made ready to serve as a port for iron ore extracted from the Ungava region, to the north.) On board were nineteen passengers, including three small children, and a crew of four, all of them Canadians except for three men from New York—E. Tappan Stannard, Arthur D. Storke, and Russell J. Parker, who were the president, the president-designate, and a vice-president, respectively, of the Kennecott Copper Corporation.

The next scheduled stop on Flight 108 was Baie Comeau, a paper-pulp center two hundred and twenty miles northeast of Quebec. Several of the passengers planned to get off there, among them Mrs. J. Albert Guay, a twenty-nine-year-old Quebec housewife whose husband, a jewelry salesman, had asked her to pick up two suitcases containing rings and watches that he had put in storage there three weeks earlier, and to bring them back to Quebec. On occasion, Flight 108 also put down at Forestville, a lumber town halfway between Quebec and Baie Comeau, but this was just a flag stop. Ten minutes out of Quebec, the pilot, Captain Pierre Laurin, who was a veteran of seven years' flying and whose wife was expecting a baby at any moment, was advised by radiotelephone from Ancienne Lorette that he could skip Forestville. Laurin acknowledged receipt of the message. That was the last word ever heard from him. Ten minutes afterward, at ten-forty-five, while the plane was cruising serenely, in fair weather, it was ripped by an explosion. The sound was audible to some people in and near Sault au Cochon, a fishing village forty miles northeast of Quebec, and also to an officer aboard the St. Laurent, a Canada Steamship Line boat en route from Montreal to Bagotville. Those who heard it looked up and saw a puff of white smoke billow out of the left side of the air liner. Then the plane veered sharply to the north and, within a few seconds, went out of control and plummeted almost straight down onto the spruce- and balsam-covered side of a steep hill called Cap Tourmente. Everybody on board was killed instantly. In the number of fatalities, the accident was the third worst in the history of Canadian aviation, and because of this, as well as the fact that three of the victims were prominent industrialists from the United States, the incident attracted considerable attention. "What made it crash?" mused a reporter for the Montreal *Star*. He added, referring to the pilot, "The man who can best answer is among the dead."

The man who could best have answered, and who, along with two accomplices, was to hang by the neck until dead in consequence of this knowledge, was at the moment of the disaster wandering around Quebec—just where, no one is certain, but there is reason to believe that he was on Dufferin Terrace, which adjoins the Château Frontenac and from which there is a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence to the east. If the man was there, he was undoubtedly gazing intently toward Cap Tourmente, for he expected the plane to blow up and had a pretty good notion when and where this would happen. He was J. Albert Guay, the thirty-one-year-old husband of the housewife on the plane, and a man who, though fond enough of his wife—"The last thing between us was a kiss," he said later while recounting how he had ushered her into an airlines limousine at the Château Frontenac on the fatal morning—had no compunction about murdering her, as well as twenty-two people who were strangers to him, because he felt she complicated an affair he was having with a teen-age waitress.

A FRENCH CANADIAN and a Roman Catholic, like the big majority of the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec, Guay was born on September 22, 1917, in Charny, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, just across the river from Quebec City. He was the youngest of five children of a brakeman who had worked for the Canadian National Railways and who had been killed in a train accident when the boy was five. Nearly all French-Canadian children are given two Christian names, the first of which is frequently Joseph or Marie, as the case may be; to avoid confusion, the usual thing is to drop the Biblical name and use only the

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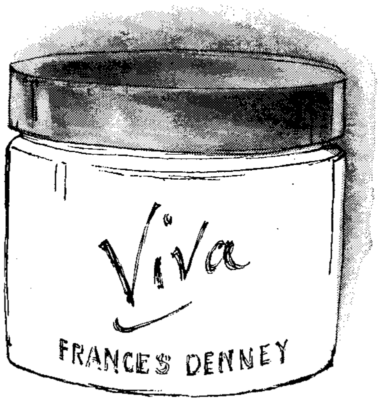

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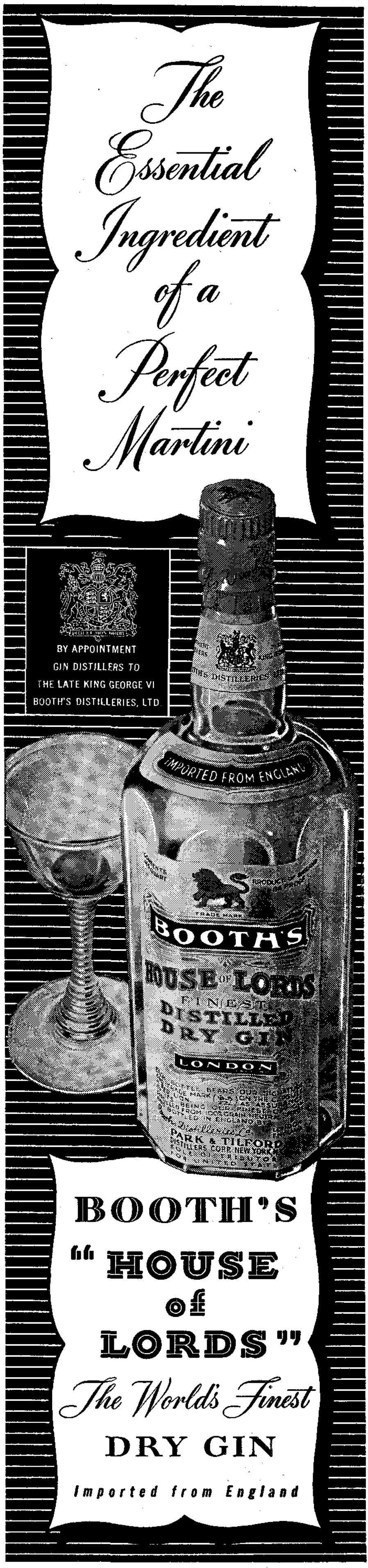

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middle one. But Guay didn't do this. Although his family and friends called him Albert, when he grew up he insisted on prefacing this with the initial "J."—a just slightly out-of-the-ordinary touch, designed to help give him the stature he always aspired to. Short, slim, and nervous, with handsome features, curly black hair, and an engaging smile, Guay was a flashy dresser, and his ambition was to become a singer and orchestra leader. To be sure, he had no musical aptitude and a commonplace voice, but he was forever whistling the latest hit tunes, as though this might somehow lead him closer to his ambition. Guay went out of his way to act like a charming fellow. Whenever he had any money to spare, he was ostentatiously generous with it. His manners were good, and he was courteous to old ladies. At the time he was planning to murder his wife, he took several strolls with his parish priest, during which he discoursed eloquently on the decaying moral standards in their community. He clearly had no realization of people's inclination to talk, for though he lived in a close-knit, gossipy neighborhood and kept the girl with whom he was fascinated in an apartment only a few blocks from the house occupied by his wife and their only child, a four-year-old girl, he endeavored to pose in church as a righteous family man, and after he had decided that murder was the answer to his problem, he was by no means discreet about discussing the subject with casual acquaintances. "He had the gall of a canal horse, that guy," said a detective who was assigned to investigate the explosion. When Guay was arrested, it was recalled that ten days after the plane crash a Great Lakes steamer had mysteriously caught fire at its pier in Toronto, resulting in the death of a hundred and thirty-two passengers, and sardonic Québecois went around saying that J. Albert Guay had probably hired someone to set the ship ablaze in order to get rid of a pet dog.

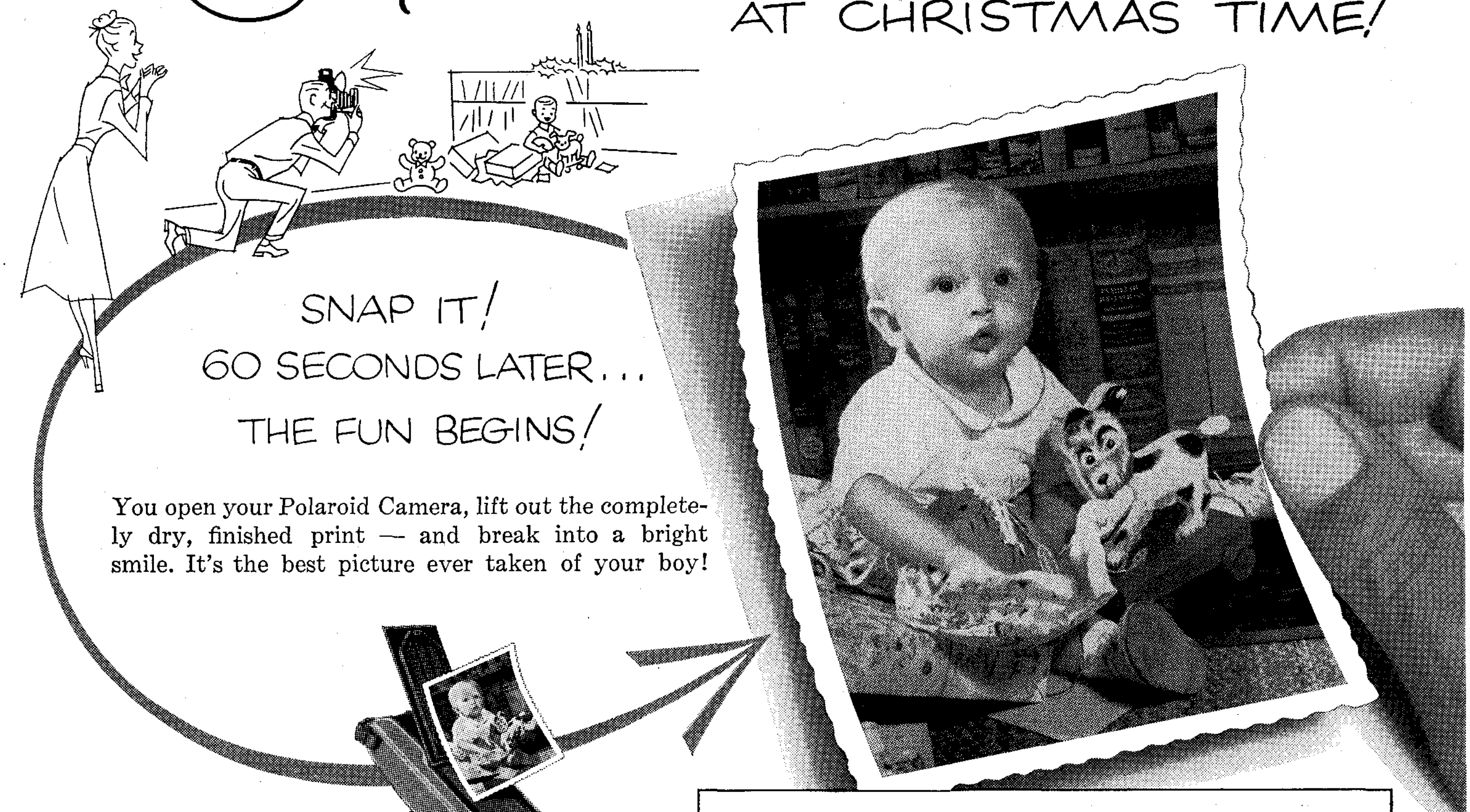
After Guay's father died, the family moved across the river to Limoilou, a suburb of Quebec. Albert didn't have much formal education, but he was clever and quick and cocky. At sixteen, he was a familiar figure in pool halls, where he earned a dollar here and a dollar there by selling watches and jewelry, on commission, to other hangers-on. Early in 1941, at the age of twenty-three, he got a job at the St.-Malo Arsenal, in Quebec. Guay's assignment didn't require any special skill—he tended a grinding machine—but it appears to have got him deferred from military service. (French Canadians have traditionally been reluctant to fight what they consider British wars, and it was not difficult to obtain draft deferments in Quebec.) He amplified his wages, which were forty dollars a week, by selling jewelry to other employees in the arsenal; he did well enough to buy a car, and he was considered a dashing figure by the young ladies in the factory. Presently, he singled out one of them—a plump, attractive brunette, with large brown eyes and nice teeth, named Rita Morel. In August, 1941, they were married, and they moved into a modest apartment in the Lower Town section of Quebec. Lower Town is the part of the city that lies along the river, overshadowed by the towering cliffs of the Citadel behind it, and its residential section, which is as near as anything in Quebec to being a slum, is inhabited chiefly by people, most of them French Canadians, who figuratively as well as literally have been unable to rise above it.

Among the other employees at the arsenal was a woman, later to become Guay's close friend and fellow-murderer, who had been born Marguerite Ruest, in 1908, at St.-Octave, in the southeastern part of the Province of Quebec. Her father was a cook in a lumber camp, and she grew up in a rough-and-tumble atmosphere. She became rather rough-and-tumble herself. She was a dark-complexioned, dark-haired, broad-faced, dumpy woman with a caustic tongue, and she was always willing to do someone a favor. At the age of twenty-two, she spent two months in jail for selling alcohol illegally. She was so agreeably disposed toward men that, although the statistics are not well authenticated, she is thought by the Provincial Police to have given birth over the years to fourteen children by a variety of fathers. Whatever the precise total, she brought up only two—both sons. One was by a man named Michaud, whom she married around the time she moved to Quebec, at the start of the Second World War. The other was by a man named Pitre, with whom she began living while she was still married to Michaud. Five or six years after she left Michaud, he died, and in May, 1949, she married Pitre, who worked as a handyman in a Quebec factory.

Mrs. Pitre was as industrious as she was agreeable. After the war, she worked on and off as a waitress, took in boarders, and, as a favor to her friends—she had a wide acquaintance

Snapshot in 60 seconds

—WHAT A THRILL AT CHRISTMAS TIME!



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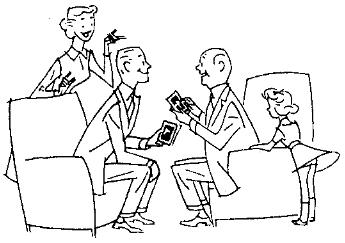

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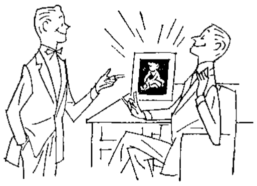

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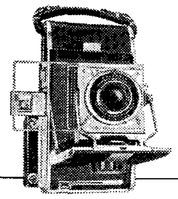

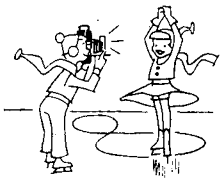

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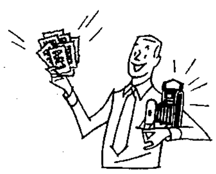

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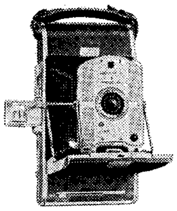

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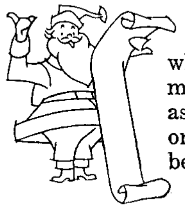

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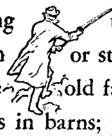
that battered, old Burberry

The world over, many men who sport a smart new Burberry, affectionately cling to a battered old one. They wear it in stormy weather; on hunting or fishing  trips; around the farm or stable. You'll find these old faithfuls hanging on nails in barns; pushed in the back of clothes closets; stowed in boat lockers; tossed in auto trunks. They're always ready for a "call to service."

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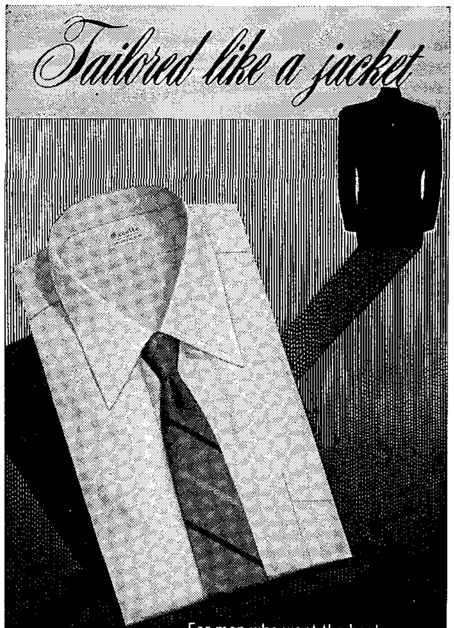
among the shadier elements of Lower Town society—occasionally performed abortions. Shortly after she was publicly identified as somebody who might have had something to do with the plane crash, a rather stout young woman representing a Canadian newspaper went around to interview her. The girl presented herself at Mrs. Pitre's home, and was surprised when the lady of the house, upon opening the door, scrutinized her carefully and said, before any introductions could be made, "How many months?" Mrs. Pitre was voluble and amiable during the long proceedings that finally led her to the gallows, and got on splendidly with the various detectives who questioned her. At one appearance in the grim, stately Quebec courthouse, the Palais de Justice, she passed close by the chief detective of the Municipal Police, a man of marked dignity, and astonished him, and a lot of spectators, by reaching out playfully and pinching his right ear. At another, while she was being escorted into the courtroom by a custodian, she began singing a suggestive ditty to him entitled "Quand Nous Sommes Tous les Deux."

Mrs. Pitre was very fond of Guay, nine years her junior. Though his social standing was not much, even in Lower Town, it was a cut or two above hers, and it flattered her to think that so promising a young gentleman should pay any attention to her. "I am like a mother to him," she once said. According to residents of Quebec who knew them both, she may have been more than that. Her husband, it is known, once accused her of having an affair with Guay—a charge she denied, maintaining that Guay was a business associate of hers. (He lent her money from time to time.) Guay himself declared to a friend, after Mrs. Pitre and he had become implicated in the murder, that the husband's charge was baseless. "Have you *seen* her?" Guay asked. "Impossible!" But the feeling persists among many residents of Lower Town that where Guay and Mrs. Pitre were concerned nothing was impossible.

Mrs. Pitre was the link between Guay and the third person who was to be hanged for helping to bring down the airplane—her older brother, Généreux Ruest. Généreux Ruest, in 1949, was a thin-lipped, gray-haired, dark-browed bachelor of fifty-one who had been afflicted for years with tuberculosis of both hips and could walk only with the aid of crutches. The crippled man was a watchmaker, and a good one. As in the case of many other physically handicapped people, the strength he had lost



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in one set of limbs seemed to have been transferred to another. He had powerful arms and hands, and deft fingers. Ruest was governed by a moral code not notably more elevated than his sister's. While he was a patient in a Catholic hospital one time, he persuaded a nun who was his nurse to let him entertain a prostitute in a private room by telling the nun that the woman was his wife.

TOWARD the end of the war, Guay left the arsenal and became a full-time jewelry salesman, moving, with his wife, to Seven Islands, where their daughter, Lise, was born in 1945. Using his home as a base of operations, he travelled from one river town to another, impressing the unworldly residents by his fluent sales talk and his twinkling line of goods. He sold engagement rings, crucifixes, and watches, mostly on the installment plan, and he picked up watches in need of repair and sent them to Quebec to be fixed by Ruest, who had a workshop in his apartment there.

In the summer of 1947, while on a visit to Quebec, Guay dropped in at a Lower Town café—he was not much of a drinker, but he liked a beer or two now and then—and struck up a conversation with a waitress in the place named Marie-Ange Robitaille. The two hit it off fine. Marie-Ange was a tall, lanky, well-built, not very bright girl with a pleasant voice, jet-black hair, plucked eyebrows, a turned-up nose, and large, dark eyes that frequently looked as if she hadn't been getting enough sleep. She was seventeen when she met Guay, but she told him she was nineteen. This deception was trivial compared to what she and Guay subsequently told her parents about him. Marie-Ange knew who he was and that he had a wife and child, but as far as her parents were concerned, he was an earnest young bachelor named Roger Angers (he borrowed the name from a popular singer he envied) and a promising match for their daughter. Guay gave Marie-Ange a ring, a gesture that it was relatively easy for a jewelry salesman to make. Early in 1948, he moved his family and his business to St.-Sauveur Street, in Lower Town, where he rented most of the ground floor—a store in front and living quarters in the rear—of a fairly modern apartment house. For a time, he advertised his business on the early-morning show of a Quebec disc jockey; listeners were facetiously advised that if they wanted their watches

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broken forever, they should bring them to Guay's place, across the street from the Church of St. Joseph. The last check Guay sent to the disc jockey bounced.

A year or so after Guay met Marie-Ange, he began calling on her at her family's home two or three nights a week and paying formal court. This interlude was brought to a dramatic end one evening in November, 1948, when Guay's wife, who had finally learned what other residents of Lower Town had been gossiping about for months, showed up at the Robitailles' herself and informed Marie-Ange's parents that Roger Angers was J. Albert Guay and ineligible as a suitor. The Robitailles turned their daughter out of the house a few hours later. She got in touch with Guay, and he called Mrs. Pitre, who was still legally Mrs. Michaud, although she had been living with Pitre for some time. At the moment, she and Pitre were a trifle out of their element, for, as a result of some windfall, they were occupying an apartment on Richelieu Street, in Upper Town—only three doors away, as it happened, from the home of the mayor of Quebec. Guay asked Mrs. Pitre if she would take in the homeless Marie-Ange, and, in her usual helpful manner, she agreed to. Marie-Ange moved in at five that morning. A week later, Pitre and his mistress moved to St.-Valier Street, which is in Lower Town and had lost the distinction of being the center of Quebec's red-light district only a few years before, when it was closed down to protect the morals of service men during the war. Marie-Ange stayed on in the Richelieu Street apartment, and Guay paid the rent.

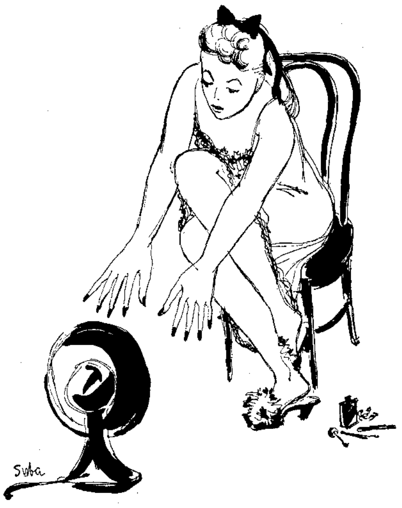
Marie-Ange's parents soon changed their minds and wanted her to return home, but they found it difficult to communicate with her. Afraid that they would make trouble for her if they found out where she was, she pretended she was living in Montreal and sent them a postcard to that effect in the course of a two-day visit she and Guay paid there. Early in 1949, she resolved to go home and have nothing more to do with Guay. Presumably with the idea of substantiating her story by having her parents meet her at the station, she decided she would return to them by way of Montreal. Accordingly, she borrowed fifty dollars from the proprietor of a restaurant she had worked in and bought a round-trip railroad ticket to Montreal. She booked space on a night train one cold evening and, while she was waiting for her berth to be made up, went into the ladies' washroom of the sleeping car. Presently, there was a knock on the door. It was Guay, who had followed her, and who told her that if she didn't get off the train right away, he'd make a scene. He took her back to the Richelieu Street apartment, where, as a precaution against her trying to escape again, he threw her gloves into a stove and went to bed with her coat wrapped around him. The next morning, in an effort to embarrass her into staying put, he bit her in the face several times. Then he went off and cashed in her unused train ticket.

In April, with a display of ingenuousness that set the pace for the conduct of all three principals in the crime, Guay approached a twenty-one-year-old friend of the family named Lucien Carreau and blandly offered him five hundred dollars to murder Mrs. Guay. His proposal was that Carreau call on her, taking with him a bag of poison and a bottle of cherry wine, both of which Guay would provide. Carreau was to chat with Mrs. Guay for a while and then offer her a glass of the wine after surreptitiously putting some of the poison in it. Her husband was sure she would accept it. French Canadians drink wines the way other people drink highballs, and Mrs. Guay was especially partial to cherry wine. Carreau heard Guay out, told him he was crazy, and dismissed the matter then and there.

On May 7th, a Philippine Air Lines plane blew up and fell into the sea near Manila, killing thirteen people. It was ascertained that an admirer of a woman whose husband was aboard had hired a couple of former convicts to conceal a time bomb in the plane. The crash and its aftermath were briefly described in the Canadian press, and it seems probable that the story came to Guay's attention, for by the following month he was riding in a plane, watch in hand, above the St. Lawrence, carefully noting when he was over the river and when over land. His reasoning, it later developed, was that when a plane blows up in the air it is far more difficult to reconstruct what happened if the plane plunges into water than if it crashes on land.

LEADING up to this ghoulish flight was a new series of domestic and extramarital wrangles of the sort in which Guay was constantly becoming embroiled. Early in June, his wife, unaware of his overture to Lucien Carreau but generally fed up, moved, with their child, from the St.-Sauveur Street apartment into the nearby home of her mother, Mrs. Wilfred Morel. At about the same time, Marie-Ange deserted Guay, returned to her parents, and got a job as a waitress in a Lower Town restaurant. After being beset for so long by at least one too many women, Guay now found himself without any. As Marie-Ange was walking to work one evening in June, he accosted her, pulled a gun, and declared that if she didn't return to him he'd shoot himself, and maybe her, too. She told him to leave her alone or she'd be late to work. He persisted, but a policeman, hearing them arguing, walked up, and Guay ran off. The policeman escorted Marie-Ange to the restaurant and hung around, waiting to see if Guay would show up again. He did, and was taken to Municipal Police Headquarters, at City Hall, where he was booked for attempted assault with a deadly weapon. Guay telephoned Mrs. Pitre (she had married Pitre by this time) and she got him a lawyer, who succeeded in having the charge reduced to one of carrying a gun illegally. The next morning, Guay was fined twenty-five dollars and set free.

Two days later, Guay telephoned Marie-Ange and told her it was vital that they meet. The mercurial girl agreed to see him, and when they got together, Guay told her that his wife was going to have her arrested for besmirching the Guay name by having had *him* arrested. He said Marie-Ange had better go to Montreal at once and hide out there until things blew over. "Every time he came into my life, there was disorder," Marie-Ange said later. She never seems to have tried very hard to prevent or tidy up the disorder. On this occasion, she meekly left at once for Montreal—with Guay. In Montreal, he bought her some new clothes and was so attentive to her that she consented to fly with him to Seven Is-



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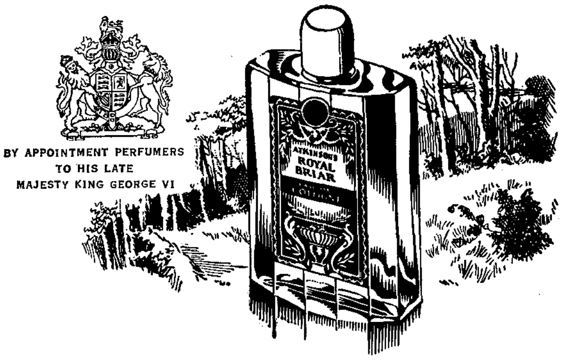

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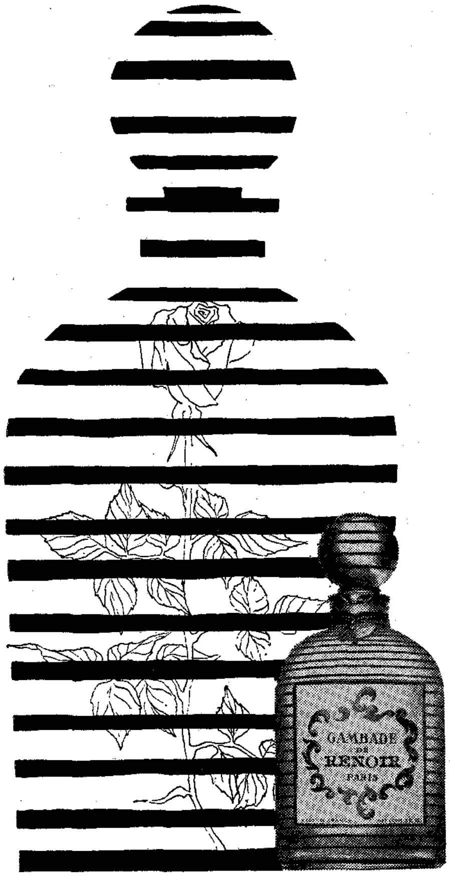

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lands and set up housekeeping there. During the lap between Quebec and Baie Comeau, Guay, who had been occupying an aisle seat next to Marie-Ange, moved to a vacant window seat and began keeping his watch-in-hand vigil to compile his mental timetable. Marie-Ange paid little attention to her companion's interest in the landscape, for she was violently airsick most of the way.

At Seven Islands, Guay and Marie-Ange were quarrelling again within a week. Then they stopped speaking, and at the end of July she left him and returned to Quebec. As she walked out, he handed her a note. "I love you terribly," it read. "We'll be together again very soon." A postscript instructed her to destroy the note after reading it, but she didn't.

AT that juncture, Guay concluded that the only way to be happy with Marie-Ange was to marry her. His wife was unlikely to grant him a divorce, and he was hardly in a position to sue for one. Besides, everybody concerned was a Catholic. However transitory Guay's scheme to poison his wife may have been, he now began to think seriously about killing her. This time, he gave the matter much careful consideration. He was well aware that his unfaithfulness to his wife was a matter of common knowledge; if, then, there was any suspicion that she had been murdered, there would also be suspicion that he was the murderer. Besides, the idea of a forthright slaying simply did not appeal to him. He didn't want to be present when his wife died, and he didn't want to have a direct hand in the murder. He apparently discussed his predicament with several people, one of whom wrote an anonymous letter to Mrs. Guay early in August, saying, "Watch out, because something is going to happen to you." Another person he consulted was Mrs. Pitre, who amiably apprised Marie-Ange of his intention. By the middle of the month, Mrs. Pitre and her brother Généreux Ruest had agreed to help Guay dispose of his wife. Why they agreed to has puzzled a number of students of their destinies. Guay's own motivation is understandable enough—as understandable, at least, as that behind many crimes of passion. But while, as he saw it, he stood to gain Marie-Ange, his cronies stood to gain very little. When the brother and sister were tried for murder, the prosecution never attempted to establish a motive for either of them. Speculative residents of Quebec have sought to fill in

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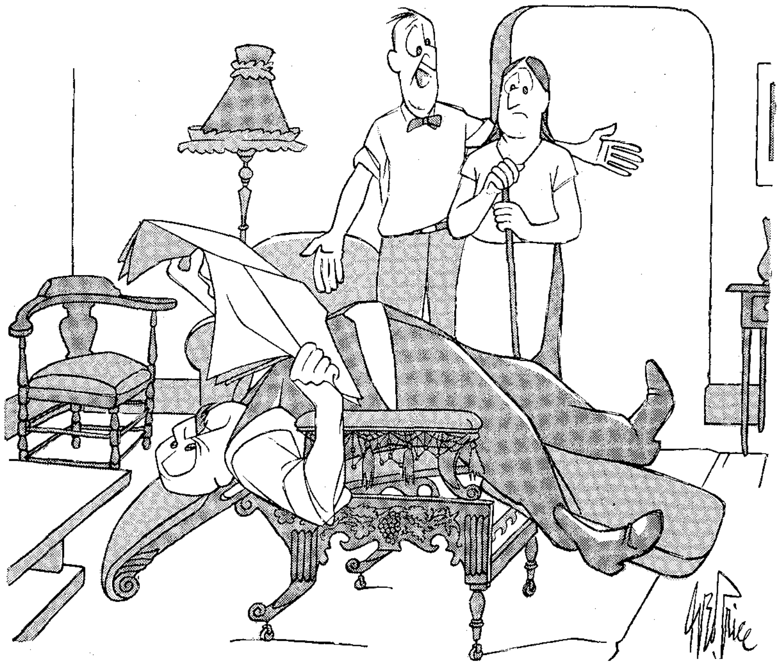
this gap. The most widely held theory is that Mrs. Pitre and Ruest were a pair so dominated by Guay and so basically amoral that they did not need what the ordinary person might consider a compelling motive. Mrs. Pitre did, however, owe Guay six hundred dollars, a debt that he promised to cancel if she would assist him. It is also thought not improbable that she hoped to blackmail him after the crime. Some people who followed the case closely have suggested that she may even have had the notion of alienating Marie-Ange from Guay by telling her that he had murdered his wife, and of thus getting Guay entirely for herself. As for Ruest, he, too, was in financial difficulties. A woman he was friendly with had just informed him that she was pregnant, thanks to him, and was nagging him for three hundred dollars to see her through her dilemma. Guay offered to put up the money in return for Ruest's help, and, as an added inducement (Ruest's demands were not exorbitant), to knock fifty per cent off the price of a twelve-dollar ring Ruest wanted for another woman he knew. There was also some talk of buying Ruest a new car if things worked out right. And Ruest had still another reason for being disposed to murder Mrs. Guay; he had tried to take her out one night while her husband was away, and she had turned him down.

Early in August, Guay travelled to Baie Comeau by river boat, lugging along two suitcases full of jewelry he hoped to sell. He found business in the summer doldrums, however, so he stored the suitcases in a warehouse and sailed back to Quebec, arriving on August 17th, and went to stay with his wife and child at Mrs. Morel's. The next day, he got together with Ruest and Mrs. Pitre, and discussed making a bomb. Ruest, skillful with his hands, volunteered to put together a detonating mechanism in his workshop, and Mrs. Pitre was assigned the job of buying some dynamite and detonating caps and a length of fuse. She went to a hardware store and found that it is impossible to buy dynamite in Canada without signing for it, so she signed a fictitious name, telling the clerk that she was making the purchase on behalf of a woman who lived at Rivière-aux-Pins and wanted to blast some tree stumps. She bought twenty half-pound sticks of dynamite, fifteen detonating caps, and a thirty-foot length of fuse, and took them that evening to a restaurant she was working in. She wrapped the dynamite in a piece of plain brown paper



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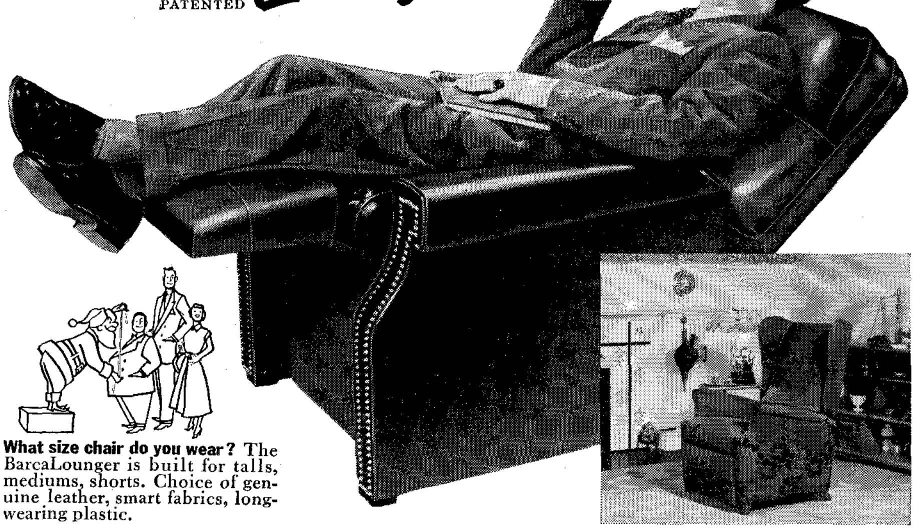

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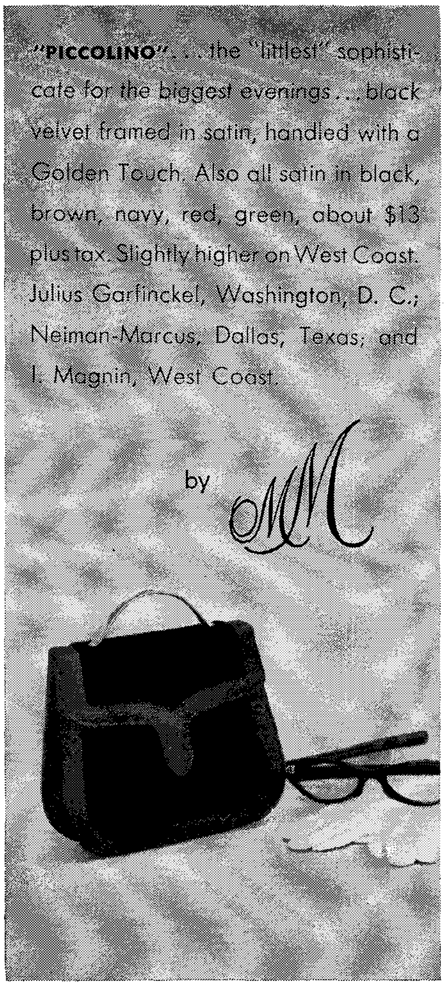
that had enclosed some bags of potato chips and gave it to Guay when he stopped by. "I didn't have time to wrap it properly," she explained later. "You see, I had to serve a little girl who wanted ice cream." Guay took the package to Ruest and, late that night, headed back to Seven Islands, taking his wife with him, for a week's holiday. She understood it was to be a reconciliation, and he put himself out to be kind to her.

The couple returned to Quebec after a week, and Guay went at once to Ruest's apartment to see what progress he had made with the bomb. It appeared he hadn't made any. While they were pondering the problem, a customer stopped in to leave a watch for repair. "Here's a man who can tell us about dynamite!" exclaimed Ruest, displaying his full share of naïveté. The customer could indeed; he was a retired miner. Guay and Ruest explained to him that they wanted to use dynamite to kill fish in a lake, and began asking him questions. The customer wasn't much help. He said it was dangerous for amateurs to fool around with dynamite, and recalled the case of a man he knew who had lost a hand that way. Anyhow, he declared, lime would do a job on fish just as effectively, and much more safely. While Guay and Ruest pretended interest, he told them at some length how to kill fish with lime, and then departed.

Left thus to their own devices, Guay and Ruest decided to rig up a time bomb, consisting principally of an alarm clock, a dry-cell battery, a detonator, and a detonating cap. As a preliminary step, Ruest produced an experimental bomb that lacked only dynamite and put it in a cardboard box, and while he and Guay cowered in the next room, the alarm clock set off the detonator and this exploded the detonating cap. At this point, the conspirators were sidetracked by an idea that, had they gone through with it, would have saved twenty-two lives. It being Mrs. Pitre's turn to be ingenuous, she proposed that they enlist the aid of a taxi-driver who lived in an apartment above hers and with whom she was on better than friendly terms. She would invite him into her apartment some evening, she said, and tell him that she wanted to hire him to take the Guays for a ride in the country in his taxi. She would explain to him that there would be a time bomb in the trunk of his cab. At a certain point, the driver would pretend that something had gone wrong with his engine, and he and Guay would get out and ostensibly go for help, leaving Mrs. Guay sitting there. In five minutes or so, the bomb would explode. Mrs. Pitre's scheme struck Guay and Ruest as a masterpiece of devilish cunning, and they encouraged her to go ahead with it. She invited the taxi-driver to her apartment and, while Guay listened in from behind a curtain, outlined the plan. The taxi-driver said he had no intention of destroying his cab, and went back upstairs. A few minutes later, Mrs. Pitre, evidently sensing that she might have been a bit indiscreet, rushed up to the driver's apartment with the idea of covering her elephantine tracks by informing the driver that she had been only joking about the time bomb and that what she had really meant to say was that she wanted to hire the cab to take an illegitimate child to another city. Guay could hardly have been pleased with his accomplice's performance that evening.

Up to the time Mrs. Pitre put on her babbling act, Guay had been thinking of an airplane as only one of a number of conveyances in which to place his wife and a bomb. A plane was the least likely one to leave any damaging evidence, but a plane was also the least likely one for Mrs. Guay to be inclined to board by herself. Musing over this problem, Guay recalled his two suitcases at Baie Comeau and decided to send his wife for them. She wasn't particularly eager to undertake this pack-horse mission, but, heartened by her husband's recent show of solicitude for her, she consented to go. On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 6th, Guay went to the Canadian Pacific Airlines ticket office in the Château Frontenac and made a reservation for his wife on the ten-twenty plane to Baie Comeau on the morning of the ninth, the earliest date space was available. To allay suspicion, he bought a round-trip ticket. Then, not one to shun betting on a sure thing, he invested fifty cents in a ten-thousand-dollar flight-insurance policy on his wife, naming himself as beneficiary. That night, he escorted his wife to the theatre.

Early on the morning of the seventh, the airline telephoned Mrs. Guay, at her mother's home, to advise her that a reservation had been cancelled on that day's flight to Baie Comeau, and that if she hurried, she could have the vacant seat. Guay, who was still staying there, answered the phone, and said that his wife couldn't change her plans so quickly. He certainly couldn't have changed *his*, because the bomb wasn't ready. On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the eighth, he considerately spent practically the entire day with his wife and child, leaving them only to telephone Mrs. Pitre and ask her to meet him at the Gare du Palais, the principal railroad station in Quebec, at a quarter after eight o'clock the next morning; and to drop in on Ruest and help him put the finishing touches on the bomb. Guay instructed Ruest to adjust the bomb so that it would explode at ten-forty-five the following morning, at which time—or so he believed, on the basis of his reconnaissance three months before—the plane would be over the first wide stretch of the St. Lawrence.

IT was Guay's habit, while staying at his mother-in-law's, to hang his trousers behind the bathroom door when he went to bed. A brother-in-law of Mrs. Guay's, who was also living there, with *his* wife, arose at seven-twenty on the morning of Friday, the ninth, to dress for work, and was surprised to notice that Guay's trousers were missing from their usual place, for Guay wasn't normally an early riser. Shortly after seven, Guay had appeared at Ruest's to pick up the bomb. Ruest had it ready for him, packed in a cardboard carton and set to go off at ten-forty-five. The two men wrapped it in brown paper, tied it with string, scrawled "FRAGILE" on the package in bold letters, addressed it to a nonexistent Alfred Plouffe, at Baie Comeau, and, picking another name at random, identified the sender as Delphis Bouchard, of St.-Siméon, a town a hundred miles from Quebec. Guay took the bomb in a taxi to the railroad station, where he checked it in a ten-cent public locker and went to the station cafeteria for breakfast. There he encountered a railroad employee who knew him and wanted to talk about an engagement ring his prospective son-in-law had ordered. An indifferent salesman at that moment, Guay shook him off in time to meet Mrs. Pitre when she arrived, at eight-fifteen. He got the package for her, and she took it by taxi to the airport, twelve miles out of town, where she arranged to have it shipped out on Flight 108 that morning. Then she returned to Quebec in the same taxi.

Guay, meanwhile, had hurried back to his mother-in-law's. He explained to her that he had been unable to sleep and had gone out for a cup of coffee. His wife was up by then, preparing for her trip. At nine-thirty, the Guays took a taxi to the Château Frontenac, and Mrs. Guay left from there for the airport. A few minutes later, Mrs. Pitre

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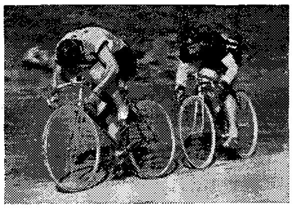

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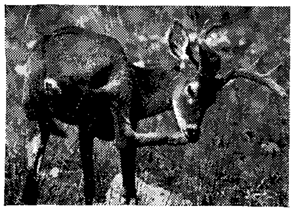

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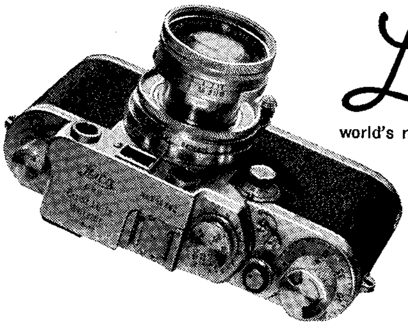

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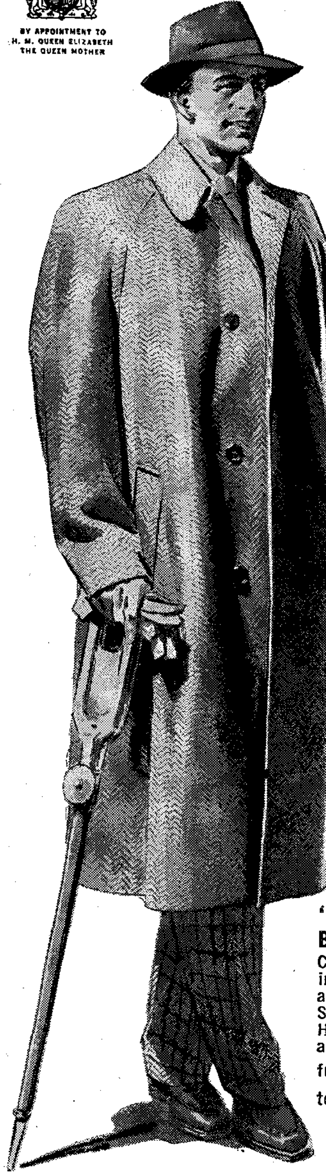

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got back from the airport and went to her brother's. Guay telephoned her there, and was pleased to learn that there had been no hitches in their plan—or so they both thought. Actually, there was one. Flight 108 was five minutes late out of Quebec. Guay's determination of the most propitious moment for the explosion had been based on a simple-minded faith in the dependability of airline timetables. Because of its late departure, the plane fell not into water but onto the side of Cap Tourmente.

Guay walked the twisting streets of Quebec for nearly an hour after the bomb had been set to go off, and then returned to his mother-in-law's house. He told Mrs. Morel he had a headache, and she went to a neighborhood drugstore to get him some medicine. The first news of the crash came over the radio at one o'clock. It was a flash, without names of passengers. By three-thirty, Mrs. Morel was getting telephone calls from various relatives, inquiring if her daughter had survived. She asked Guay to try to find out. He went, with his daughter, to the ticket office in the Château Frontenac and asked a girl on duty there if it was true that his wife's plane had crashed. The girl nodded. Then Guay began to sob and moan. He collapsed in an armchair in the lobby and bawled so uncontrollably that a sympathetic airline official summoned a priest from the nearby Basilique de Québec to comfort him.

The spot where the plane fell was about an hour's walk up a steep mountain trail from some tracks of the Canadian National Railways that run along the north bank of the St. Lawrence. An even longer walk down the mountain confronted those who tried to reach the place by car. By the end of the day, only a handful of people had got anywhere near it. Among them was Guay, who, in the best tradition of murderers, had been drawn to, if not precisely the scene of his crime, the gruesome evidence of it. With three companions, two of them the husbands of Mrs. Guay's sisters and the third an acquaintance who went along for the ride, Guay drove from Quebec to Cap Tourmente, and they all walked down until they were turned back by police guarding the wreckage against looters or souvenir hunters. Guay did not, therefore, get near enough to see how horribly mutilated the victims were and to become aware that, of them all, the only body with a recognizable face was his wife's. Nor did he learn until later that among the passengers' few possessions that were left intact were

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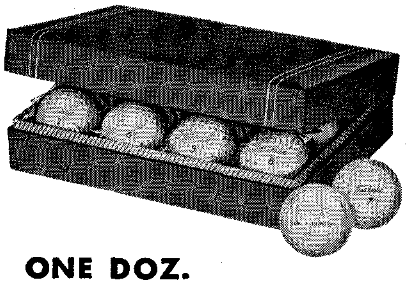

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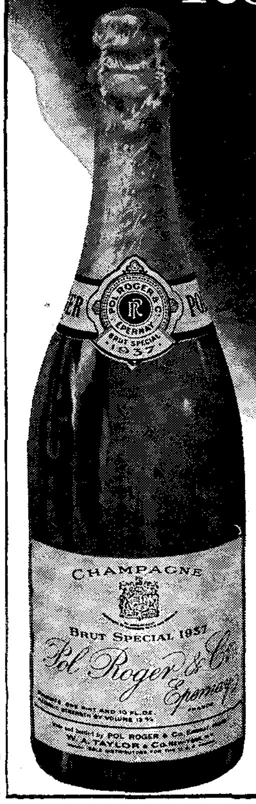

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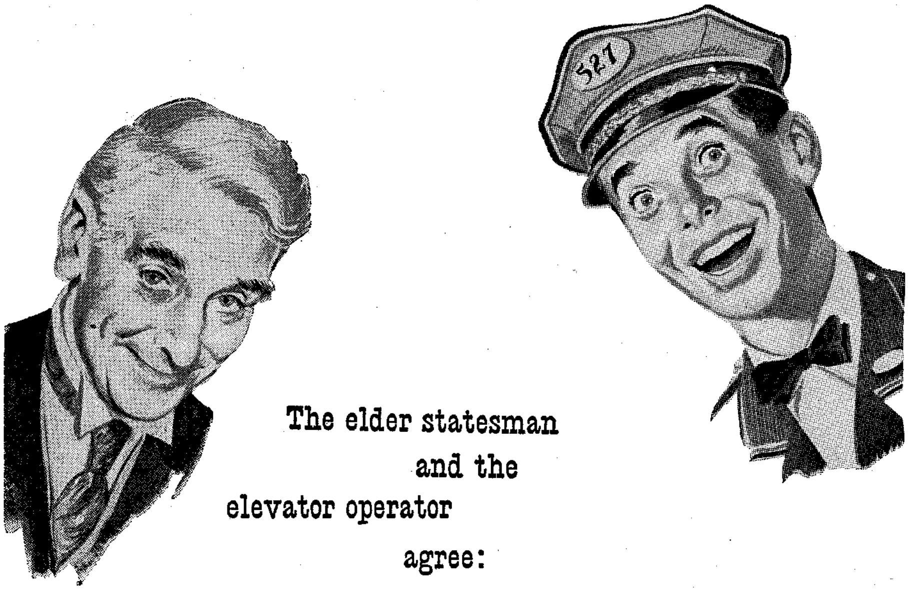
two claim checks in Mrs. Guay's purse for the two suitcases full of jewelry at Baie Comeau.

AT first, no one suspected that the crash was anything but accidental. However, the Canadian Pacific Railway, a billion-dollar, worldwide enterprise of which the airline is a relatively modest subsidiary, was profoundly dismayed. There had not been a passenger fatality on any of its air routes since 1942, and it was dismayed at what apparently could be explained only as a failure of either its manpower or its equipment. The head of the Canadian Pacific Railway Investigations Department, a placid, shrewd man named Jean E. Bélanger, had looked into countless accidents of one kind or another, but until then he had never—to his great satisfaction—had occasion to investigate a plane crash. Guay and his two accomplices had thought that after an initial flurry of excitement the incident would be dismissed as just one of those things. What they didn't reckon on was that Canadian Pacific would react emotionally, like the mother—a large and powerful and angry one—of an assaulted child, and, perplexed and outraged at what had befallen its offspring, would stay with the case no matter how baffling it seemed. On a less emotional level, the company was, of course, not unaware that if it was held responsible, substantial damage suits would certainly be filed against it by relatives of the victims. One relative who was already thinking along such lines was Guay. Two days after the crash, he telephoned his lawyer to inquire what legal steps he should take against Canadian Pacific in the event that the company was found negligent.

By midafternoon Friday, the head of Canadian Pacific Airlines, Grant W. G. McConachie, a veteran bush pilot turned executive, was flying East from his headquarters in Vancouver with a youthful but expert aeronautical engineer named Frank M. Francis, who was employed by the same line. By nightfall, representatives of quite a few interested agencies were mobilizing to investigate the disaster—the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Department of Transport, and the Provincial Police of Quebec. Over the weekend, most of the authorities concerned with the crash busied themselves with gathering up the bodies, or parts of bodies, and conveying them to Quebec for a coroner's inquest. At the urging of Canadian Pacific Airlines, the bodies of the four members of the plane's crew were au-



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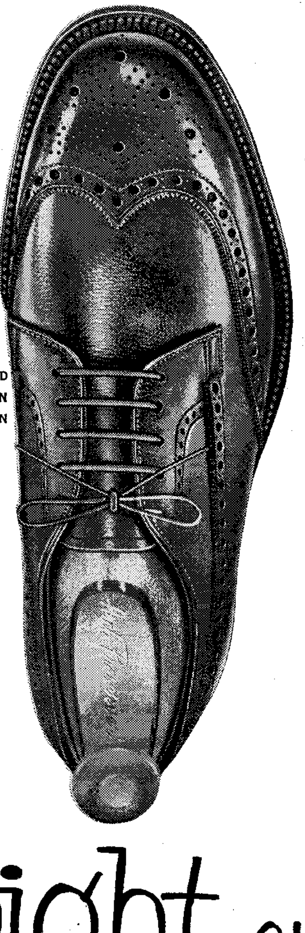

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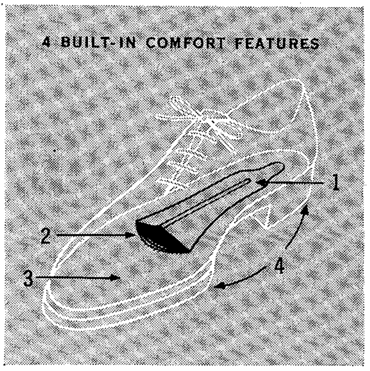

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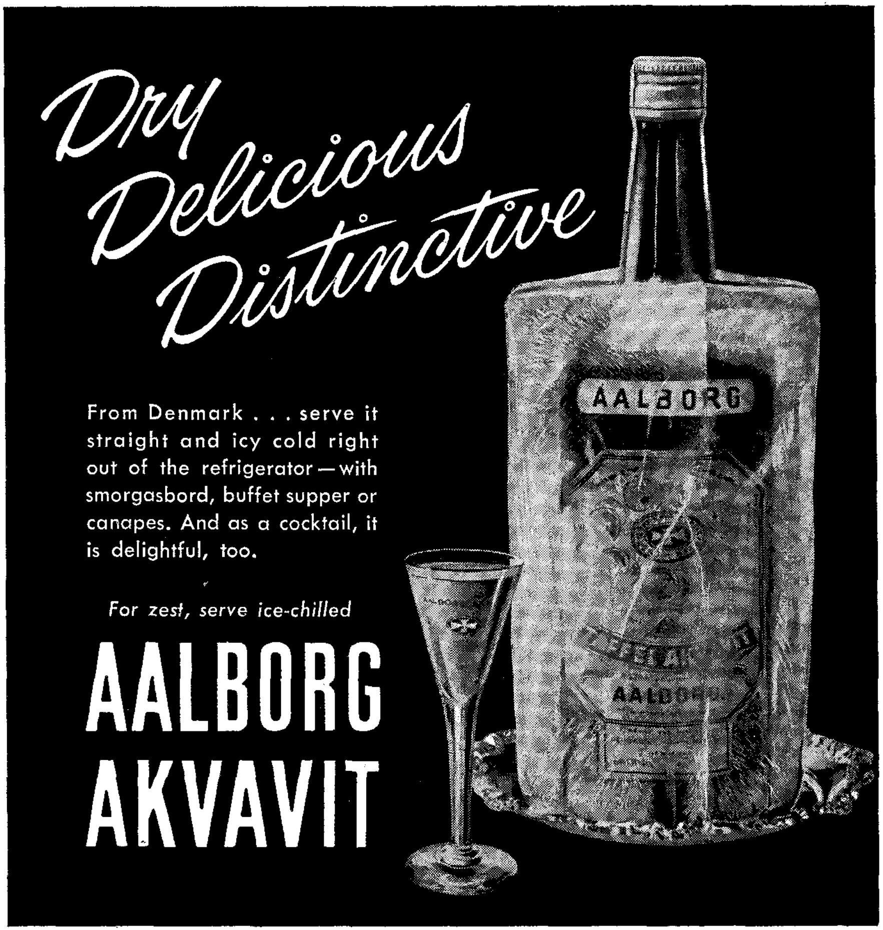
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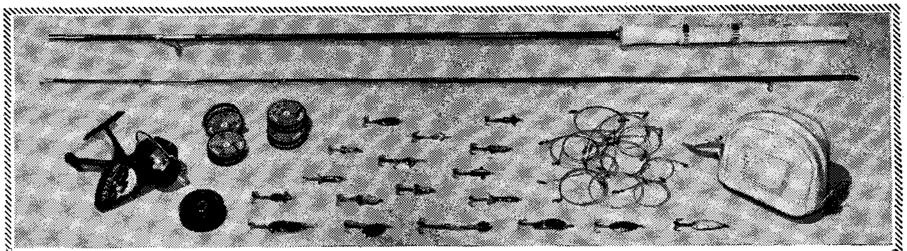
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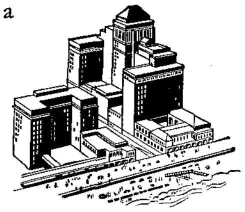
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topsied, to find out if, by chance, they had lost control of the plane because of some sudden, freakish mass disability. The answer was no. (The grim task of dealing with the corpses was enlivened by a scrap between two firms of undertakers, one engaged by the airline and one by the provincial government. Both thought they had a right to all the bodies, but a compromise was finally arrived at, with half the dead going to each.) Guay's behavior at the city morgue, where the victims were laid out for identification, was consistent with his behavior at the Château Frontenac. Trembling and crying, he declined to look at his wife, saying that he wanted to remember her as she had been, and left the distressing chore of identifying her to a brother-in-law. Guay gave her a lavish funeral. He ordered an eight-hundred-dollar casket, bought a wreath in his daughter's name, and as his own tribute purchased a five-foot cross of red roses with a heart of white roses at the center, which bore the inscription "From your beloved Albert." He acted extremely distraught at the funeral parlor and at the cemetery, and some of his friends and neighbors, who knew that for two years he had been behaving irresponsibly toward his wife, marvelled at the fervor of his anguish. But grief is contagious, and many of the people at the funeral soon felt sorry for the sobbing young father of a motherless child.

During the first weekend after the disaster, Bélanger, whose headquarters are in Montreal, sent one of his staff, Andrew H. Stott, out to the scene of the crash. Bélanger did not think it was necessary to go himself, having no suspicion that anything extraordinary had taken place. On Monday morning, he sent two more of his assistants to Quebec to work on the case. One of them, Jules Perrault, telephoned him that afternoon. "All he told me was 'I don't like this,' " Bélanger recalled recently. "But Perrault has the faculty of conveying whole ideas in a few words,

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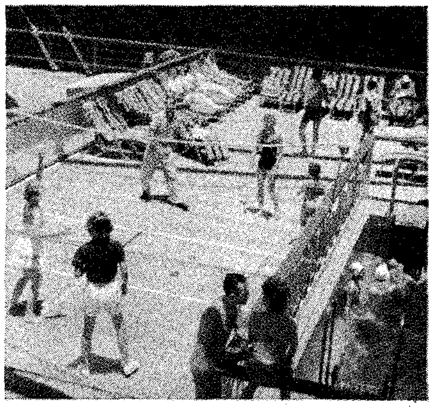

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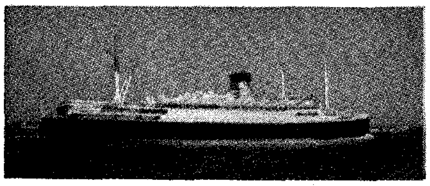

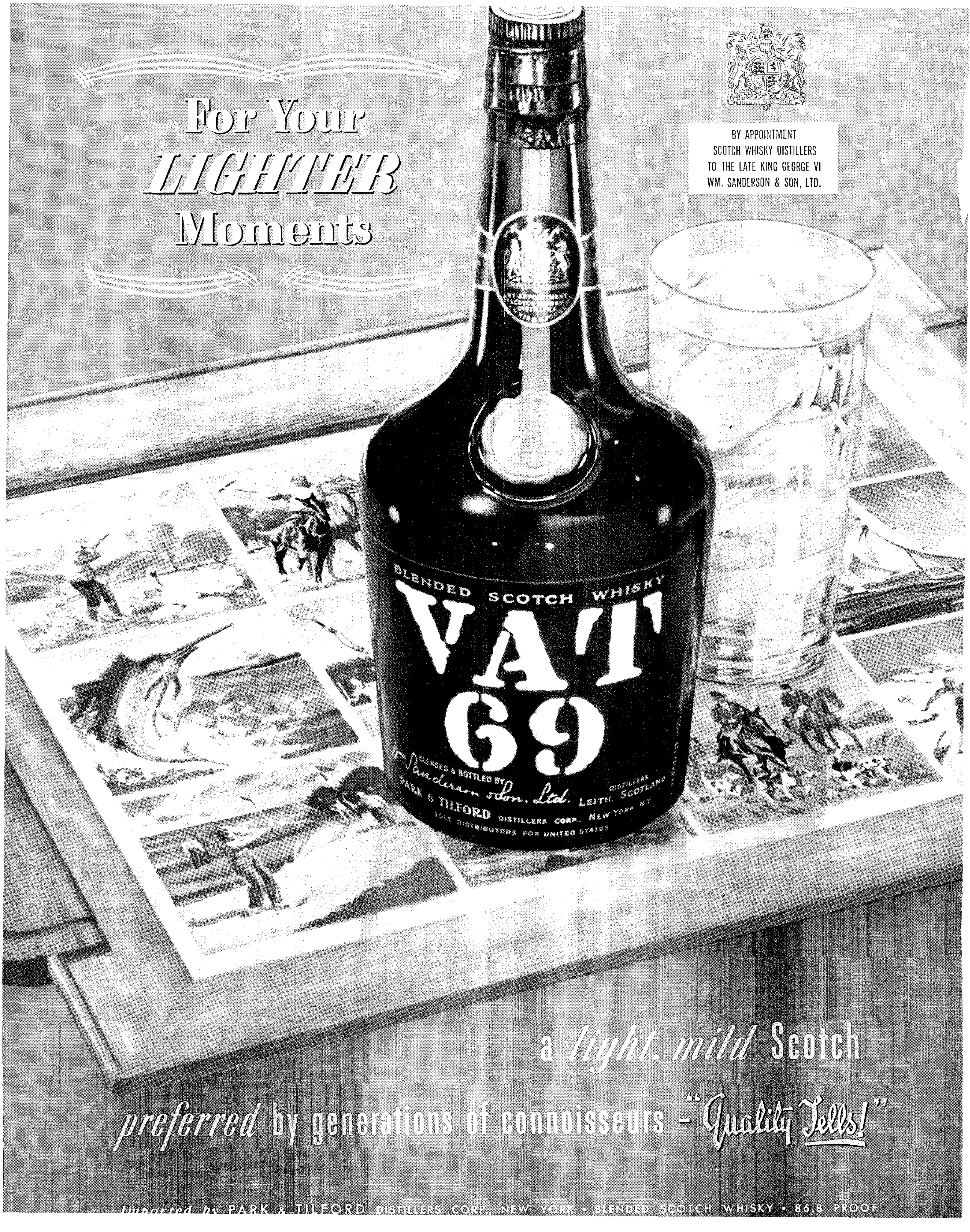
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so I knew something was up." Bélanger left for Quebec at once, and established himself in a suite at the Château Frontenac, which his company owns and operates. By then, Francis, who had arrived from the West Coast, and a number of other investigators had poked through the wreckage and had become convinced that the plane had blown up before it crashed. They had talked to a couple of the local folk who had heard what sounded like an explosion while the plane was still in flight, and had seen objects tumble from it before it fell to earth. There was evidence that the plane's engines were still turning over when they struck the ground; the tips of both propellers were bent forward, which to engineers meant that they had been spinning when they hit. Furthermore, although the plane had gone down nose first, which would normally have flung the people in it toward the front, bits of flesh had been spattered against the back of the passenger compartment, indicating that there had been some violent rearward thrust.

So the question was: What had made the plane explode? There were still traces of gasoline in its battered tanks and there had been no fire, which eliminated its own fuel as the cause. Could it have been a defect in some piece of the plane's accessories—radio batteries, carbon-dioxide fire extinguishers, and so on? Enough traces of each were discovered to make it fairly certain that none had exploded. One thing that particularly confounded the investigators was that the first people to reach the spot reported having smelled something that reminded them of dynamite, which was most certainly not an accessory on any plane, and which, indeed, the Aeronautics Act of Canada forbids any plane to carry as cargo, except under very rare and controlled circumstances. No authorization to carry dynamite had been granted for Flight 108.

The condition of the wreckage left little doubt as to where the explosion had occurred—in the forward baggage section, known as the No. 1 compartment, on the left side of the aisle leading from the cabin to the control room. The seat closest to this compartment was found a quarter of a mile from where the plane crashed, a fact leading to the inescapable conclusion that it had been hurled out while the plane was still in the air. Bélanger and his men began checking on the contents of No. 1. Their task was fairly simple, owing to the fact that the compartment had been emptied at Quebec, after the first leg of the flight, and that everything

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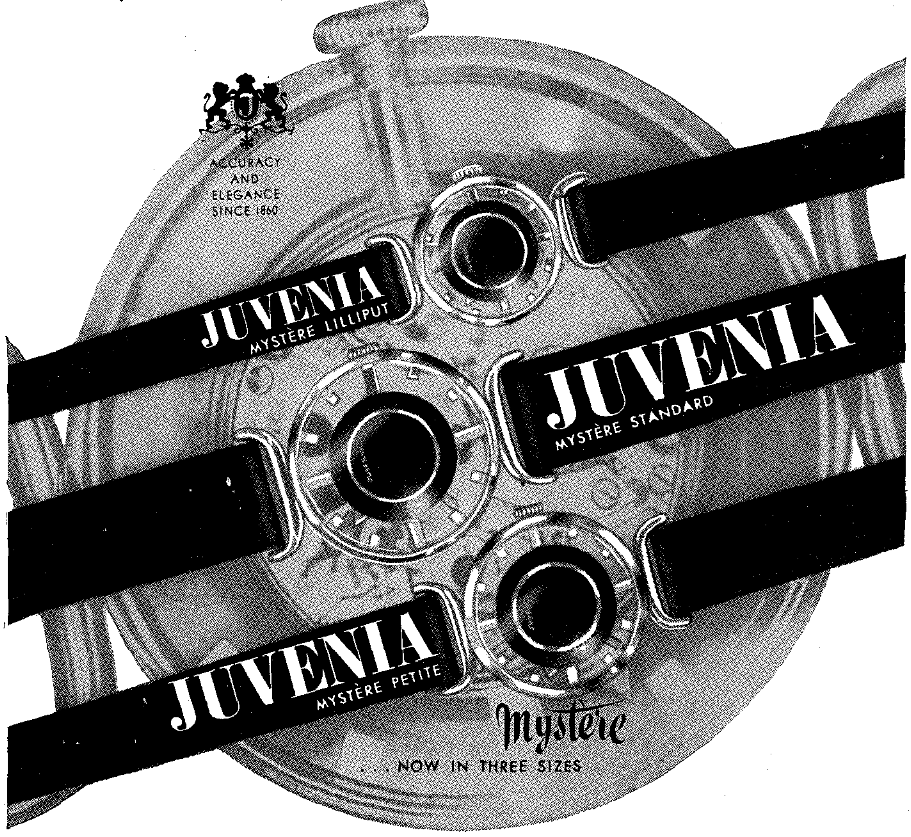

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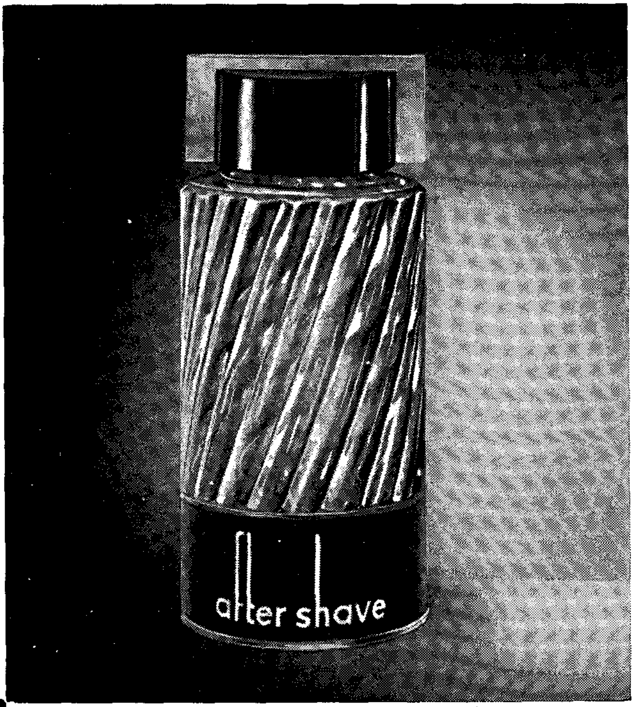

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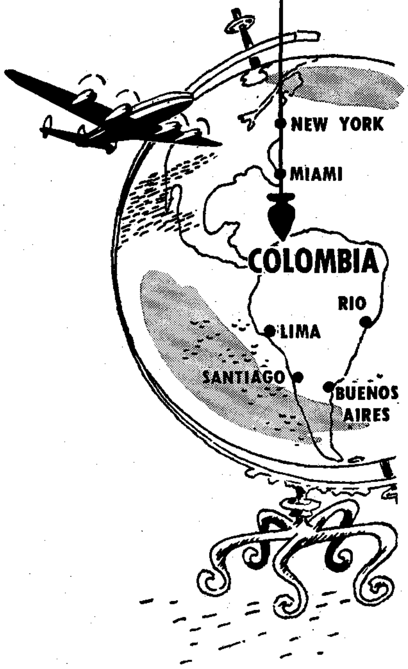

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in it had been put aboard there. The airline's cargo manifest showed that in No. 1 there had been eight pieces of hand luggage belonging to passengers who had been killed in the crash; three valises and two typewriters belonging to passengers who had made the same flight two days earlier, when there was not enough space for all the baggage; and three air-express packages. One of these contained automobile parts, another contained lingerie, and the third was a twenty-five-pound parcel, contents unspecified, that had been shipped, according to the manifest, from Delphis Bouchard, of St.-Siméon, to Alfred Plouffe, of Baie Comeau.

It didn't take long for the investigators to focus their interest on this last parcel. Nobody named Alfred Plouffe was known in Baie Comeau. A man named Delphis Bouchard, who was a resident of St.-Siméon and a night watchman on a bridge, said he didn't know anything about any such shipment. Nor did Mrs. Delphis Bouchard, a resident of Montreal who summered at St.-Siméon and who was no relation to the night watchman. Neither of them could throw any light on the identity of the person the baggage clerk at the Quebec airport said had brought the parcel there—a dark-haired woman in her forties, who had arrived by taxi shortly before the plane was scheduled to take off and had departed in the same taxi. The baggage clerk recalled that the taxi-driver had lugged the parcel into the terminal for the woman, and then—proving himself a singular example of his species—had broken a ten-dollar bill for her when it developed that the clerk had insufficient change.

Concurrently, as the evidence piling up indicated that a crime might have been committed, the passenger manifest was being carefully checked. At first, attention centered on the three Kennecott Copper executives. Although no logical motive for murdering them was unearthed, the mere fact that they were men of affairs made some of the investigators conjecture that they might have had determined enemies. While not discarding this possibility, Perrault, Bélanger's laconic operative, systematically proceeded to inquire into the background of all the other passengers, too, and by the time he finished, he had found that only in the case of a relatively obscure one, Mrs. Guay, was there a credible motive.

Bélanger was not put off the track when, on September 14th, a coroner's jury convened to consider the crash handed down a verdict of "accidental

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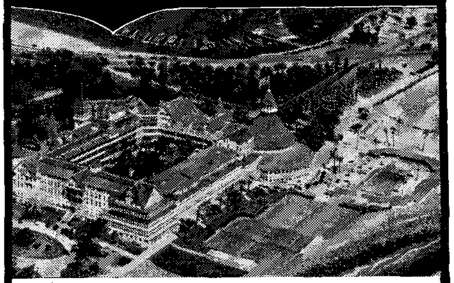

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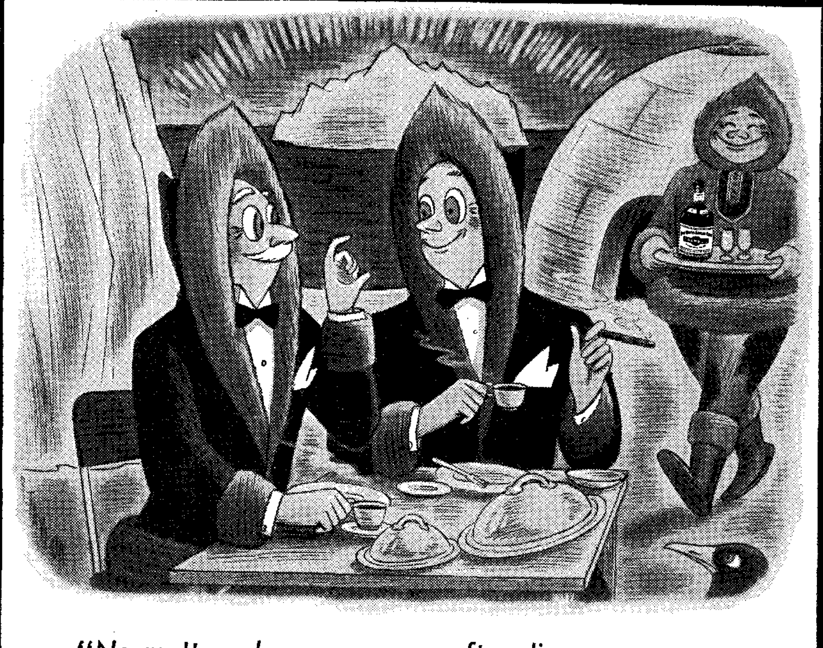
death due to an explosion of undetermined origin." Nothing was said in the verdict about the possibility of criminal intent. To be sure, the coroner's jury had concluded that the explosive agent, whatever its nature, was not an integral part of the aircraft, but although this apparently absolved Canadian Pacific of responsibility, the company was far from satisfied. Bélanger passed Perrault's disclosures along to the Municipal Police of Quebec, and they, recalling Guay's sidewalk fracas with Marie-Ange, went to see the girl. They described the dark-haired woman to her, and asked if that sounded like anyone Guay knew. Why, of course, said Marie-Ange; that must be Mrs. Pitre. Bélanger was also working closely with the Mounted Police, and they were instrumental in, for one thing, turning up the taxi-driver who had so impressed the baggage clerk at the airport. All Quebec taxi-drivers keep detailed records of their trips, and from these it was possible to establish that on the morning of September 9th only one had made a round trip to the airport carrying a woman with a package. He was Paul-Henri Pelletier, who remembered the trip well: The passenger had been a dark-haired woman with a heavy parcel marked "FRAGILE;" he had barely avoided running into a potato truck on the way to the airport; his passenger must have been a Quebec woman, because on her way back to town she had directed him to "the Château," as a resident of the city would, rather than to "the Château Frontenac;" she had tipped him fifty-five cents on a three-forty-five fare; after hearing of the crash, he had remarked to an acquaintance, "That lady I took to the airport is sure going to lose her parcel." Pelletier had no idea who the woman was.

The next step was to identify Mrs. Pitre as the woman who had delivered the package to the airport, and since the baggage clerk had only a hazy recollection of her appearance, Pelletier seemed to be the man to do it. At this time, as far as Guay and the rest of the public knew, the crash of the air liner had been written off as an inexplicable mystery, and the investigators, not wanting to arouse apprehensions that might prompt suspects to disappear, were working in secrecy. Therefore, instead of taking Mrs. Pitre into custody and confronting her with Pelletier, they instructed the driver to hang around outside her apartment house and get a good look at her when she came out. After Pelletier had spent many hours in front of the building without a glimpse of her,



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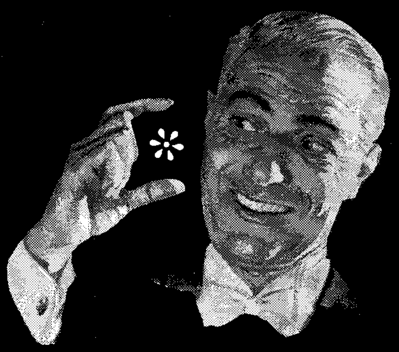

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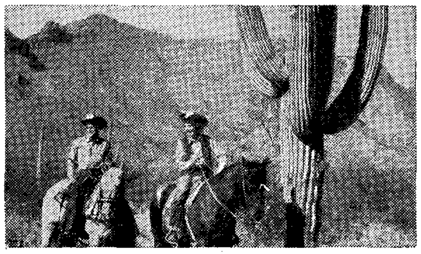

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the investigators decided she was not going to come out, so they told him to knock at her door and pretend that someone there had phoned for a cab. He did, but a friend of Mrs. Pitre's answered and said nobody had phoned for a cab. Then a police official recalled that Mrs. Pitre's son by her first husband, Michaud, had once been brought up for a hearing in juvenile court. The situation was explained to a judge of that court, and he agreed to telephone Mrs. Pitre and ask her to come to see him about her son. Maternal anxiety and fear of the law combined to lure her from her apartment. As she stepped outside, Pelletier was waiting in his cab, and he took a good look at her. However, she was wearing dark glasses, which she had not done on the ride to the airport, and he was therefore unable to identify her unequivocally. The investigators decided to continue biding their time.

Pelletier was less patient. Unable to keep his exciting adventures to himself, he got in touch with an elderly reporter he knew who worked for *Le Canada*, a French-language morning paper published in Montreal, and tipped him off. The reporter wrote a story that, without mentioning names, said the police were hot on the trail of a woman who had delivered an unusual package to the airport.

THE story appeared on September 15th, but Guay apparently did not see it at once. On September 18th, he got together with Mrs. Pitre for the first time since the crash, visiting her at her apartment, to which, at his request, she had invited Marie-Ange. In the course of this little rendezvous, Guay told Marie-Ange he hoped that after he had observed a decent period of mourning the two of them would be able to live happily together. By the next day, he definitely had read the story in *Le Canada*. He returned to Mrs. Pitre's in a considerably less sentimental mood and told her they were in serious trouble. But, he added resourcefully, he had an excellent solution: Mrs. Pitre should commit suicide, and while she was at it, she might as well leave a note behind explaining that she had put the bomb in the airplane because she thought Guay would be a passenger on it.

Obliging though Mrs. Pitre was by nature, she evidently felt that this would be going too far. Instead, that night, after telling Thérèse Noël, the fiancée of another brother of hers, what Guay had proposed, she called her doctor, complained of suffering from a recur-

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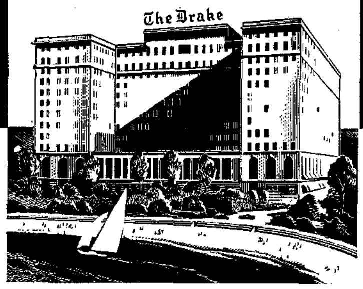

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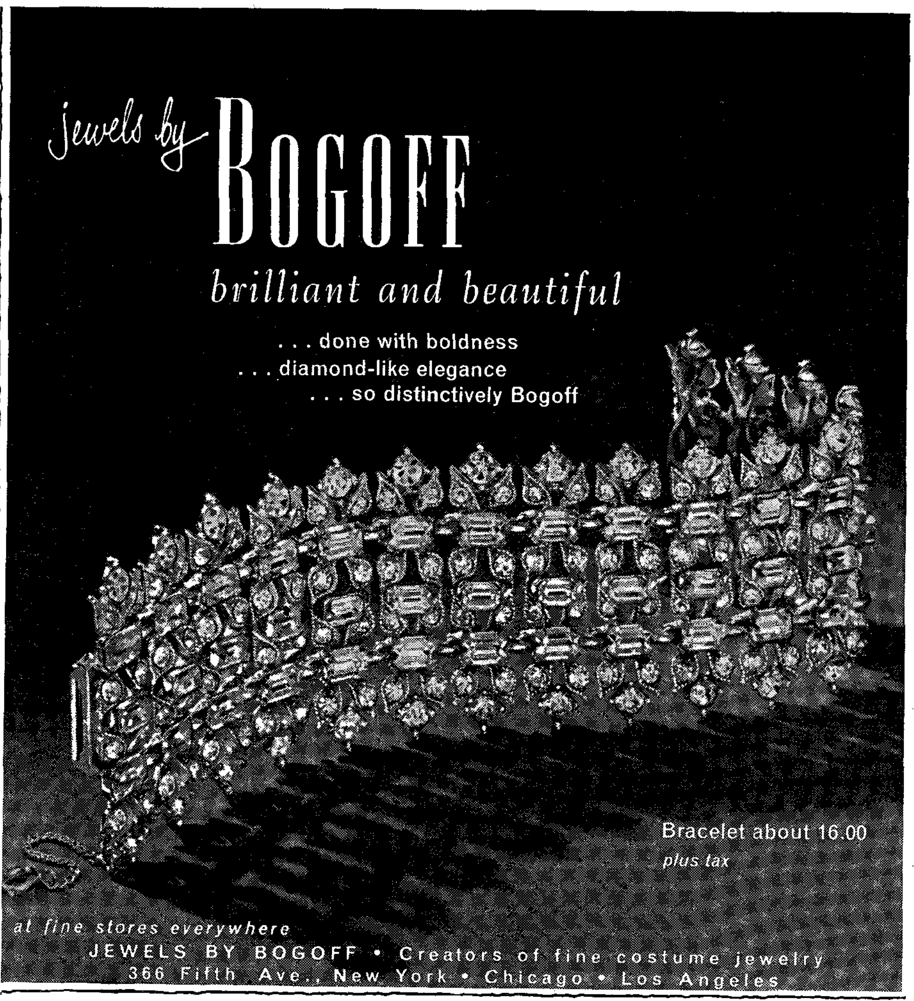
rence of an old abdominal ailment, and asked him to get her admitted to a hospital. He did so the next day. She took along a bottle of sleeping pills and, once installed in a bed, swallowed enough of them to make her drowsy—simply because she felt the staff physicians were not showing enough interest in her case and wanted to attract their attention to her condition, she later said. In the meantime, Thérèse Noël had told the owner of a restaurant where she worked about Guay's proposal to Mrs. Pitre, and he had told a Canadian Pacific man he knew. On September 21st, Guay telephoned Marie-Ange and invited her out the following evening to help him celebrate his thirty-second birthday. She declined. On September 23rd, Mrs. Pitre returned home and was questioned by the authorities. She readily admitted that she had taken a package to the airport on September 9th. She said that she had done it as a favor to Guay, and that he had told her the package contained a statue. She was held on a charge of attempting suicide with the sleeping pills, and news of this was immediately broadcast. Guay, his plans for a birthday outing frustrated, was morosely having dinner at his mother-in-law's, where he had continued to live, when word of what Mrs. Pitre had told the police came over the radio. He stood up, banged his hand on the table, and shouted, "Damned slut!" Then he departed hastily, saying that he was going to his mother's house, in Limoilou. At about the same time, the attorney general of the Province of Quebec issued a warrant for his arrest. He was picked up shortly after he reached his mother's, and the following morning he was arraigned on a charge of murdering his wife. All his astonished mother-in-law could think to say when she heard the news was "He's a boy with big dreams."

Now that the case was out in the open, the Canadian Pacific investigators, who felt they had carried things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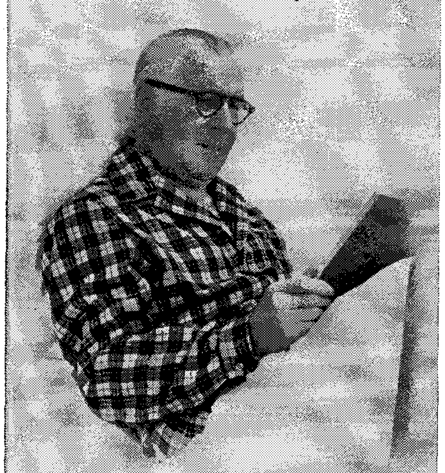

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about as far as unofficial operatives could, turned the job of gathering supporting evidence over to Captain J. A. Matté, the chief of detectives of the Provincial Police. Noël Dorion, the Chief Crown Prosecutor of the Province, was assigned to handle the government's case. Dorion is a short, squat, round man who looks like a Gallic version of Fiorello H. LaGuardia and has a courtroom manner that has earned him the nickname of Monsieur le Tornade. He is Quebec's most celebrated criminal lawyer, and he already had twelve hangings to his credit.

Guay was locked up in the Quebec Men's Jail, on the Plains of Abraham. A stool pigeon was planted in his cell and presently reported that Guay had said Ruest had made the mechanism of a time bomb for him. The police at once went around to see Ruest, who admitted that he had made such a machine for Guay, and told them how, but insisted he had been under the impression that it was to be used to blast stumps. That evening, Captain Matté dropped in on a friend of his—Dr. Lucien Gravel, a professor of chemistry at Laval University, who lives across the street from him in Quebec. They had become acquainted some time before, when the detective expressed admiration for the professor's garden. Matté now asked Gravel if, given an alarm clock, batteries, a fuse, and other simple equipment, it would be possible to construct a device that would set off dynamite. Gravel drew a diagram of how it might be done, and suggested that Matté really ought to use more fertilizer in his garden if he wanted it to flourish. A few days later, Matté asked Gravel to make a detonating device like the one in the diagram and demonstrate it in court at a preliminary hearing before a lower-court judge, who, in accordance with Canadian law, would decide whether the Crown had enough of a case to justify a trial in the Court of Assizes. Gravel demurred, saying that he thought it was a bad thing to show people the details of how to make bombs. Matté replied that this was no time for humanitarian scruples. Gravel shrugged his shoulders, made the device, and in court, on October 4th, with the Dean of Sciences at Laval present and crying out, "Don't miss your shot, Dr. Gravel!," the reluctant professor lighted a fuse with an alarm clock and a dry-cell battery. After this performance and the introduction of the evidence assembled against Guay, the judge declared the Crown had a case.

The Crown had established that a

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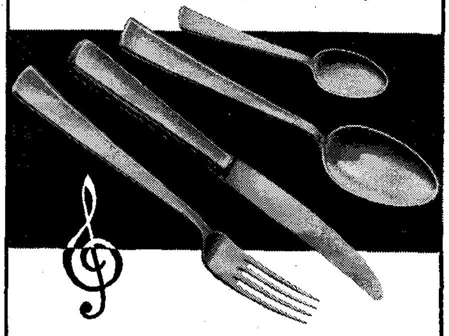

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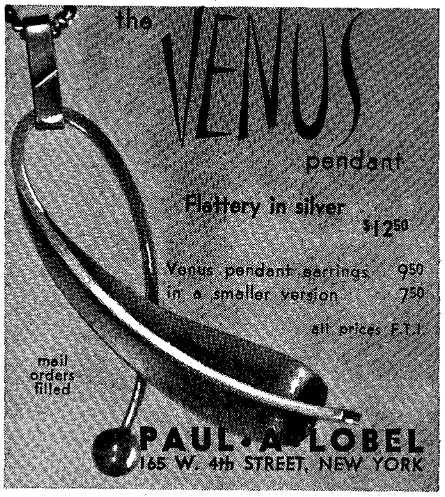

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dynamite time bomb could have been used to blow up the plane; now it had to prove that it actually had been. Through the rest of that fall and halfway through the winter, detectives and scientists searched for and studied conceivably significant fragments of wreckage from the explosion. The Medico-Legal Laboratories of the province, in Montreal, made more than two thousand analyses—chemical, spectrographic, spectrophotometric, and X-ray—of various rags and tatters of clothing. "By the time we were finished we could even tell that someone on that plane was eating peanuts at the moment of the explosion," Bernard Peclet, one of the laboratory scientists, said recently. After determining the chemical structure of deposits found on some of the bits of clothing, the scientists went out and bought similar clothes, packed them in suitcases, and blew them up with dynamite. This produced identical deposits. Then they used gasoline, black powder, white powder, and TNT to blow up other suitcases full of clothing. The results were different.

Slow though his enthusiasm had been to kindle, Gravel was now rapidly developing into a zealous amateur detective. Hoping to find some indication of the presence of an alarm clock or a dry-cell battery, he went to the scene of the crash and crawled over it on his hands and knees. He came upon a metal plate torn from the bulkhead that separated the No. 1 baggage compartment from the cabin of the plane. There was a curious circular dent in the plate, which looked as if it had been caused by being struck by the metal top of a dry-cell battery, and it was splotched with bits of black and white stuff. The black was found by chemical analysis to be the residue of the paste inside a dry cell, and the white to be ashes resulting from the combustion of dynamite. Moreover, there were two small holes in the plate, and it was established that these could have been made by the passage through the metal, at high speed, of a wheel and a bell from an alarm clock.

Two more important clues turned up. One was the discovery, in the shoulder of a sweater caught in the branches of a tree several hundred feet from the main mass of wreckage, of two slivers of blue-enamelled metal. They proved to be fragments of a disc used on the seal of an Eveready No. 6 dry cell, a type of battery that was not part of the plane's equipment. The other discovery was made in Ruest's workshop, which Gravel and Peclet, the gov-

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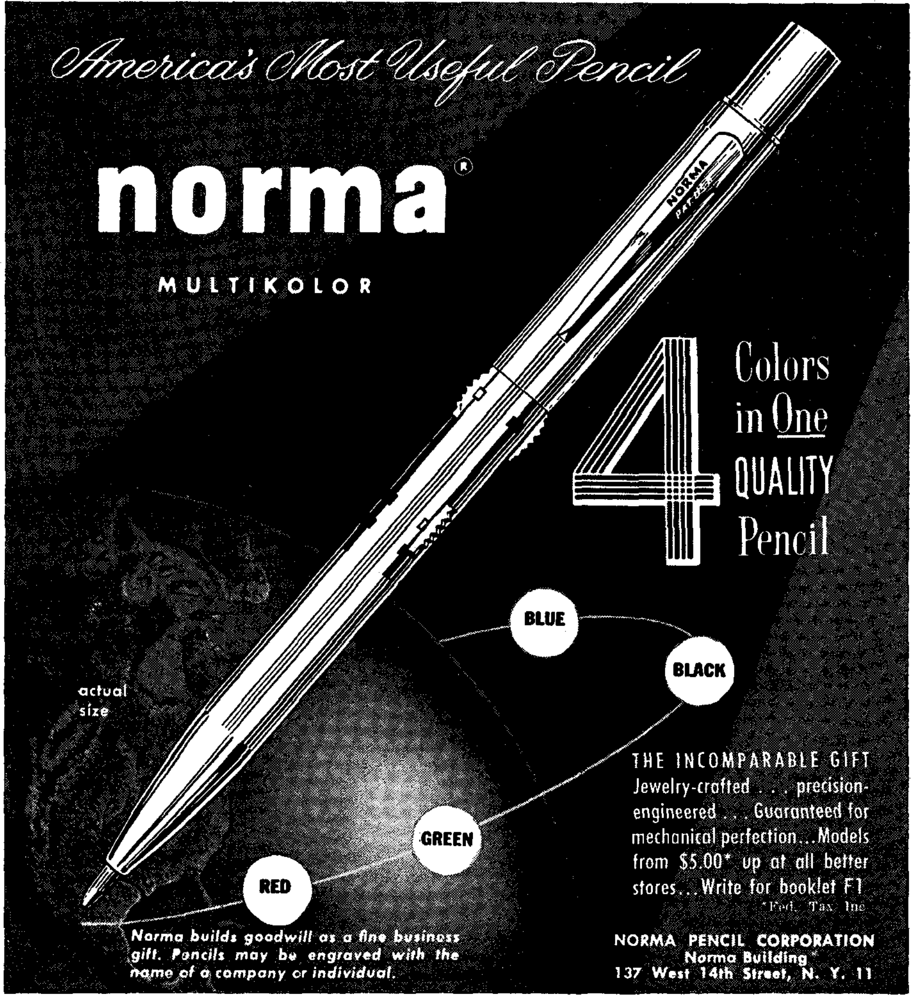

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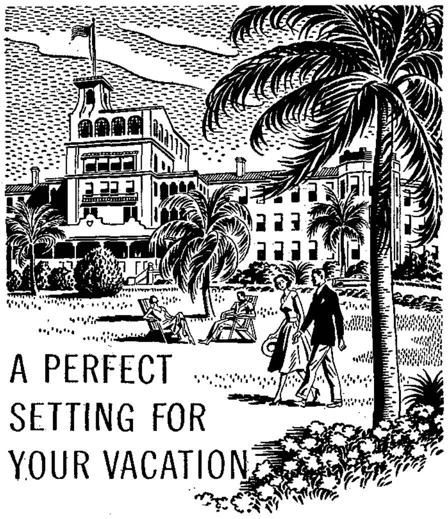
ernment-laboratory man, who had also been bitten by the bug of crime detection, searched together five months after the crash. On a dusty shelf, hidden behind a religious statue, they found a tiny triangular piece of cardboard with traces of copper, lead, and aluminum on it in exactly the proportions in which those elements are present in the copper wires that are attached to a popular type of Canadian-made detonator. In tidying up after their experimental detonation, Guay and Ruest had neglected to look behind the statue.

GUAY's trial began on February 24, 1950. By then, he had become a celebrated figure. (The son of one of his Kennecott Copper victims had added to the furore by holding up a liquor store in Plainville, Massachusetts, while temporarily deranged, in order to obtain enough money to fly to Canada and try to kill him.) The trial lasted two and a half weeks, and was Quebec's most exciting event since Roosevelt and Churchill conferred there in 1944. The weather was icy cold, the temperature dropping to twenty-five below zero for a time, but that didn't prevent would-be spectators from lining up outside the old gray provincial courthouse, across the street from the Château Frontenac, hours before the doors were opened. (On the stone façade of the building, near the entrance, someone chalked a large broken heart, with "MARIE-ANGE" written across it.) Early, frost-bitten arrivals sold their places in line to late-comers, at speculators' prices. Americans staying at the Château gave up skiing to take in the show. Guay was tried by an all-male jury, since in Quebec the rights of women, like those of drunkards and the criminally insane, are circumscribed. He seemed unperturbed almost from start to finish, and dozed off at one point during the testimony, much of which was rather technical, since rarely has a court gone more thoroughly into the intricacies of what makes an airplane work, and what might make one cease to. Guay did not testify in his own defense. His only display of emotion came toward the end of the trial, when Marie-Ange took the stand and declared that she didn't love him any more. That clearly hurt him. Guay was convicted on March 14th. The jury, which heard the case against him while seated under a twelve-foot-high white crucifix that conspicuously ornaments the courtroom, took a mere seventeen minutes to reach a verdict. The judge, sentencing



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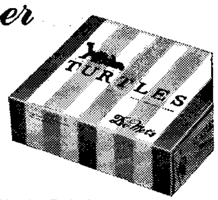

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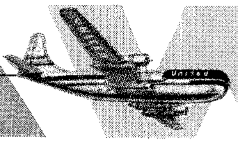

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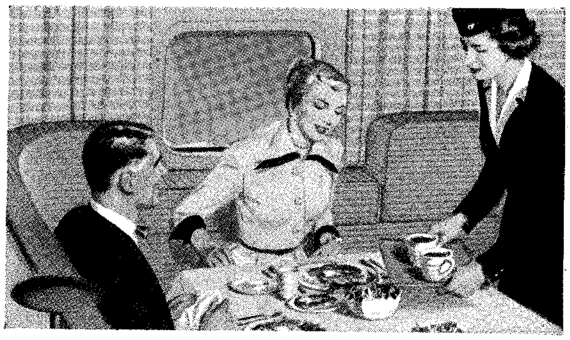

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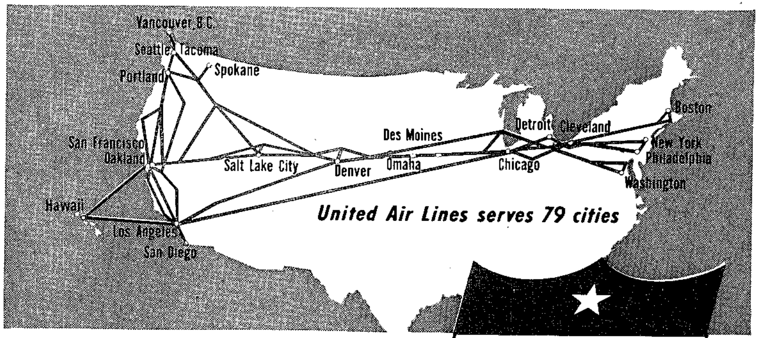
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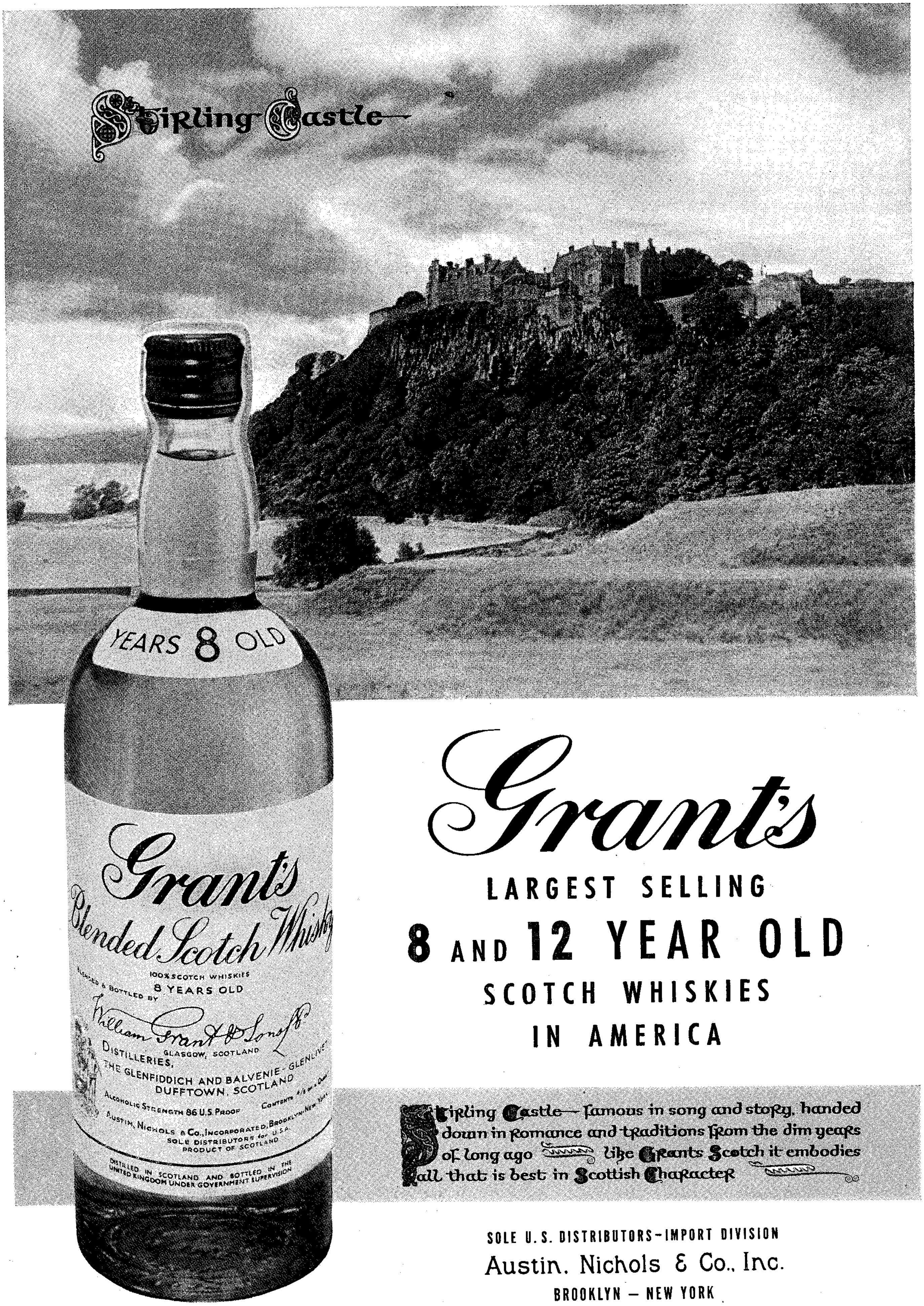
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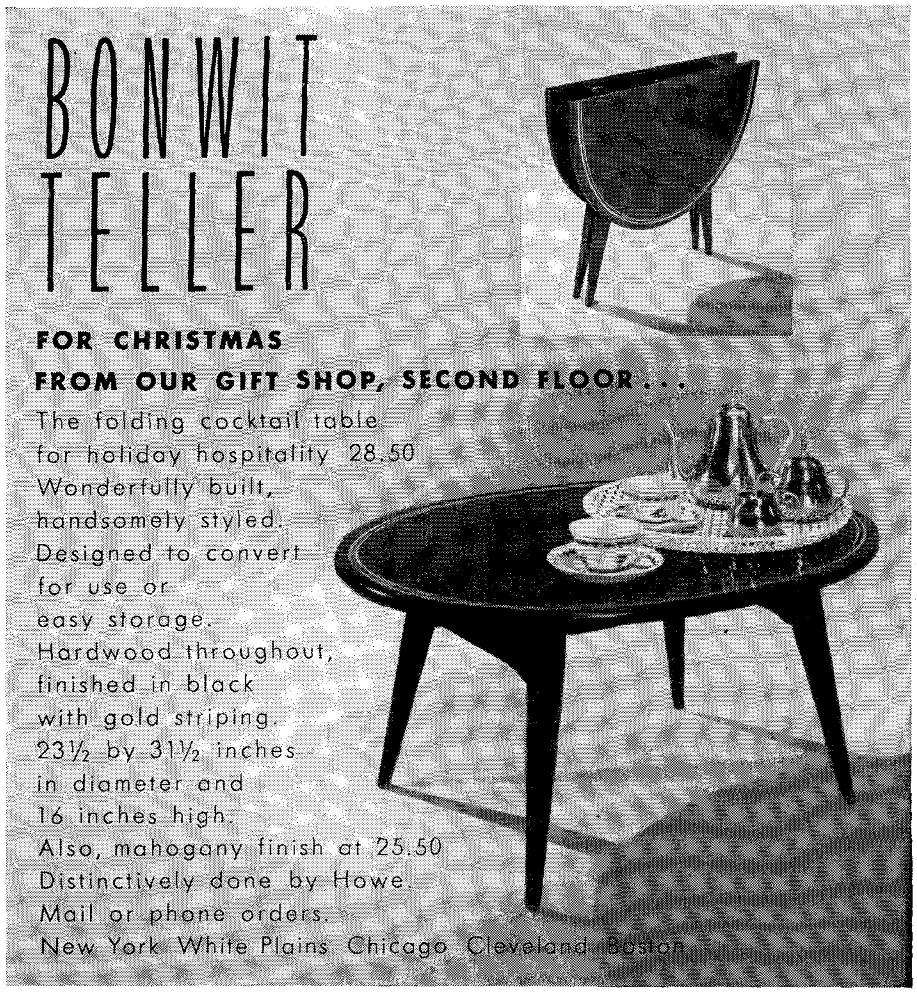
him to hang, burst into tears and cried, "Your crime is infamous! It has no name!"

Guay decided not to appeal—"for reasons known only to myself," he said. It is widely believed in Quebec that his principal reason was that if he could not live with Marie-Ange, whom, according to Dorion, he had courted "tenaciously and assiduously," he did not care to live at all. A good deal of effective testimony against him had been supplied by Mrs. Pitre and Ruest, and Guay now paid them back in kind. While being moved to the Montreal Jail, at Bordeaux, just outside Montreal, where capital sentences imposed in the province are executed, he dictated a long statement implicating the brother and sister in the crime; later, in the death house, he amplified it. A few days after Guay's second bout of reminiscence, Ruest was arrested and charged with murder, as the willful manufacturer of the time bomb. "This man took into his own hands the prerogatives of the Creator by fixing the moment life was to be taken away from twenty-three people," Dorion told the jury hearing Ruest's case. The jury was impressed, and on January 3, 1951, declared him guilty. Nine days after that, Guay was hanged. He never got to see Marie-Ange again after she renounced him. Following his trial, she ran a lunch counter, called Au Petit Cœur, in Lower Town for a while, but it didn't do well, and when last heard of she was working in a factory in Quebec that makes girls' clothing.

Mrs. Pitre was charged with murder during Ruest's trial. She got into all kinds of other difficulties with the law in connection with the case, and, at one point, she found herself simultaneously charged with murder, attempted suicide, perjury (this charge arose from a conflict in her testimony concerning Ruest during the Guay trial), and intimidating witnesses (during Ruest's trial she was overheard telling one prospective witness against her brother, "Keep your mouth shut. I have struck before and I can strike again"). Mrs. Pitre seemed to feel she was being persecuted. In the course of one of the many set-tos she had with Dorion in court, she said, "You are mixing me all up. The police and you are always after me." "I would rather say society is after you," Dorion replied.

Society never got around to passing judgment on the perjury and intimidation charges against Mrs. Pitre, but two months after convicting her brother, it convicted her of murder and, in



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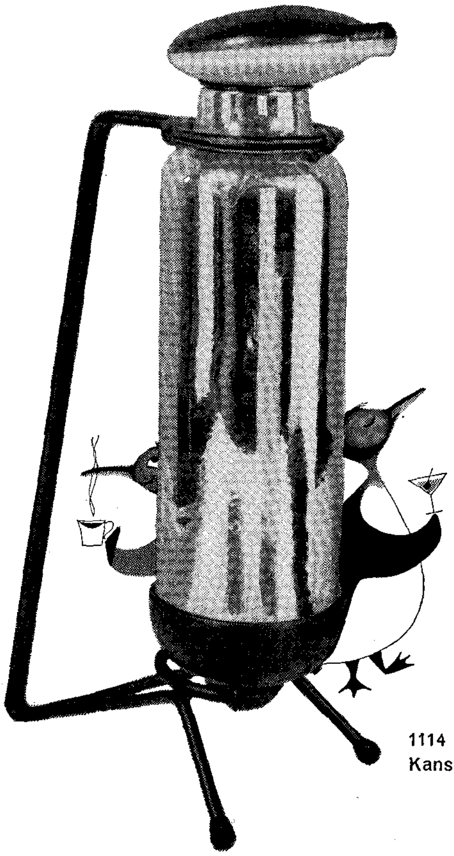

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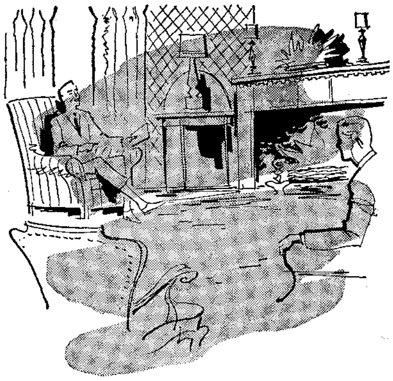

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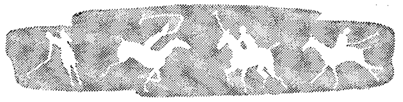

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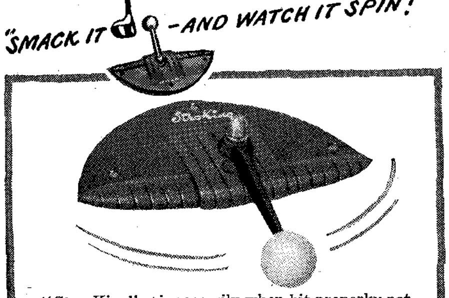

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passing, acquitted her of attempting suicide. On being asked by the court if she had anything to say when sentence was about to be passed upon her, she unhesitatingly compared herself to Jesus Christ and the judge to Pontius Pilate.

Both Ruest and Mrs. Pitre appealed their convictions, first to the provincial Court of Appeal and then to the Supreme Court of Canada. The appeals were denied, and the brother and sister were hanged, he on July 25, 1952, and she on January 9th of this year. A few days after Mrs. Pitre was executed, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which for nearly three and a half years had cautiously watched over the remains of its crumpled plane, decided that the case was closed and had the wreckage shipped to a scrap heap. In a sense, though, the case may not be closed even yet. In at least two other parts of the world, people have tried to emulate Guay since he went to the gallows. In Los Angeles, in April, 1951, a technician employed in an airplane-parts factory insured the lives of his wife and two children and then attempted to put a suitcase containing a homemade gasoline bomb on a plane they were boarding. A clumsy cargo handler dropped the suitcase, and it harmlessly burst into flames on the ground. More recently, the scheme has been tried twice in Mexico. The first time, the bomb went off in midair but caused only minor damage, and the plane kept flying. The second time, the package containing the bomb was put on the wrong plane, which flew uneventfully to its destination. There the bomb exploded on the ground, killing three airport employees who hadn't been planning to fly anywhere at all. Guay's kind of murder is very indiscriminate.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

The University section of Lakewood last night voted in favor of annexing to the city of Long Beach.

Complete but unofficial returns showed 1820 votes in favor of the merger and 799 against, a two and one-half to one majority. P U —*Los Angeles News.*

Just give the news, please.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From the Dallas Morning News]

That sculpture has become the all-but-forgotten child of a large family of arts would be a moot point were it not for the inescapable fact that such is the case.

Styled expressly for particular men

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TOWN
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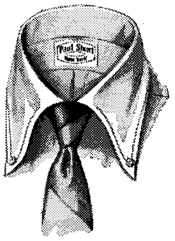
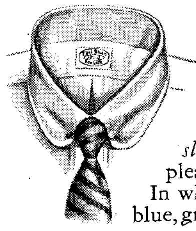


Soft roll collar with correct *arched flare.* Center back pleat for freedom. Collar and cuffs are unlined. Fine combed cotton Oxford in white, blue, pink, maize. Also blue, grey or pink stripes.



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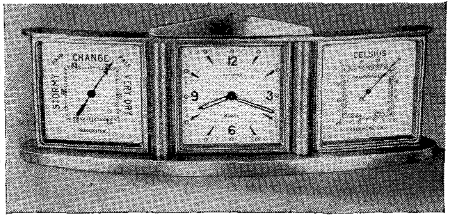

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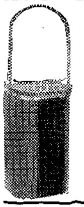

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Beasts, Birds, and Vermin

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"THE LIVING DESERT," Walt Disney's feature-length documentary dealing with the activities of some of the denizens of our Western wasteland, is a fascinating movie, but the creatures it sets out to study, in marvellous photographic detail, are an unsettling lot. As they creep, crawl, lumber, hop, or fly about, most of them intent on dining on their neighbors, they transform the desert into a kind of Technicolored nightmare. The nearest thing to a sympathetic beast among them is a kangaroo rat, a bit of vermin who is harmless but rather seedy in appearance. Mr. Disney's desire is to show the forces and counterforces of nature in action, and he often demonstrates that the pursued can make the pursuer look silly. For instance, one of the kangaroo rats puts a snake to rout by throwing dust in the reptile's eyes (which, I learned from this picture, have no lids), and a swarm of bats—thousands of them—use their celebrated radar warning system to make a marauding hawk work itself to a frazzle. On the other hand, there are a good many contests that the spectator hopes will end in a draw. It's hard to pick sides when a tarantula and a scorpion are duelling, and a pair of bull tortoises battling for a female's favors are hardly the sort of jousters to excite intense partisanship.

In the way of further alarms and excursions, "The Living Desert" shows a spry bobcat shaking off a herd of murderous peccaries by clawing his way up a monumental cactus; a Pepsis wasp putting the quietus on a tarantula in order to use its carcass as a larder for its grubs; and a magnificently arrogant hawk attacking and killing a rattlesnake with almost clinical detachment. No man to neglect variety, Mr. Disney also supplies centipedes, beetles, ants, Gila monsters, owls, and skunks, and introduces an occasional idyllic moment—scorpions doing a furiously involved love dance, or a handsome burrowing snake going through a complicated set of maneuvers in the sand.

When "The Living Desert" isn't concentrating on its livestock, it finds time to present a number of spectacular landscapes, and it relieves the natural aridity of the scene by introducing some shots of a flash flood coursing wildly over the terrain, cutting gorges in the earth, and then disappearing as quickly as it came. Toward the end, all passion spent, the film takes a pleasant look at the desert flowers unfolding, and I must say they were highly relaxing after an hour with the fauna. Lord knows where Mr. Disney's photographers found the patience to wait for mortal crises among the insects, birds, and animals, but wherever they found it, it has been rewarded. Now all *you* need is a good strong stomach.

"KISS ME KATE," the movie version of the Cole Porter musical comedy of 1949, was photographed in both two and three dimensions. Hereabouts, the thing is being exhibited in the old-fashioned flat style, and to judge by this, I'd say that no added dimension would do any good at all. The picture, made in colors that struck me as strident, does have some engaging tunes, but the book of the original has been so thoroughly laundered that little of the comedy, which ran to fairly bawdy stuff, remains, and Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel, as a bickering theatrical pair compelled to play opposite each other in Shakespeare, are lacking in vital juices. Besides Miss Grayson and Mr. Keel, the business employs Ann Miller, Keenan Wynn, Bobby Van, and James Whitmore. They all try hard, but they're playing a losing game.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

NEW YORK—(UP)—News programs are preferred by radio listeners to any other wind, according to a survey . . .
—*Austin* (*Texas*) *Statesman.*

And it's an ill newscast that blows nobody out of his chair.

•

Question: Who is your favorite literary character?
(Answers obtained downtown)
Frank Burton, 21, of 1300 E. Sheridan ave., drug clerk: " 'Ivanhoe' in Edgar Allan Poe's book by that name."—*Des Moines Register.*

He's ours, too.

•

VIENNA, AUSTRIA, OCT. 23 (AP)—FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN LEFT VIENNA FOR BRUSSELS BY AIR TODAY. BEFORE THE TAKE OFF, THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHZISHOP OF NEW YORK SCOTCHED RUMORS THAT HE WAS ILL, TELLING NEWSMEN: M FEEING FQNE.—*Wire received by the New London* (*Conn.*) *Day.*

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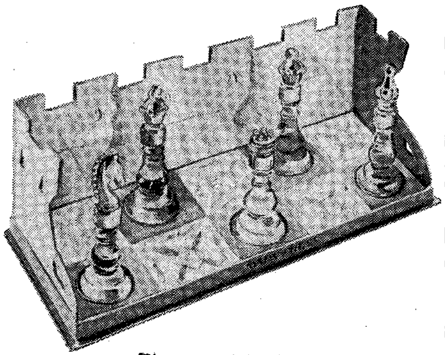

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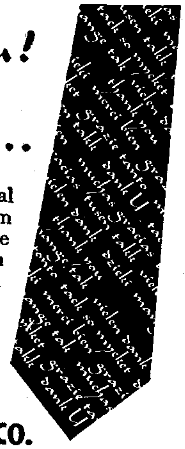
Thank You! in 11 LANGUAGES



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TABLES FOR TWO

A Happy Place

I KNOW of no more festive night club in town than the Bon Soir, a dimly lit cellar on West Eighth Street. Here, year in and year out, the oldest-established permanent floating stock company in New York may be encountered, in addition to some guest artists. Until the other evening, I hadn't been there in a year or more, and was a little hazy about the dramatis personae, but I can now report that they're all still on hand and everything is fine—no signs of debility or lassitude. To begin with, there is Mae Barnes, a small, round shout singer with a pious air that fools nobody, not even her. She may begin a song softly and sweetly, but after no more than a few bars she is rocking like a houseboat in the rapids. Singing "Ol' Man Mose" with a murderous beat, or rolling her eyes as she does "What Will the Neighbors Say?," or delivering "Summertime" in an indescribably racy manner, she is tremendous, and working behind her are three gentlemen who complement her perfectly. They are the Three Flames (piano, guitar, bass), who not only furnish instrumental support for Miss Barnes and some of the other entertainers but also serve as a sort of Greek chorus, with devastating musical and spoken comments on everything that takes place. Once in a while, they find themselves alone on the stand, and they take full advantage of the opportunity. The other night, for example, Tiger Haines, the guitarist and ranking extrovert of the trio, got off two delightfully tortured vocal choruses of "Lazy River" under a cross fire of criticism from his two companions. Then there is Norene Tate, a statuesque lady and an accomplished pianist, who plays entr'acte music throughout the evening and at intervals rises to sing with style and grace such disparate pieces as "Always True to You in My Fashion" and "Tenderly." The master of ceremonies is Jimmie Daniels, a slender and ingratiating fellow who also delivers himself now and then of a handful of unhackneyed show tunes in a shaky but expressive voice. These people make up the basic company at the Bon Soir, but various other acts appear there in the course of the year. At the moment, Charlotte Rae, an engaging comedienne with an alarmingly flexible soprano voice, and the comedy team of Kirkwood and Goodman are having the time of their young lives contributing to the general merriment. From eleven o'clock on, the place boils with an excitement that hasn't been felt anywhere else around Manhattan since the days of the 18 Club.

THE Blue Angel is currently putting on one of its better-rounded shows. Vying with a grand piano for room on the tiny dais are, in turn, Pat Carroll, an assured young singing comedienne; the Jackson Sisters, a talented teen-age vocal trio; Dwight Fiske, who is certainly no teen-ager; and Anita Ellis, one of our most competent young singers. Miss Carroll's comic attack consists of a disarmingly sincere approach to all sorts of nonsense. She will tell you, for instance, of her fondness for the damsel-in-distress situation in the fairy tale "Rapunzel," and then, turning on a paralyzing Southern drawl, she will recount the story in a sex-and-magnolia fashion, to a slow, throbbing blues. By way of contrast, she will gather up her skirts, perch on a high stool, and sing a larking piece, "My Best Girl Friend's Very Best Boy Friend Is My Best Boy Friend Now," with winning verve.

The Jackson Sisters have lost some of the naïveté they had last spring when they made their début in town, and it's just as well. In addition to the enchanting impression they create as, looking very much alike and wearing identical blue schoolgirlish dresses, they run through their repertoire with fine precision, they now have assurance. In fact, they're just about irresistible.

Dwight Fiske is resistible, of course; the naughty little stories in song that titillated an earlier generation now seem rather tame, or maybe just old-fashioned, except when they are too outspoken. One can, however, admire the smooth dispatch with which he gets off such creaking items as "Mrs. Pettibone" and "The Captain's Leave" and the one about Queen Elizabeth sending Sir Walter Raleigh off to America to discover tobacco, and the remarkable coördination, achieved through countless thousands of performances, between his fingers on the piano, his extremely mobile features, and his voice. Within the tiny limits he has set himself, he is an unusually deft performer.

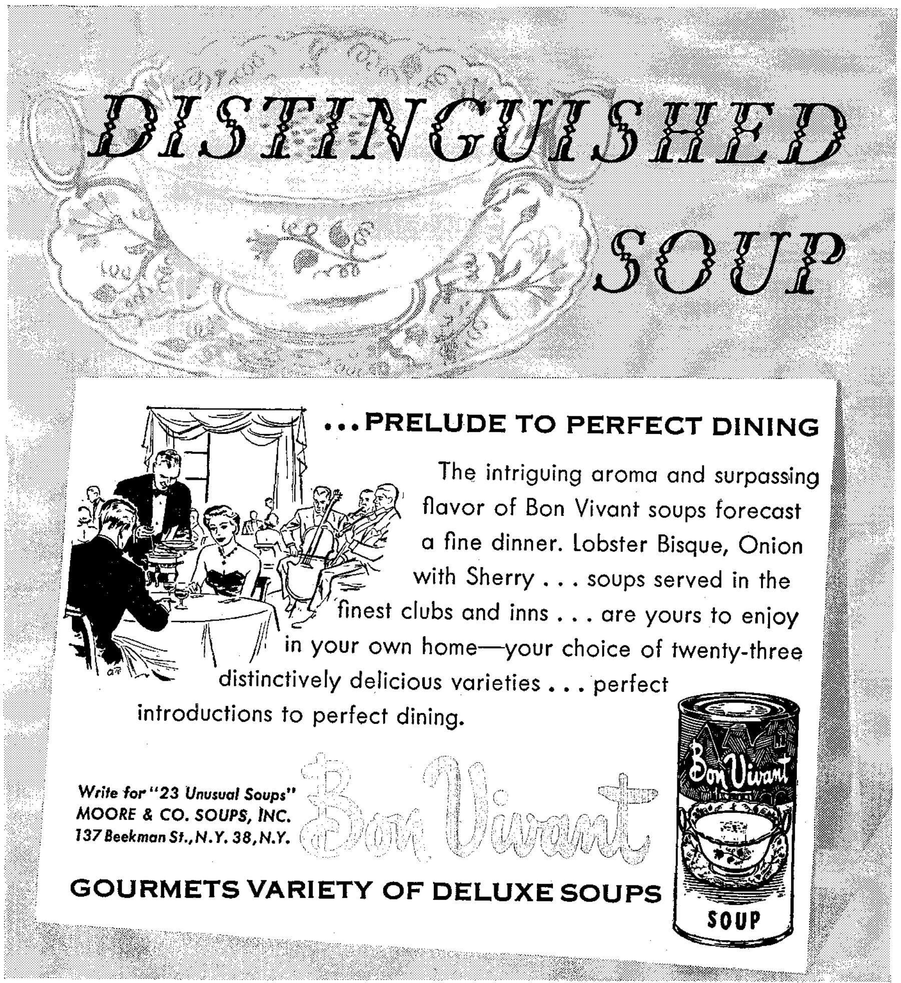
Most of the background music is the work of the Jimmy Lyons trio, which plays topnotch jazz in the lightest possible manner. A careful listener may find the trio doing some pretty sharp work between the acts, when the buzz of conversation picks up and everybody is ordering drinks. For example, I caught a smartly original treatment of "Have You Met Miss Jones?" through a long recitation concerning a golf match at Apawamis that was being delivered at the next table. When the Lyons trio takes a break, an expert young pianist named Charles De Forest (he also plays out in the lounge after midnight) contributes thoughtful performances of everything from show tunes to nothing less than a piano version of "Scheherazade."

WHEN I dropped in on Hildegarde last week, that handsome evangelist was nearing the end of her dinner sermon in the Cotillion Room of the Pierre. She had got to the point, familiar to all Hildegarde followers, where, reading from a list of names she is supplied with before each of her sessions, she was introducing and coaxing up to the microphone such assorted figures as the vice-president of a well-known soft-drink firm; a clothier from Conway, Arkansas; a lithographer; a fellow from Canada who said he was "in light and power;" two young men celebrating their wedding anniversaries with their wives; and a school chum from Milwaukee, the last a rangy woman who approached the splendidly gowned missionary with a firm step and, clasping her hand, remarked with succinct fervor, "We're all proud of you back home." Several times during the evening, Hildegarde sang songs you are not likely to come across any other place, as well as some of wider currency, and implored her fond auditors to relax, to live and let live, to be merry, and, in short, to have a real good time. Singing in a somewhat hoarse voice (laryngitis, she explained), or playing the piano, or waltzing about the floor by herself, she kept the assemblage happy. There are people, I realize, who deny Hildegarde's sincerity in these matters, but I'm not so sure. At one point, clutching a long-stemmed rose, retrieving a rhinestone-studded clip that had fallen from her hair, and wearing a smiling but pathetically distracted look, the lady had for me almost the stature of a truly tragic heroine. —D. W.

•

RAIN MAY HERALD
END OF DRY SPELL
—*Headline in the Times.*

It often does.



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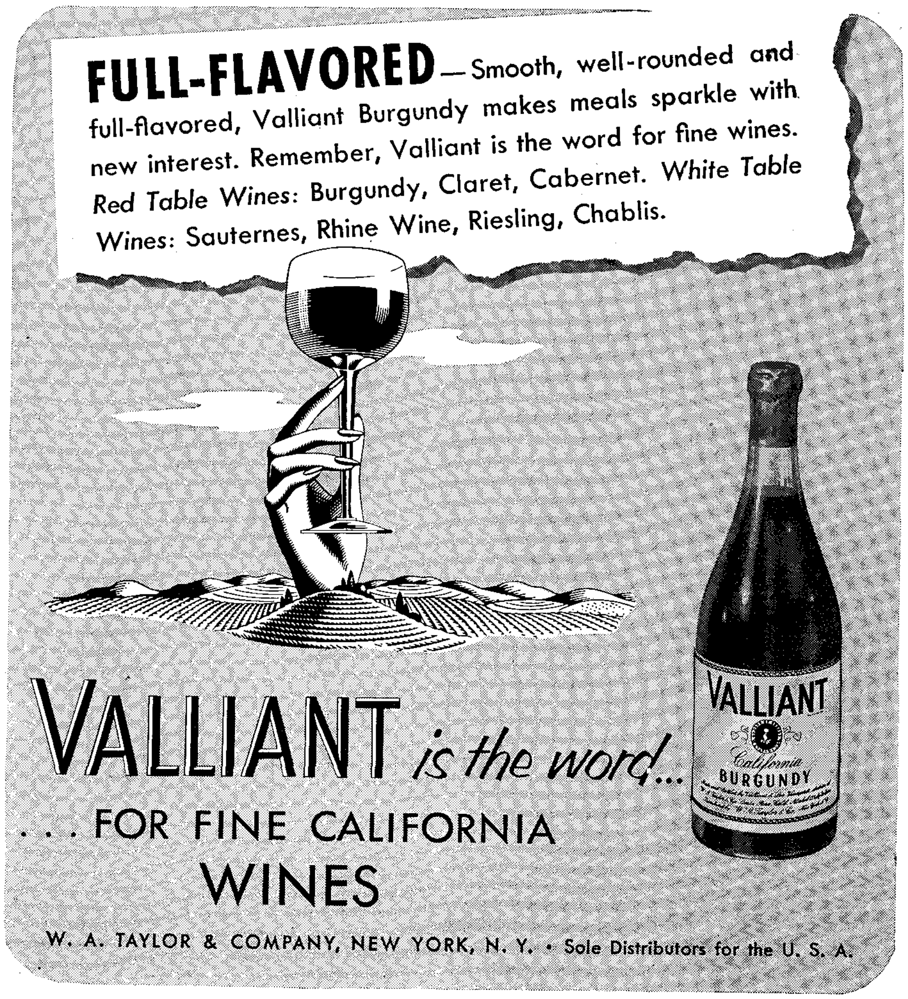

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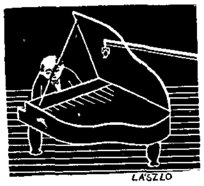
MUSICAL EVENTS

Lofty Intentions



I MUST confess, I am afraid, to a growing impatience with some of the compositions of the great Ludwig van Beethoven. If the reader considers this statement an unpardonable blasphemy, I suggest that he turn to another page and read something else; I intend to get this out of my system. The compositions to which I refer all belong to what is generally known as Beethoven's "third," or "final," period, and are talked and written about, as a rule, with hushed reverence. I have been listening to them respectfully for years. They include certain movements from string quartets and piano sonatas which sounded to me somewhat diffuse and aimless on first acquaintance but which I long assumed to contain profundities that I had not yet penetrated. They also include the last movement of that sacrosanct item, the Ninth Symphony. This movement, to be perfectly honest, has always seemed to me to consist of a lot of banging and shouting, introduced by a baritone recitative that borders on the fatuous, surrounding a text (Schiller's "Ode to Joy") that is bad poetry and adolescent philosophy, and pervaded throughout by an atmosphere of self-conscious nobility and uplift that I find highly irritating. Moreover, its orchestration is generally muddy, its vocal writing is painfully awkward, and some of its martial tunes remind me uncomfortably of the earnest tooting of a German street band. It contains, of course, some passages of genuinely exalted music, in particular the frightfully taxing phrases allotted to the unaccompanied quartet of vocal soloists, but these are infrequent, and require a great deal of unpleasant and all but superhuman effort to make their beauty clear to an audience.

Nearly everything I have said about the last movement of the Ninth applies even more strongly to Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, which Dimitri Mitropoulos performed at last Thursday evening's Philharmonic concert. It is obviously a work full of lofty intentions, and its traditional Latin text is several grades above Schiller's pompous platitudinizing as a work of literature. But what strikes the ear is a confusing body of singularly ugly sound, whose dominant characteristic seems to be an unremitting sense of strain. One finds oneself struggling along with fiddlers and double-bass players to negotiate growling tremolos that owe their interest only to the energy that is being expended on them. One suffers with the soloists and the chorus in their heroic attempts to convey whatever message there is without literally wearing out their vocal cords. And when it all finishes up with a passage that is so inconsequential as to seem almost absent-minded, one leaves the hall wondering whether it has really been worth the effort.

I am aware that the thing one is supposed to admire in works of this sort is what is usually referred to as Beethoven's "magnificent conception"—something that presumably existed in the mind of the Master, which was soaring beyond anything expressible by mere singers and orchestra musicians. One way to get closer to this "conception" is to do what several people in the audience did Thursday night—bring along an orchestra score and bury yourself in it, digging out fascinating details that are seen but not heard. I am also aware that certain supremely gifted conductors, notably Toscanini, are able to smelt out more shining metal from the rocky ore of the Missa Solemnis than others; as a smelter, Mr. Mitropoulos seemed to be practically lost among the slag. My main quarrel, however, is with the work itself. It may be that a mind as great as Beethoven's sometimes finds the art of music an insufficient vehicle for its thoughts. But from that point on, what it expresses is not likely to be music.

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•

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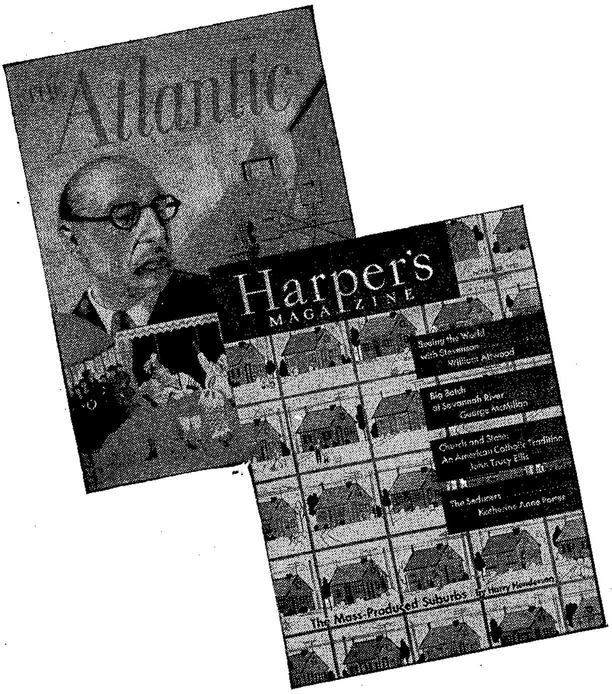
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ROAD TO SINAIA

SINAIA, a resort town in the Transylvanian Alps, three thousand feet above sea level and seventy miles north-northwest of Bucharest, used to be the summer residence of the kings of Rumania. In the final years of the monarchy—or, to borrow a phrase from the present regime, "the last phase of the bourgeois-landowner era"—the Cabinet would follow King Carol or King Michael to the mountains, and so would a host of court dignitaries and pretty women, along with the financiers whose contributions helped keep the whole entourage afloat. I first heard about Sinaia from Rumanian-born friends of mine, now in the States, who spoke nostalgically of its handsome casino, luxury hotels, fine villas, pleasant cafés, exclusive shops, and cool woods and hills. When I visited Bucharest some weeks ago, to report on the Fourth World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace and Friendship, a jamboree that combined a little athletics with a lot of propaganda, I was eager to see Sinaia for myself, especially since Bucharest was hot—hotter, a Nigerian delegate told me, than his tropical homeland. Besides, the Festival was frazzling, particularly the columns of youths and students eternally shouting "Peace and friendship!" and the loudspeakers eternally blaring the same few Russian and Rumanian songs. As it happened, David Everett Mark, a member of the United States Legation staff, invited three other correspondents and me to drive up to Sinaia with him on our last Sunday in Rumania. We accepted with delight.

According to the Government Press Bureau, whose charges the four of us were, we were allowed to travel anywhere in the country except into a fairly deep frontier zone. We had to watch our step in Bucharest, because parts of it are off limits, and we didn't want to be picked up by the *Securitate*, the security police, who keep track of even the most inconsequential movements of all foreigners except Russians, but Sinaia is in the heart of the country, about a hundred miles from the nearest frontier. Mark told us, however, that the Press Bureau was not to be taken literally, that he had to apply to the Foreign Ministry every time he wanted to make the trip, and that we had better ask for permits. The highway to Sinaia, he explained, runs through Ploesti, one of the largest oil-producing areas in Europe, and the Russians, who have taken over the fields and refineries—as they have taken over practically every other substantial Rumanian industry—prefer not to have strangers poking about.

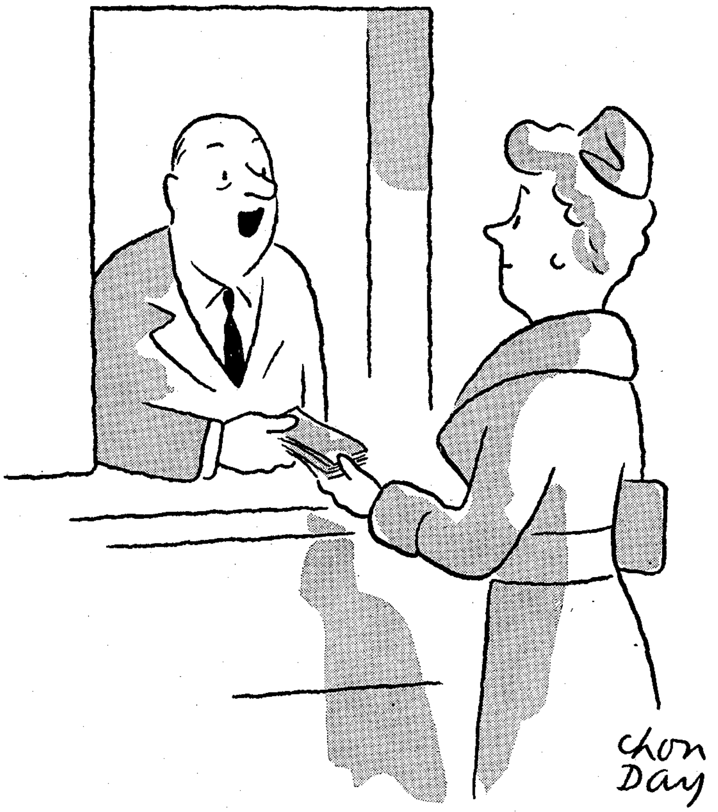
We went to the Press Bureau for permits four or five days in advance, and were assured by an elaborately polite official that they would be coming along promptly. "We *want* you to visit our beautiful Sinaia," he said. Several days went by without any sign of permits, so we began to pester the interpreters whom the Bureau had assigned us. They might, we thought, be able to speed things up. They did their best. Every hour or so, they phoned the home office, which invariably reported that the permits were in the works. They were still in the works on Saturday morning, and Mark decided to include us in his request for a permit from the Foreign Ministry. "Maybe we'll get some action there," he said, "but we won't know before midnight. That's when they usually send over my permit. Or else it arrives at ten in the morning, when I'm all ready to leave." Many Rumanian officials work until the early hours of the morning, perhaps because their Russian advisers have that habit. Sure enough, at midnight a messenger delivered Mark's permit to his house, where we all had been spending the evening, but for us there was only a note saying that we did not come under the Foreign Ministry's jurisdiction. Mark suggested that we take a chance and go along anyway. "Let's see what happens," he said.

"Won't we be stopped?" I asked him.

"Certainly we'll be stopped," Mark said. "There's a check point just before Ploesti. But, who knows? The militiamen may have instructions to let us through." He glanced at a servant who was rubbing an imaginary spot off a plate. "They'll know before the night's over that we're planning to go." All Rumanians employed by Westerners are required to spy for the *Securitate*, which occupies, among other buildings, a house just across the street from Mark's and a house next to the American Legation. Not long ago, a number of domestic servants were ordered to report the combinations of the Western Legation safes. Those who demurred were tortured, and a few got out of the chore by committing suicide.

Mark picked us up the next morning at the Hotel Athénée-Palace, where we were having breakfast with our interpreters and a chubby, soft-spoken man who, for no apparent reason, had attached himself to us the day of our arrival. He always carried a fat briefcase, he stopped to talk to people all over

WITHDRAWALS



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town, he never spoke anything but Rumanian, and he mystified us thoroughly until we found out—I can't explain how without getting some very good people into some very bad trouble—that he was a captain in the *Securitate*. His English was excellent, we were told, and he spent his nights writing down all we had said during the day, which must have been a strain, for we said a great deal. I introduced Mark around and announced that we were off to Sinaia. This threw the interpreters into the state of utter bewilderment that seems to follow the slightest deviation from a fixed program in a people's democracy. When they had pulled themselves together, one of them suggested that we might never get to Sinaia. The *Securitate* captain headed for a telephone, which he did frequently. (The interpreters had told us that he was a newlywed and that his wife wanted to know where he was every moment of the day.) When he came back, he wished us a very pleasant trip. So did the interpreters. They always caught on fast. "In case you should decide to return early," one of them said, "we'll be at the hotel at lunchtime." We asked him whether he would like to join us—there was room for one more in the car—but he said, "Thanks, no, no, no." He preferred, he added, to watch Zatopek, the great Czech distance runner, in the ten thousand metres.

As we set out in Mark's Chevrolet, a black Russian Pobeda sedan, with two men inside, passed us. "Seven three seven four," Mark said, reading the number on the license plate. "That's one of the cars that shadow me. *Securitate* cars always carry three or four different plates, but after a while you get to recognize most of them. These boys think they're pretty subtle, though. Sometimes they follow, sometimes they go first. A few weeks ago, they were driving along ahead of me on my way home, and they ran out of gas. I stopped and let them have some of mine. They looked quite sheepish." We slowed down at a railroad crossing outside Bucharest, and a dark-blue Tatra, also with two men inside, went by at high speed. Mark guessed that it, too, was a *Securitate* car. "They drive recklessly and pay no attention to traffic police or militiamen," he said. "You can recognize them by the sticker on their windshields. It says 'LIBERA,' which sort of means *laissez-passer*, and it's issued only to agents of the *Securitate* and to the top Party people." We caught up with the Tatra at the next intersection, where it had stopped with its turn indicator pointing left; the driver and his companion, tough-looking customers in dark-blue shirts, were studying the road to the left. When we turned right, toward Sinaia, they turned right, too. We were just creeping along, but they made no attempt to overtake us until after we had passed a military airport, with a Russian soldier at the gate. The day was beautiful, and the fine asphalt road, a relic of the bourgeois-landowner era, stretched ahead of us like a dark mirror. In the fields, the corn and sunflowers stood high. After three years of drought, a splendid harvest was expected, and everybody was hoping that this fall, for a change, enough of it would remain in Rumania, once a land of plenty, to prevent starvation. Good year or bad, of course, a large part of Rumania's agricultural output goes to the Soviet Union, in exchange for machinery and armament. We passed a few collective farms and a tractor station. Only a quarter of Rumania's farmland has been socialized, and for the moment the government seems content to stop there. The collectivization program, though, has not been put into reverse, as it reportedly has been in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Westerners are instructed not to talk to the villagers, who are instructed not to talk to strangers, but it is no secret that there has been trouble on the land. "Conditions of a class struggle in the countryside have sharpened," *Scanteia*, the Party paper, noted recently, and went on to say that three thousand *chiaburs* had been put in jail for "obstructing the program." *Chiabur* is Rumanian for "kulak," which, in Communist usage, means not a rich farmer but any farmer who doesn't like the government. The worst sin a *chiabur* can commit is to fall short of his delivery quota. To prevent this, the government ruled, in 1951, that anybody who can prove that a farmer has been hoarding crops gets twenty-five per cent of the hoard. There was no lack of informers the last two winters, both of which were hard.

The road was well guarded by militiamen, most of whom looked the other way as we went by. We passed a sign that, Mark told us, was a warning not to exceed the speed limit, but he said this was difficult to obey, since not even the police knew what the limit was. We also passed the turnoff to Lake Snagov, where Cabinet members and Party leaders have taken over houses that used to belong to bankers and landowners. Cominform headquarters is known to be in or near Bucharest, but

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the exact location is a secret; one guess is the former country club of a Western oil company on Lake Snagov.

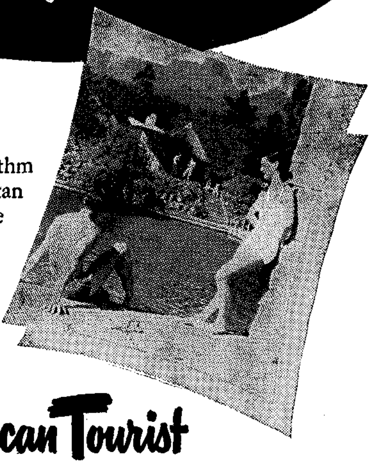
"We're coming to the check point," said Mark. Two militiamen stood in the middle of the road, one leaning on a bicycle and the other waving a red stop sign. We pulled up behind two cars—a German BMW, with the hood up and three men peering at the motor, and our old friend the Tatra. One of the blue shirts was thoughtfully kicking the right rear tire while the other fumbled with a jack. The cyclist, a tall, dark-haired fellow with a beautiful mustache and a prominent nose, pedalled up to our car, dismounted, saluted, and asked for our permits. Mark handed his over. The militiaman read it, looked up, and then reread it. "Five men in the car," he muttered, "and the permit is good only for one." (This, like the rest of the Rumanian we heard on the trip, was translated for us by Mark.) Mark replied that the four of us were correspondents and that the Press Bureau had told us we were free to go anyplace we liked. We fished out the identity cards that the Bureau had given us, but the militiaman wasn't interested in them. He scratched his head and said he would have to phone Bucharest for instructions.

"Let's follow him," Mark said. He and I jumped out of the car. The militiaman had stopped beside the Tatra and seemed to be whispering to the men bent over the tire. As we approached, he raised his voice. "You know that you're not permitted to park near the check point," he said. "Let's see your car papers." The men shrugged, and one produced a sheaf of papers. Peering over the militiaman's shoulder, we saw, on the top document, a red streamer, "PROPRIETATE MINISTERULUI SECURITATII DE STAT." "Fix your tire and get going!" the militiaman said. "You can't park here." He wheeled his bike over to the BMW. The hood was still up, but one man was now behind the wheel and the engine was purring.

"Is this the road to Sinaia?" the man at the wheel asked.

"*Da, da*," said the militiaman. "It's forbidden to park here. Hand over your driver's license." As the man opened his wallet, I saw a bright-red card, which, I had been told, was the badge of a *Securitate* agent. Mark saw it, too, and he said to the militiaman, "Please ask the *Securitate* officers whether my American friends are permitted to go with me to Sinaia."

The militiaman appeared a bit shaken



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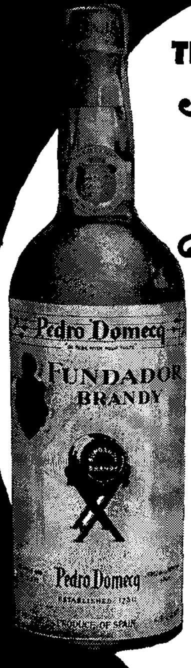

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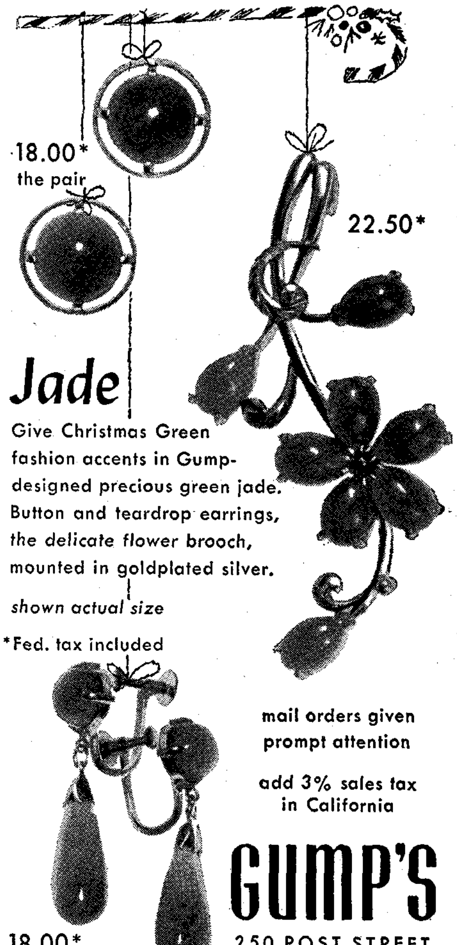

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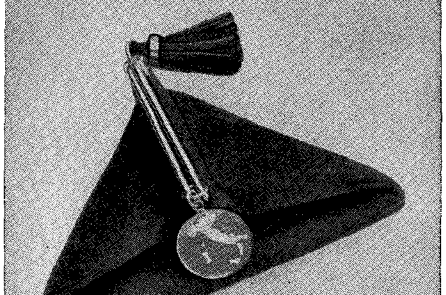

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and said nothing. The man at the hood banged it down, and the others looked absently down the road. For an instant, we savored the pleasant silence of Communist consternation. Then the militiaman repeated that he was going to phone his headquarters in Bucharest, and cycled over to a small house. Mark and I tagged along and went in. The poor fellow, who was obviously being driven crazy by our snooping, was at the telephone, but we could see that he was holding the hook down. After talking earnestly into the dead instrument for a moment, he replaced the receiver and told us to wait in the car. As we went past the *Securitate* men, they looked the other way. Mark told me he thought we would be permitted to go on. "They are very upset because we found out who they are," he said. "They won't dare stop us now."

After a couple of minutes, the militiaman cycled back, appearing considerably relieved. He asked for our identity cards, copied our names into a black notebook, saluted smartly, and wished us a pleasant trip. "It's a fine day for driving," he said, looking up at the sky. "I wish I could go with you." We started, and the two disabled cars, abruptly repaired, started too.

A few miles farther along, the air began to smell of oil, tall refinery stacks gleamed in the sun, and we passed a sign that said "PLOESTI." This is the name of the oil region and also of its principal town, which lies a little way off the highway. We turned off to look at it and found that it had recently been spruced up, obviously for the Festival. Many houses had new coats of white paint; the façade of the Banca de Credit de Ploesti, in the main square, had just been cleaned; and there were flags, posters, and blown-up photographs of President Petru Groza and Prime Minister Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej. Youths were parading and shouting, "Peace and friendship!" The songs we had been fleeing came at us from loudspeakers and through the windows of several buildings, where, we learned, the program was piped by a process, something like Muzak, called *radioficare*. It's a rare Rumanian who can escape this form of entertainment. It goes to public squares, factories, and collective farms. The population is one vast captive audience. Militiamen, traffic policemen, and uniformed *Securitate* troopers with automatics mingled with the crowd of oil workers and their wives watching the parade. The men wore dark trousers and white shirts with rolled-up sleeves, and the women

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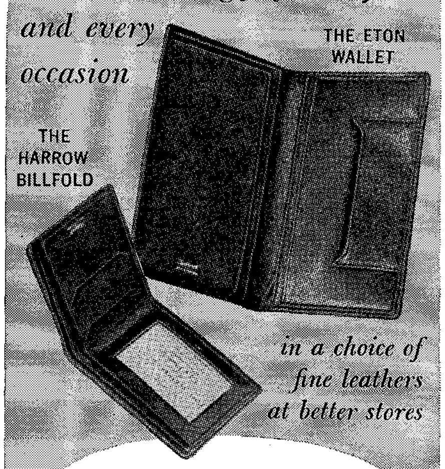

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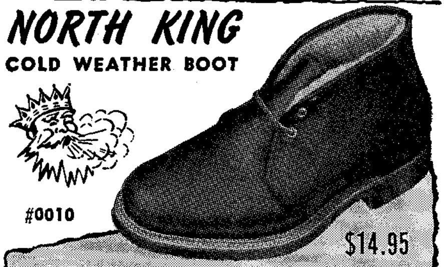

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cheap bright cotton dresses. The Communists claim that the oil workers of Ploesti, a somewhat pampered group, are faring much better than they did before the new order took over, but that isn't true if real wages, instead of money wages, are the index.

Most of the officials I had talked to in Bucharest had proudly steered the conversation to Rumania's oil production, which, after the Soviet Union's, is the largest in Europe. In 1947, the country produced 3,810,000 metric tons of oil; this year, the output may reach the prewar record of 8,700,000, established in 1936; by 1955, if the Five Year Plan works, it should exceed 10,000,000 tons. This doesn't sound like much in the United States, which produces more than 300,000,000 metric tons a year, but to the Soviet Union, whose own yearly output is about 45,000,000, it is a good deal more than a drop in the bucket. The entire Rumanian oil operation is controlled by a super-trust called Sovrompetrol, composed of seven sub-trusts. In Ploesti, where the Russians are drilling more wells, they have retained the Rumanian chief geologist, a bourgeois septuagenarian who refuses to join the Party, but most of the other high-ranking Rumanian technicians have been either dismissed or demoted on the ground that they were real or potential saboteurs. At a trial, held in Ploesti last February, twenty-three Rumanians once employed by British and American companies that had concessions there in the nineteen-thirties were indicted for espionage, sabotage, and swapping currency on the black market. "Behind this scurrilous, murderous gang," said Radio Bucharest, "stood the arch-enemies and former masters of our country, the American imperialists." According to *Scanteia*, the defendants took the trial hard. "Crushed under the burden of their crimes," it said, "they heard the indictments with bent heads and furtive eyes, some with their faces distorted by a nervous tic." Most of the group were sentenced to life for high treason, and several of the lifers got an additional five years for conspiring with the "Western oil masters."

The increase in Rumanian oil production has been a pretty expensive achievement. Nine out of ten of the new wells being drilled in Ploesti are reported to yield only water. The Russians have recently had better luck elsewhere in Rumania, but by Western standards the cost of production is still

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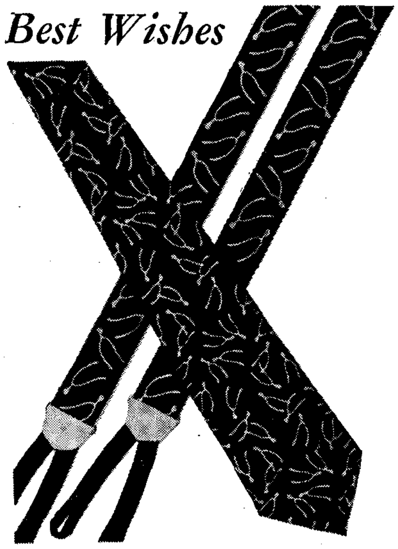

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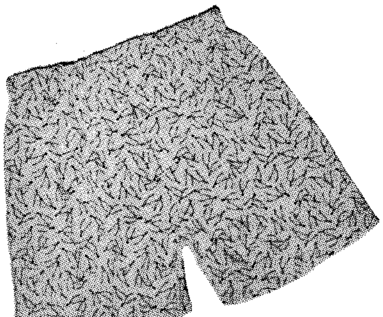

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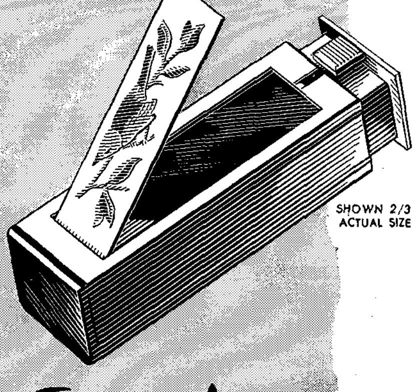
extremely high. Russia's thirst for oil, however, is great enough to eliminate all considerations of thrift. Little Rumanian petrol is available in Rumania. There is only one filling station in Bucharest that sells ethyl, and it caters exclusively to Party leaders, diplomats, and the *Securitate*. Gas sold at ordinary stations smells, looks, and performs as though it were diluted with gooseberry juice.

AFTER we left the town of Ploesti, we passed a huge refinery-equipment plant called Sovrompetrol No. 5, with a swarm of guards at the gate; several large refineries going full blast; a forest of derricks, which made me think of Long Beach, California; and one idle refinery, its grounds rank with weeds, which had been put out of commission during the war by Allied bombs. We went by all these at a good clip, to be sure not to give our pursuers any funny ideas. At one intersection, a militiaman was standing in a sentry hut. He rushed out, took down our license number, and rushed back. Looking over my shoulder, I saw him pick up a phone.

At last, after we had crossed several bridges guarded by *Securitate* troopers, the road began to ascend and the air took on the pleasant smell of fir. Some of the houses on the hillside had columned verandas and Japanesy, curved gables. When we reached the summit, Sinaia appeared below us—a scattering of white villas in a valley with wooded mountains rising to five thousand feet on the other side. High up on one of the peaks, we saw a big, modern hotel, the Casa de Odihna 9 Mai, or Rest Home of May 9th, where a Rumanian can spend his vacation, Mark said, only if he is a super-Stakhanovite, or, better still, a high government official. As we coasted down into the town, another militiaman looked at our license plate and lit out for the nearest phone.

We drew up before a large house, the Casa de Creatie a Uniunii Scriitorilor, or House of Creation of the Union of Writers, and got out of the car to look around. I had heard about the place from one of our interpreters, an aspiring novelist whose chief ambition is to be sent there. It is not an easy ambition to achieve. In the Rumanian People's Republic, novels are government-inspected and graded, somewhat like beef in the United States, as first-class, second-class, and third-class. "All the psychoneurotic nonsense and Mickey Spillane violence that's published in



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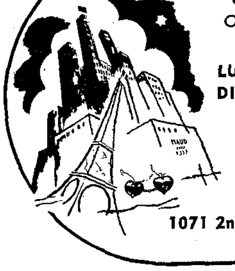

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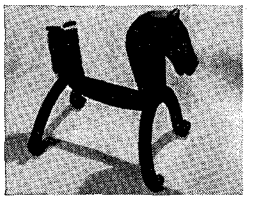

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America wouldn't even rate as third-class," said the interpreter, who had lived in Washington for a year or two after the last war. "Here the content must be realistic and the conclusion positive." I asked him what makes a novel first-class. "That's obvious," he said. "It must deal with the contemporary struggle of workers and peasants. The main thing is to create the image of the new, free man in Rumania. As Malenkov said, 'Writers should set off in positive artistic images the new type of man in his grandiose human dignity.' " He let that sink in, and then added, "A good example of a first-class novel is 'Mitrea Cocor,' the new best-seller by our great Mihail Sadoveanu. It's the story of a simple peasant suffering under the—"

"Bourgeois-landowner regime," I said.

"Have you read it?" he asked, pleased. I hadn't. He sighed. "Well, it starts with the war. The hero is drafted by the Fascist army and is deeply disappointed because nobody teaches him to read and write. He fights against the Red Army and is captured. In the Russian prisoner-of-war camp a new life begins for Mitrea. He is taught all the things he wanted to learn. He sees that he was deceived by the Fascists. After the end of the war, he returns to his native village, is given a few hectares of land, and becomes a fighter for peace. The novel has become popular with tens of thousands of farmers who had a similar experience." I said that the book sounded interesting, and he went on, "Suppose a novelist has an idea. He writes a chapter or two and an outline of the rest and submits this to the state publishing house. If he has the germ of a first-class novel, the writer is sent to the House of Creation in Sinaia. He may stay a reasonable time there. Of course, he's got to produce. He can't just lie in the sun and think, or wait for inspiration. He, too, must fulfill his work norm."

I asked what happened if the finished product turned out to be unworthy of publication. "It never does," the interpreter said. "Publishing here is scientific. Our publishing houses always know in advance how good a book will be. We need no state juries, since all readers and editors are employees of the state anyway. When they decide that a novel is going to be first-class, it turns out first-class. That makes quite a difference to a writer, since he gets higher royalties. Oh, how I'd like to be sent to the House of Creation at Sinaia!"

On this bright Sunday, there was no

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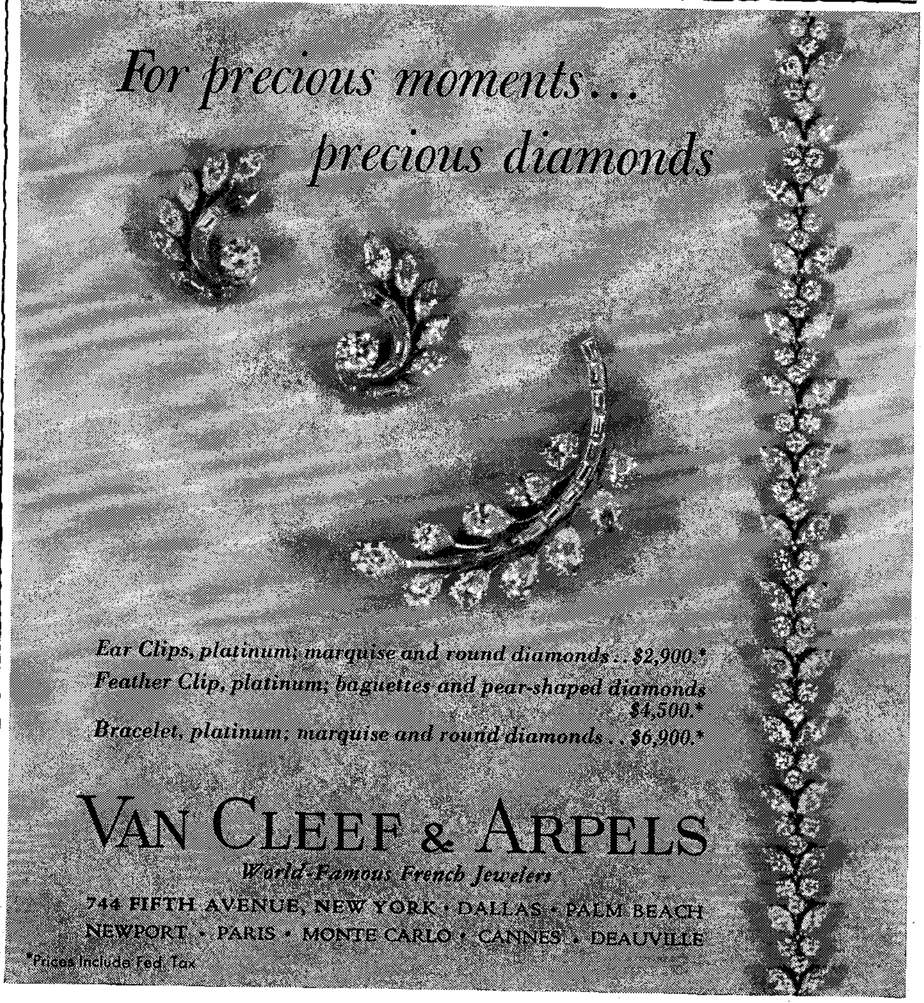

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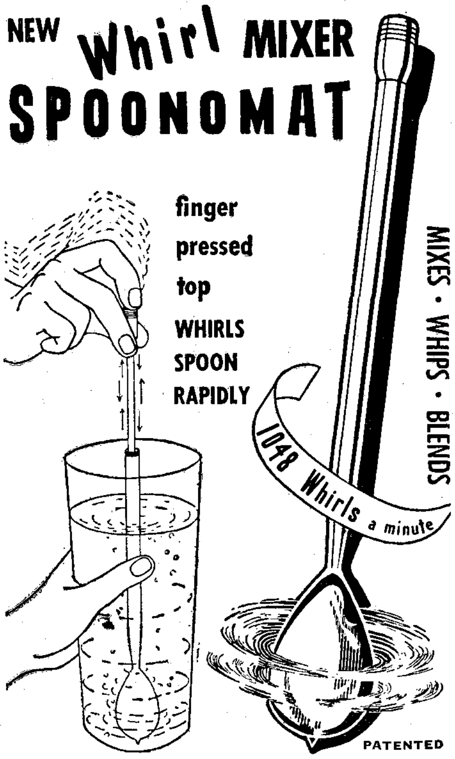

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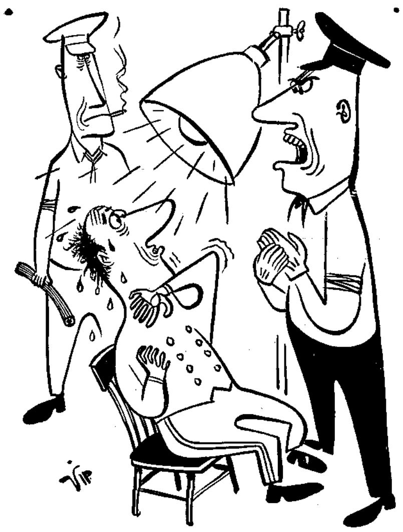
sign of life in the House of Creation. We debated knocking on the door and decided not to, for fear of distracting a genius on the last few pages of his daily work norm.

SINAIA looked as if its present inhabitants had tried to wipe out every trace of the bourgeoisie and the landowners. There were no beautiful little shops, no de-luxe restaurants. The casino was boarded up. The big hotels had become drab rest homes, their paint flaking off and their gardens gone to seed. The villas, many of which have been given to prominent Communists, were run-down. "The regime is interested in building new houses, not in fixing up old ones," I had been told in Bucharest. A few shabbily dressed people sat on benches in a seedy park. The usual loudspeaker was blaring the usual music, a Chinese film was showing at the Cinema Progresul, and there were posters reading, "ARM IN ARM WITH THE SOVIET UNION TOWARD SOCIALISM." But there were no young people walking arm in arm. The regime frowns on flirtation, and, according to *Scanteia*, young people are supposed to meet and make friends at "cultural events." Last summer, the paper complained that vacationers were passing these up in favor of walks in the woods.

Heading for the Royal Palace, we saw a golf course, lined with trenches, that has been turned into an Army training ground, and a stately mansion that once belonged to General Ion Antonescu, the Fascist dictator, and has been turned into a girls' rest home. The palace, surrounded by high trees, is on the side of a steep hill overlooking the valley. The location is splendid, but the architecture, a combination of pseudo-Bavarian, pseudo-Norman, pseudo-English, and pseudo-Renaissance, is atrocious. The original structure was built late in the last century, and several wings have been added to it, each in worse taste than the last. The palace is now a museum, but it wasn't open, and Mark told us it hardly ever is. Above the main doorway was a photograph of Gheorghiu-Dej, and on the wall nearby was a chalked sign reading, "NO PHOTOGRAPHS PERMITTED."

"Carol's bedroom was on the second floor," Mark said. "Mme. Lupescu lived up the hill in a lovely hunting lodge. There's a suite that was fitted out especially for a state visit of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The story is that it was a duplicate of the Archduke's apartment in Schönbrunn Palace



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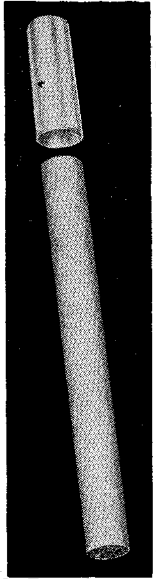

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in Vienna." The palace had its most recent fling in the summer of 1948, when the executive committee of the Cominform sat in one of the big rooms and read Marshal Tito out of the brotherhood.

As we got into the car, a militiaman came out of a small building, took down our license number, and went in again. Mark backed up, almost bumping into the Tatra. Its passengers looked the other way. I hesitate to think how many gallons of ethyl gasoline the *Securitate* used up that Sunday because of us.

WE drove up to an Alpine-style lodge that the American Legation has rented as a weekend retreat for its staff, which is now down to ten people—one of the smallest diplomatic staffs we have anywhere. In the living room were American magazines and an American radio, tuned in to Radio Free Europe. A Rumanian woman served us American drinks, American corned beef, Rumanian corn on the cob, and a lemon-chiffon pie that had been flown frozen from the United States to our Army Commissary in Vienna and brought to Bucharest, thirty-three hours away on the Orient Express, by a Legation man. The pie tasted even better than back home, and the radio was softly playing American jazz. We looked outside and saw the Pobeda that had whisked past us in front of the Athénée-Palace, waiting to escort us back to Bucharest. The license number was now 8235. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

Howard Smith was in Lynn, Mass., the first of last week studying power burners. He now has the mumps.—*Barre (Vt.) Daily Times.*

He didn't expect to get off with a light cold, did he?

•

This is a story about the old west. How could it miss, with Robert Taylor and Ava Gardner?

There are those who claim that Ava Gardner can't act. Who cares?—*Ottawa Citizen.*

We care terribly.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sault Ste. Marie (Mich.) News*]

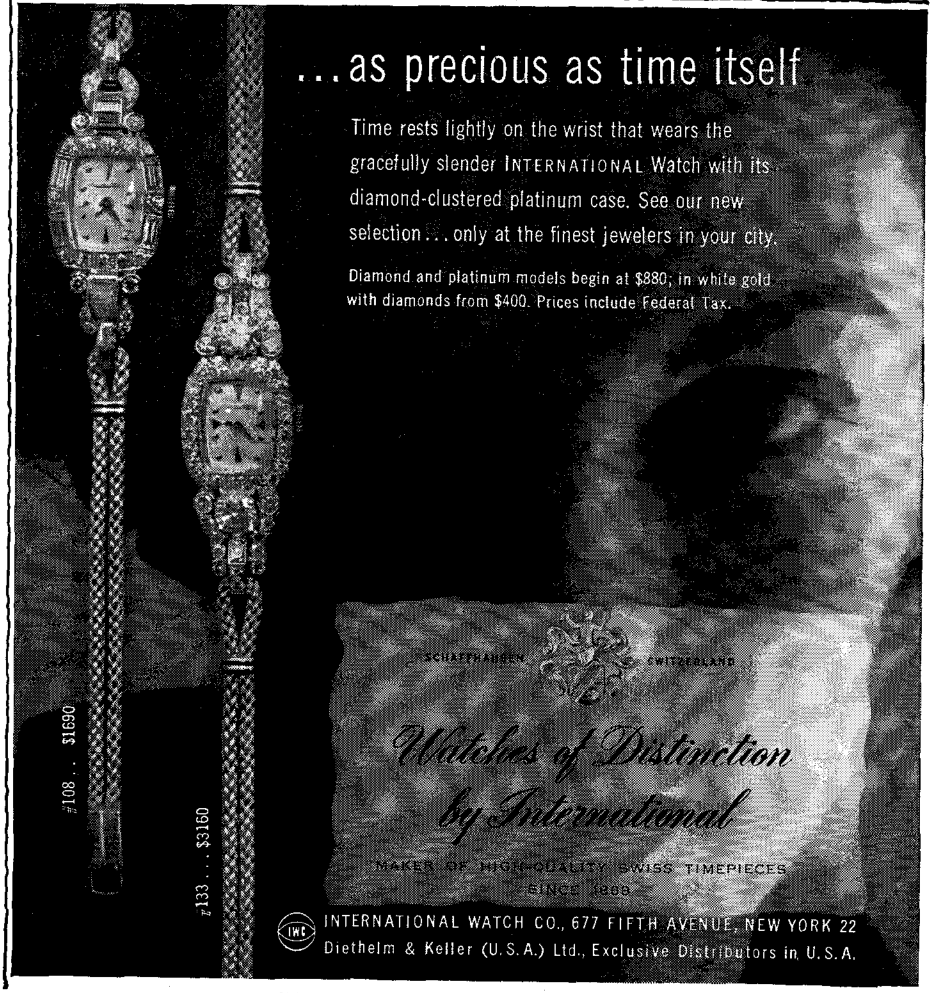
MONTEBELLO, CALIF. (AP)—Police arrested Charles Edward Calkin, 38, last night while he watered his garden.

We're Open Again

Come see the new us! We spent our summer vacation with some of New York's most famous decorators. So now we're more glamorous, more spacious, more luxurious than ever—the perfect background for perfect dining!

And to make things even more inviting, you'll find here the same wonderful food . . . the same friendly service . . . the same sensible prices, the same popular Pre-Theatre dinner—just as if we'd never closed! Come see us again *soon.*

Restaurant MAYAN
16 West 51st Street, Rockefeller Center, N. Y.
Operated by, The Union News Company ESTABLISHED 1864



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THE WAYWARD PRESS

OF YESTERYEAR—II

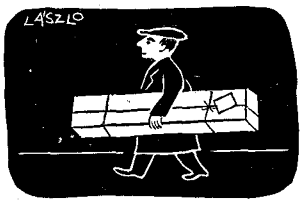
IN the first week of March, 1933, when the banks closed in forty-seven states and Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated President, the late William Randolph Hearst's *Evening Journal* offered, to readers only, a magic spell for exorcising the depression. Before voicing this incantation, the would-be magician had to find and recognize, from a photograph published in the *Journal*, a youngish blonde called King Kong's Beauty. (A picture called "King Kong" was opening at both Radio City theatres simultaneously.) "You MUST have a current copy of the *Evening Journal* in your hand when you approach the girl you believe to be King Kong's Beauty," a box on the first page advised persons setting out on the quest. "Do not grab her but simply say: 'You are King Kong's Beauty, for whose capture the Radio City theatres offer a reward of $100.' "

Each afternoon, the *Journal* carried a picture of King Kong's Beauty, her captor of the previous day, and somebody from the Radio City Music Hall presenting the money to the lucky man or woman. The search for King Kong's Beauty afforded employment to many thousands of people who had no jobs, and at a much cheaper rate than subsequent government schemes of made work. At the same time, it kept them from bothering erstwhile employers, who now had no jobs to give them anyway. Concurrently, it called to the attention of those people who were not yet strapped the fact that a picture entitled "King Kong" was opening at Radio City. Along with the King Kong's Beauty story, the *Journal* regularly carried a half-page or full-page ad for "King Kong," which helped the *Journal* survive the depression itself. Altogether, the King Kong stunt was an example of the enlightened paternalism that has always marked the *Journal's* relations with its public. The paper rounded out its service to its readers by offering the winner a chance to invest his hundred dollars at a high rate of interest— a piece of munificence that was, in fact, available even to readers who hadn't caught King Kong's Beauty. The *Journal* made known this opportunity in a large, friendly house ad showing a hearty, cheerful, white-haired codger, obviously unaffected by the precarious times, and bearing in heavy headline type the legend:

> IN THE AUTUMN OF LIFE
> FREE FROM ALL WORRIES
> I Invested Wisely in Hearst 7% Shares; You Can Do the Same by Paying Only $1 per Share Monthly
>
> Hearst Consolidated Newspapers, Inc.

By investing in "the greatest publishing enterprise the world has ever known," the ad went on, the old party in the picture had placed himself beyond the baleful influence of the economic cycle. Taken together, the King Kong contest and Hearst Consolidated Newspapers' seven-per-cent preferred stock offered a full program for recovery. A Gimbel's advertisement in the same issue (March 9th) that carried word of the seven-per-cent bonanza reminded the public, "If there was ever a time when it was important to keep up appearances this is it!" and offered men's broadcloth shirts at sixty-nine cents.

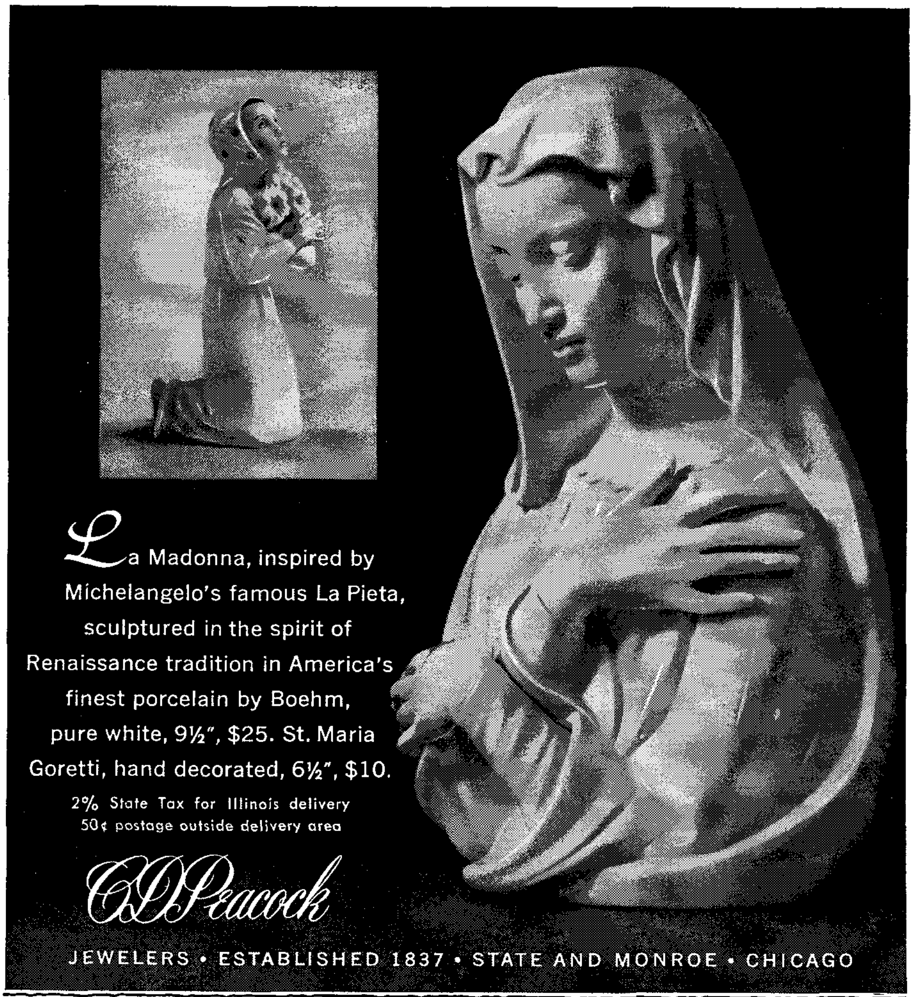
I came across these advertisements in the course of looking back in the files to see what the various members of the New York daily press were up to at the opening of the last political era; I thought it might be interesting to observe what changes twenty years and the opening of a new political era have brought about. I couldn't help reflecting that the old codger in the *Journal* might have appeared a trifle less cheerful if he had known that his stock was destined to pass three successive quarterly dividends in 1938, just when he might be needing some autumnal eating money.



WITH a few exceptions, such as the stock advertisement, which has been discontinued on the advice of counsel, the *Journal* then was much like the *Journal-American* now. (It assimilated Hearst's morning paper, the *American*, in 1937.) At least, the samples in the files don't produce any shock of nonrecognition, as do many 1933 copies of two of the city's other evening papers, the *World-Telegram* and the *Evening Post*. In those days, the *Post* was undiscourageably Republican, and the *World-Telegram* was scrabbling desperately to hold the liberal readership of the *World* and the *Evening World*, which it had bought out two years earlier. Editorially, it proclaimed the inadequacy of individual enterprise to pull the country out of its slump. Republican foreign policy, William Philip Simms, its expert in that department, declared, "has proved an almost 100% failure." The *Sun*, hardly less Republican than the *Post* in 1933, has now disappeared except for its name, which dangles, in diminished type, below the *World-Telegram's*, like a scalp from an Indian's belt. In 1933, the *Post* and the *Sun*, rather than the *Telegram* and the *Sun*, would have seemed the logical pair for a merger.

My researches also brought to light an illustration of the artistic continuity that links the old *Journal* and today's *Journal-American*. Back in 1933, the *Journal* published an intimate report on Fay Wray, the female star of "King Kong," by Rose Pelswick, who was its motion-picture editor then and has the same job on the combined paper today. Miss Wray, Miss Pelswick disclosed, "uses a different perfume in each picture, insisting she'd be confused in her characterization if she duplicated one." This reminded me of a story I had read not long ago in the *Journal-American*, by Louella Parsons. In 1933, Miss Parsons wrote for the *American*, the *Journal's* morning running mate. (Miss Parsons and Miss Pelswick both write for the *Journal-American* now.) "An electric something which projects the essence of sex appeal makes Marilyn Monroe tops among Hollywood's current glamor queens," Miss Parsons announced in her recent essay. "Why, you may ask, when there are so many more beautiful girls than Marilyn, and certainly more talented ones as actresses? I was at a party a few weeks ago, when Marilyn walked into the room. It was a gay social event and the room was filled with famous Hollywood beauties and great stars. Yet the moment Marilyn entered the scene, all conversation stopped and the eyes of everyone, men and women alike, were riveted on her. She wore a dress that fitted her skin tight, and I might add, it was obvious she wore nothing but her skin under it." The principle of the two stories is the same; both give the Hearst public the inside line on the motion-picture industry—inside Miss Wray's mind and inside Miss Monroe's dress.

Society news written in a dashing manner is another Hearst specialty that has carried over from the *Journal* to the *Journal-American*. In 1933, two *Journal* columnists divided the glory that has



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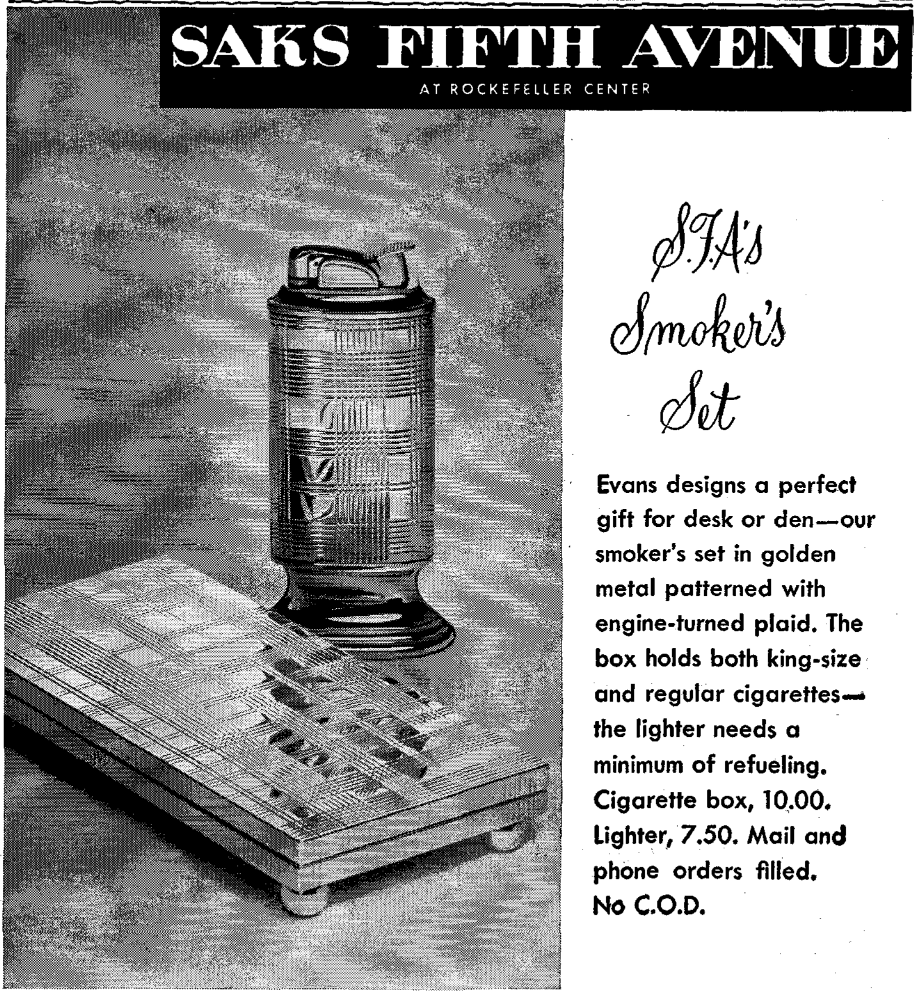

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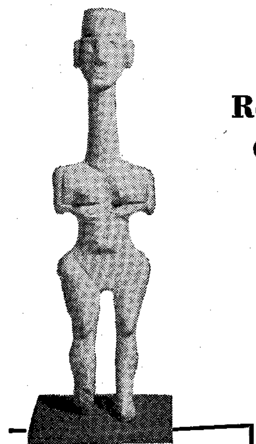

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now descended upon the single head of Igor Cassini, the current Cholly Knickerbocker. Their pseudonyms were Mme. Flutterbye and Billy Benedick. One of the most moving excerpts I jotted down from the *Journal's* chronicle of those stirring days was Mme. Flutterbye's: "The Wideners are sensible people and they refuse to be stampeded by the closing of the banks." Billy Benedick also contributed many an anecdote of intrepidity, about fellows who borrowed money from the butler so they could take a taxi to the Colony, where they could sign the check—things like that. Benedick, in real life Baron George Wrangel, lost his job, but he has since gained a new pseudonymous vogue as the model for the Man in the Hathaway Shirt. Maury Paul, the most celebrated in the long family line of Cholly Knickerbockers, was alive then, but his column, like Miss Parsons', ran in the *American*. When that paper folded, Cholly moved to the *Journal-American*, and Mme. Flutterbye and Billy had to go. The present Cholly covers a lot more ground than Mme. Flutterbye and Billy Benedick ever did in tandem. He sometimes gets more movie names into his column than Miss Parsons gets into hers, and he is also an authority on foreign and domestic politics, as well as an expert in the *roman à clef*, of which the following is a typical specimen:

> The open secret in the Surf and Bath Club set in Miami Beach concerns the wife of an important Detroit executive who had a boy friend she was keeping in style. Even bought him clothes, etc. But recently they had a spat and he turned up at a big charity party in Miami with a cute blonde. This enraged Madame to such a point that next day she went and got all the clothes she gave him—even went to the dry cleaners and got his suits out of there—and scissored them into little pieces. The topper is that the boy friend notified his insurance company, and now they are trying to get back the money for the clothes from her! And she'll have to pay the thousand-odd bucks rather than have her husband find out about it!

In international affairs, Igor-Cholly is a staunch royalist:

> One story that has been circulating in the fashionable drawing rooms of Europe and is now being repeated here is that young King Baudoin of Belgium is madly in love with his beautiful stepmother, the Princess de Rethy. That is a vicious and false story spread by the Belgian Socialists, those dear cousins of the Communists, who would like to overthrow the Monarchy. True, King Baudoin is a very badly advised young man. ... The young king ... is profoundly attached to his stepmother, but it's a son's devotion, not that of a man in love. The Princess de Rethy is one of the most maligned women in Europe. She has been a wonderful wife and companion to Leopold and her influence over King Baudoin is anything but "sinister," as her enemies in Belgium describe it.

On the question of morals, Cholly is a fearless fellow, taking a bold stand on the controversial issues of the day:

> I'm not a Mickey Jelke fan, but I was on his side when I read an interview with Pat Ward, the call-girl who sent him to prison, in which Miss Ward states that she thinks the judge was very lenient in sentencing *Mickey from 3-to-6 years in the* penitentiary. What gall that call-girl has! By all standards she should be in jail with Jelke.

MME. FLUTTERBYE and Billy Benedick were not the only propagandists for the stiff upper lip during the days when the banks were closed and money was scarce unless you could find King Kong's Beauty. Dorothy Kilgallen, fresh back from Mr. Roosevelt's inauguration—it took place on Saturday, March 4th, when the banks in forty-seven states had been ordered closed—contributed a column of cheer to the *Journal* of March 7th. The head over Miss Kilgallen's story read

HYSTERIA GONE,
WIVES WAITING
SCRIP INCOME

(The scrip referred to was a kind of ersatz money that was being printed under the auspices of the New York Clearing House Association. It was to be circulated in case the real stuff remained a long time in official protective custody.) "Not since World War days, when they knitted socks, rolled bandages, ate brown bread, and economized on sugar, have the women of America so enjoyed themselves as during the present 'bank holiday,'" Miss Kilgallen reported. In Washington, her assignment had been to tail Frances Perkins, who had been named by Mr. Roosevelt to be his Secretary of Labor—the first woman Cabinet member in the history of the United States. Miss Kilgallen gave Miss Perkins a standard treatment reserved for Hollywood starlets—No. 3-A, Just a Homebody.

MISS PERKINS PACKS SIMPLE GOWN
FOR INAUGURAL BALL

was the headline over another Kilgallen dispatch.

At the Eisenhower inauguration, Miss Kilgallen covered Mrs. Eisenhower with unaging enthusiasm. "'America's sweetheart' is a corny phrase," she wrote, in one of her more moderate raptures, "but Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, standing on the thresh-

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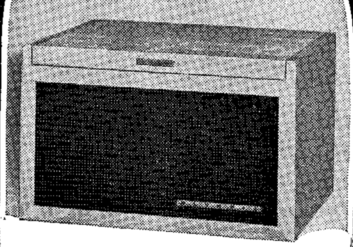

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old of the White House, rates it more completely than any woman since Mary Pickford had long curls."

In 1933, a cartoonist-poet named Nelson Harding, who was then an institution on the *Journal*, maintained the note of optimism with an allegorical drawing a day. My favorite, on March 7th, showed the ship of state, carefully labelled "United States of America," listing above an area marked "Stagnation Shallows." Two tugboats were steaming to her aid, one marked "F. D. Roosevelt" and the other "Confidence." The F. D. Roosevelt flew a flag bearing the word "Action." The poem part went like this:

> At last the rescue fleet has come
> And it is well commanded.
> The giant ship is not a wreck
> But on the shallows stranded.
> The sturdy tugs are on the job
> And with united towing
> They'll float her on the rising tide
> With sailing whistles blowing.

On some days, Mr. Harding also did a stint in prose, under the heading "In Other Words." One fair sample ran, "Ogden Mills will retire as Secretary of the Deficit. He'll leave all the books and a lot of black ink that hasn't been used."

Arthur Brisbane, the mighty thinker who could find things to worry about in the best of times, offered a granitic form of reassurance during the preliminary phases of the storm. Brisbane's column appeared each day on the front page of the *American*, but he often made speeches, and these were quoted in the *Journal*, the result being that both papers enjoyed the advantage of his inspirational sapience. The kind of thing that would worry Brisbane, even during a World Series, was the number of eggs produced by a female codfish. According to Brisbane, it was millions. Then he would multiply the number of eggs by the number of codfish, and point out that nature, which he always spelled with a capital "N," had thoughtfully provided a number of oöphagous fellow-creatures who kept the codfish population of the world within bounds. But what would happen if these monitors suddenly lost their appetite for eggs, he would ask. The world, within eleven months, fourteen days, and a number of hours that he ventured only to approximate, since he hadn't gone into the problem deeply, would turn into one vast uncooked codfish ball, with only the top of Mount Everest and possibly a small portion of San Simeon protruding from a limitless sea of cod-liver oil. The *American's* motto was "A

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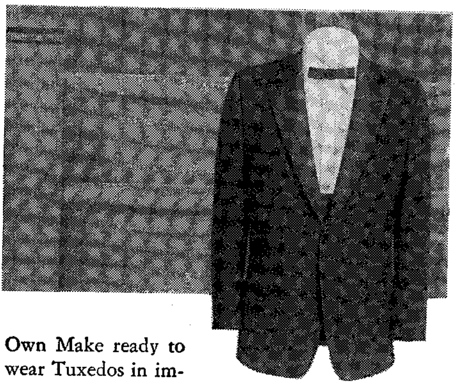

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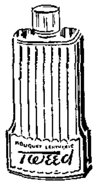

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Paper for People Who Think," and on days when Brisbane wrote a column about codfish eggs the pages would drop from hundreds of thousands of nerveless fingers and flutter wraithlike to the floor.

But when the going was tough, Brisbane provided erudite solace.

U.S. MUST MEET
CRISIS, SAYS
BRISBANE

a headline in the *Journal* proclaimed on March 3rd, the day before Roosevelt's inauguration. "Europe survived the 100-years War, the 30-years War, the 7-years War and the Black Death," the Sage had told a California audience, the *Journal* reported. He thought we had a chance to get by.

A March, 1933, *American Weekly*—the *Weekly*, a Sunday supplement to the *American*, survived the merger and is now distributed with the Sunday *Journal-American*—carried a smashing scientific feature in the true Brisbane tradition, entitled "Why Intelligent Parents Ought to Have Intelligent Children; Interesting Experiments with Rats Seem to Settle the Long-Standing Scientific Dispute as to Whether Highly Developed Brains Can Be Inherited and If 'Dumb' Couples Are Likely to Have Rather Stupid Children." The *Weekly's* preoccupation with science has continued right through the years. It made a big thing recently of "The Story of My Life," by Christine Jorgensen, the G.I. who became a woman, according to her or him, or who, according to the *Post*, didn't.

Among the *Weekly's* other features during the troubles were "How the Mysterious Mayans Made War," "Played Suicide Role at the Theatre—Kills Herself Same Way" (a story about a Parisian actress), "Chorus Girls Too Innocent and Trustful?" (three of them were suing men for breach of promise), "Jilted the English Earl for a Plain American," and one with a topical slant, "Prosperous Times for Professional Beggars—How the Depression Has Made It Easy for Tramps and Panhandlers to Impose on Charitably Inclined Men and Women, and the Tricks and Devices Which Stir Sympathy." All in all, a good display of the standard Hearst commodities—blood, money, and sex.

In addition to Brisbane, Miss Parsons, and Cholly Knickerbocker, the *American* enjoyed the services of Damon Runyon, Robert L. Ripley, and a celebrated stylist named O. O. McIntyre. McIntyre's style is hard to

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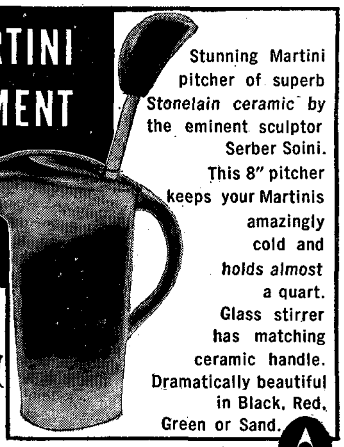

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convey without quotation. A bank-holiday sample was "All my life I've wanted to walk barefoot over a big lawn after a shower. Watching Lupe Velez gives me the ork-orks. But I go womp watching that tasty tornado, Mae West." The *American* also had a peculiarly pretentious opposite-editorial page, which was split into columns of essays by an improbable assortment of writers, some celebrated generally and others celebrated only within the Hearst world. Aldous Huxley, Bertrand Russell, Gobind Behari Lal, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Agnes Smith, Bruno Lessing, and G. K. Chesterton were among the bylines during the first week of March, 1933. But the page was haunted by an endemic dullness, as a swamp is by malaria. Regardless of bylines, all the offerings limped; perhaps literary agents sent pieces there only after every other market had failed. The *American* was William Randolph Hearst's lone attempt at a newspaper for the élite, but it never got anywhere except on Sunday, when it had the *Weekly* and the colored funnies to pull it along. In 1937, when the bankers' representatives took over the administration of the old gentleman's empire, they jettisoned the *American*, along with his stained glass and his Egyptian knickknacks.

THE *Journal* for March 2, 1933, carried a signed editorial by Claude G. Bowers, its political columnist, which I don't think would be likely to get into the *Journal-American* now. A warm-over of testimony Alfred E. Smith had given before a Senate committee in Washington a few days earlier, it read, in part, "Alfred E. Smith said some good things before the Senate committee in Washington, but nothing that was said was better put than his views on the recognition of Russia. This is long overdue." What Smith had said was "We ought to recognize Russia. . . . There is no use in trading with them under cover. . . . I do not believe in being against them just because they have a form of government that we do not like." But such divergences from the *Journal-American's* present policy are the exception. The general feeling I got from the file of old *Journals* was the one I now experience when I read an accumulation of several days' *Journal-Americans*—that of entering a self-contained world which has little relevance to the one outside but which has its own constants—gossip, xenophobia, the movies, and a continual Byzantine-palace struggle for precedence among byliners. In 1933,

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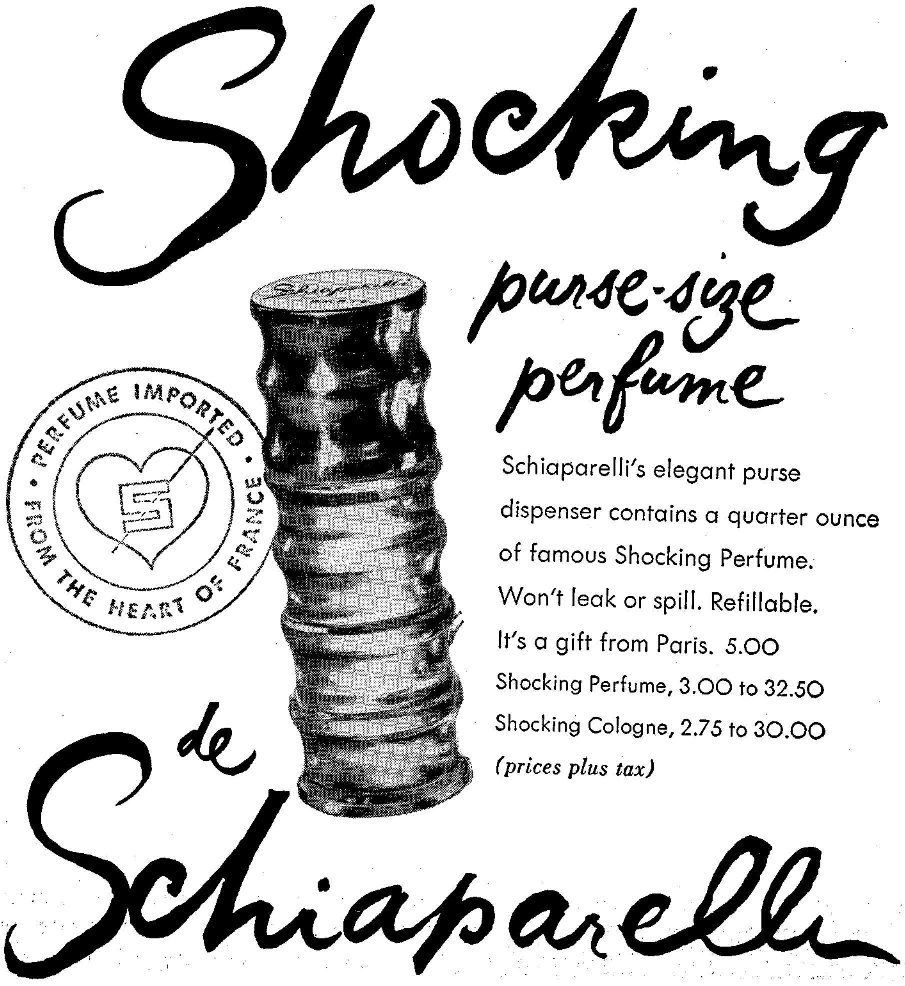
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the big news of the day was that everybody was broke, and the big question was what we were going to do about it. But in reading the *Journal* for the first three days of that strange March one gets no sense that the country, and particularly the City of New York, was traversing unique times. The villain for the *Journal*—and also for the *American*—was England. The *American* carried an expository series headed "DO THE BRITISH CONTROL AMERICAN PRICE LEVELS?" According to the author, they did, for England's benefit. Both papers agreed that cheap foreign goods and high taxes were the chief enemies of prosperity, although imports were at a dead stop and every day found fewer people who had to pay any income tax at all.

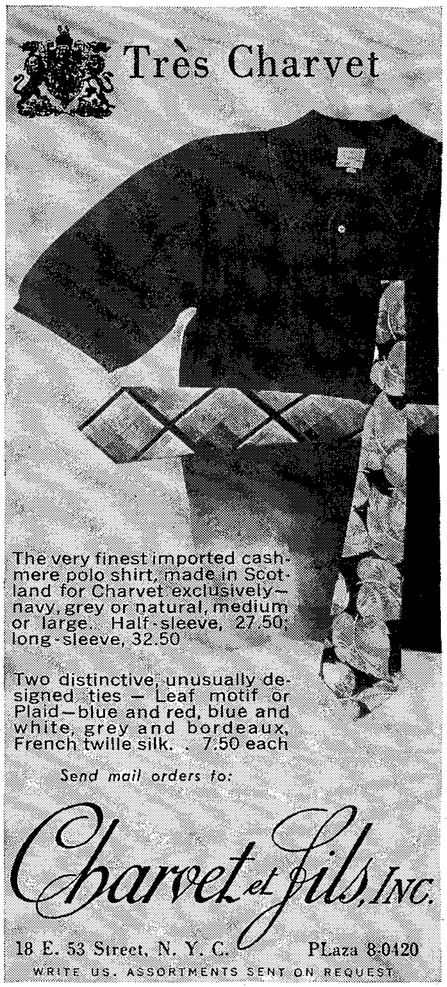
Once the banks closed, however, the Hearst papers erupted good cheer, as obviously ordered up as their previous impassivity. The performance, viewed now in cold type on crumbling paper, reminded me of the way the Russians at the Olympic Games in Helsinki a couple of years ago all frowned and smiled in unison. In the forty-first month after the stock-market crash, the *World-Telegram's* purpose seemed to be to arouse its readers and the *Sun's* and *Evening Post's* mission one of reassurance. The Hearst papers, though, simply tried to distract their readers from what was going on. When it came to the treatment of foreign news, they gave the rising Hitler better than the benefit of the doubt—they expressed no doubt whatever.

HITLER "FIRING SQUAD"
GIVEN POWER TO END
GERMAN RED PLOTS

was the *American's* headline over the story of events that the *Times* summarized as

HITLER SUSPENDS
REICH GUARANTEES;
LEFT PRESS BANNED
Emergency Decree to Combat
"Communist Terror" Voids
Constitutional Safeguards

The decree, according to Charles Flick, the Hearst correspondent, simply followed "the revelation of an alleged Communist plot." On the other hand, Frederick Birchall, the *Times* man, reported, "Nothing is being left unsaid and undone to arouse a wave of popular hysteria in advance of Sunday's elections." Mr. Brisbane wrote, oracularly, "Soon the world will know whether Hitler is another Mussolini or another Rienzi," by which he presumably meant



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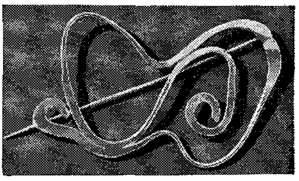

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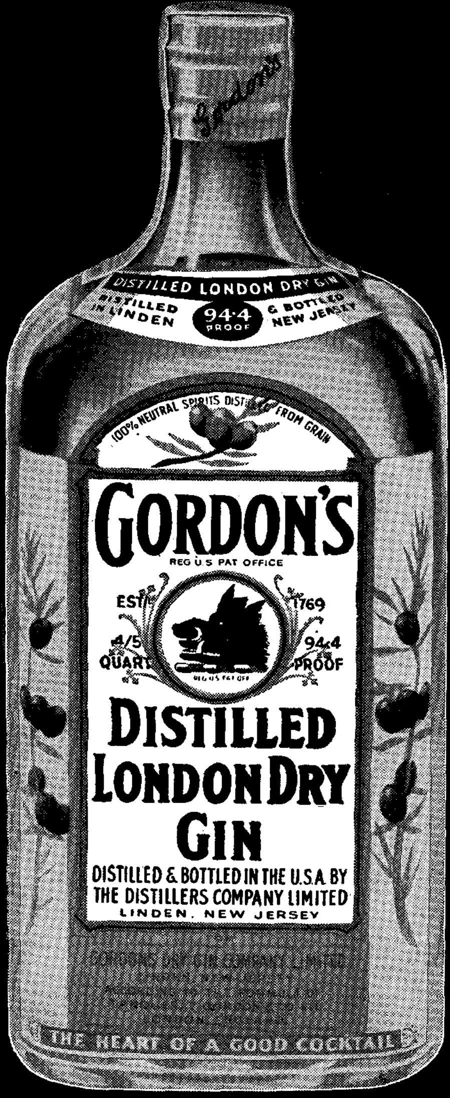
a success or a flop, since Mussolini was a Hearst idol and contributor. Il Duce wrote, or at least signed, weekly articles for the Sunday *American*, as, for that matter, did David Lloyd George and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Then as now the *Journal* attached much value to clerical opinion. On March 6th, it recorded the verdict on President Roosevelt's inaugural speech reached by Father Charles E. Coughlin, a Roman Catholic priest famous at the time as the Radio Priest of Royal Oak, Michigan.

COUGHLIN PUTS
FDR AHEAD
OF LINCOLN

the headline said. In these unregenerate days, the *Journal-American* retains a feature preacher, Bishop Fulton Sheen, whose column appears on the editorial page every Saturday. "It is what comes out of a man's heart that defiles him," the Bishop wrote in the course of one typical workout, "for out of the heart come evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies." The catalogue read like the first page of the *Journal-American* on a good news day. Across from the Bishop, Joseph Whitney, a psychologist, discussed the probable psychosomatic etiology of the common cold in "The Mirror of Your Mind," a regular *Journal-American* feature. There must be something for everybody in a well-balanced paper.

WHILE in most respects the *Journal-American* has not changed at all, since the recent inauguration it has seemed as if the paper might even unchange a change. There was a notable difference between the *Journal* of 1933, in which a cartoonist was allowed to link Roosevelt with Confidence, and the *Journal-American* during the last years of Roosevelt's administration and the whole of Truman's. In this latter period, the *Journal-American* assembled a crew of professional Roosevelt and Truman haters, who filled so many columns with their copy that at one time they threatened to shove Hollywood back onto the amusement page. The stridency of their outcries has necessarily diminished in the course of the past year, but the old haters are still there, bearing up as best they can under the circumstances. The first of them to be tapped by Hearst—and to my perhaps nostalgic taste the most talented—was Westbrook Pegler, who brought his hypnotic eyebrows from the *World-Telegram* to a double column on the



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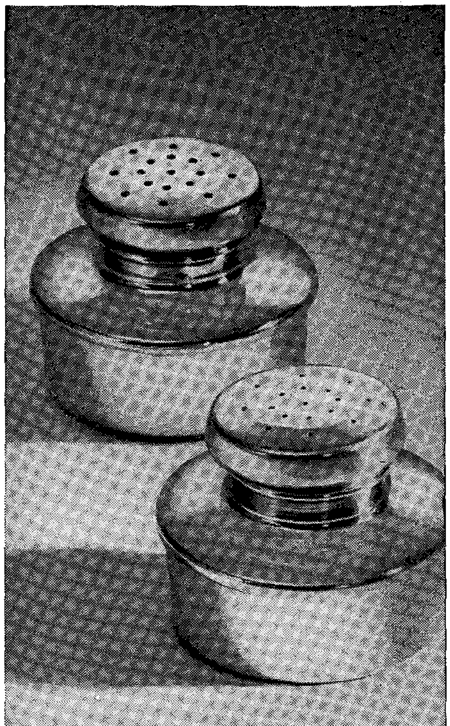

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WRITE FOR THE JENSEN GIFT CATALOGUE

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Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street, New York 22

Uisge-beatha

In case your Gaelic's rusty, "uisge-beatha" is the word for whiskey. Not necessarily *Custom Distilled* whiskey, like Lord Calvert, but then what other whiskies are?

•

We've mentioned before that Lord Calvert costs a little more and tastes a little better, but it's worth repeating.

•

Worth remembering, too, next time you order uisge-beatha.

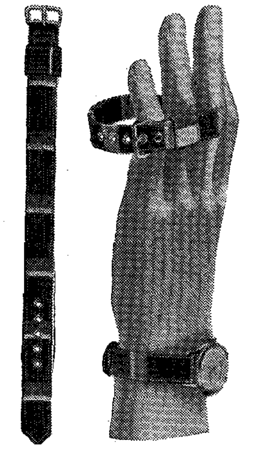
Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Journal-American's page 3 late in the third Roosevelt administration. (This was the same Pegler who, when he was a sportswriter on the old *Evening Post*, did such a rollicking yarn about Herbert Hoover's hasty exit from Washington on March 4, 1933, but he had changed a lot in the interim.) In November, 1948, after the election of Truman, Pegler announced that the American Republic was done for, and confirmed this diagnosis on October 3, 1950, when he wrote, "The awful truth seems to be that the republic is dead."

But what really died in 1950—or, to be more accurate, decided to acknowledge its decease—was the *Sun*. From the *Sun* to the *Journal-American*, like Aeneas fleeing burning Troy, hastened George Sokolsky, and, setting up his face and his column on page 2, he became a kind of Scylla to Peg's Charybdis. Not long ago, Sokolsky took out after the concept ("Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has been its principal advocate") embodied in Article 10 of the United Nations Covenant on Human Rights—the one about the right of everyone to adequate food, clothing, and housing. "How can anyone decide what is adequate about food, for instance?" he demanded whimsically. "There is a young lady with plenty of money who eats Melba toast, grapefruit, and drinks black coffee to keep her figure. Is she to be forced to eat a specific number of calories a day to satisfy the United Nations?" This puts the whole problem of famine in a far more encouraging light. People don't starve; they diet themselves to death. "Who knows really what a high standard of life is?" he continued. "Can everything be measured by the consumption of butter or are there a few spiritual values such as peace of mind?" This posed an old question in a new form; instead of "Guns or butter?" the quandary now is "Peace of mind or butter?" I had got well into Louis Sobol's column on the next page ("Barbara eying old flame") before it occurred to me that I prefer peace of mind *and* butter. In 1933, Sobol's column used to be called "The Voice of Broadway," but now the Voice is Miss Kilgallen's and the Sobol area, on the opposite-editorial page, is called "New York Cavalcade." As you can see, some things have changed.

Neap tide on the *Journal-American* arrived in October, 1950, when Fulton Lewis, Jr., a radio commentator of conservative sponsorship, was installed on page 1, along with his face; it had got so when you saw a photograph in the

London Watchstraps



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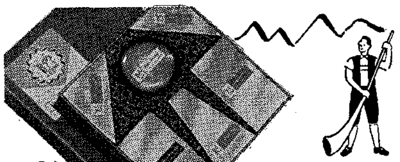

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paper, you could no longer safely assume it was that of a movie actor. Lewis was rapidly shuffled back in the pack, as the racing-chart makers say, but Peg and Sock stayed up front hating Harry Truman until he retired undefeated. Pegler's column does not appear with its old regularity in the *Journal-American* any more, and when it does appear, he is usually hating Eisenhower Republicans or people who haven't been around for a long time, like Harry Hopkins. To function, Pegler has to oppose, and William Randolph Hearst, Jr., the *Journal-American's* publisher, has not yet decided whether to go in for opposition. Sokolsky, demugged, has been moved to the editorial page, where he performs on the right-hand side of the main cartoon, in a column of double width. But the editorials, on the left of the cartoon, are in type twice as large and in a column of triple width, as if to emphasize his subordination. Lewis and a number of his colleagues on the same rung of the ladder are scrounged down into two columns under the cartoon, and since there isn't enough room for all of them, none makes it more than three times a week.

Lewis and his neighbors in the basement aren't very happy about the administration. "The shadow of what happened to Herbert Hoover back in 1930 hangs today like a threat over the hopes of General Eisenhower in 1954," one of them, named George Rothwell Brown, wrote hardly three months after the President was inaugurated. The tone of the editorials themselves has been slightly more indulgent, but the boys under the cartoon sometimes remind me of a pack of beagles without a rabbit.
—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of a series of articles. The third will appear in an early issue.)

•

THE GOOD LIFE

The life of the mind
Can be tough or refined
According to what
Kind of mind you have got,
But the life of the body
Is apt to be shoddy
As often as not.

The life of the soul
Is quite dull on the whole—
Those who hope to have one
Aren't jumping the gun;
But inside the libido
(Whatever the credo)
It's pretty good fun.

—KATHLEEN RICHARDSON

Only
Kayser
makes this dreamy duo in the
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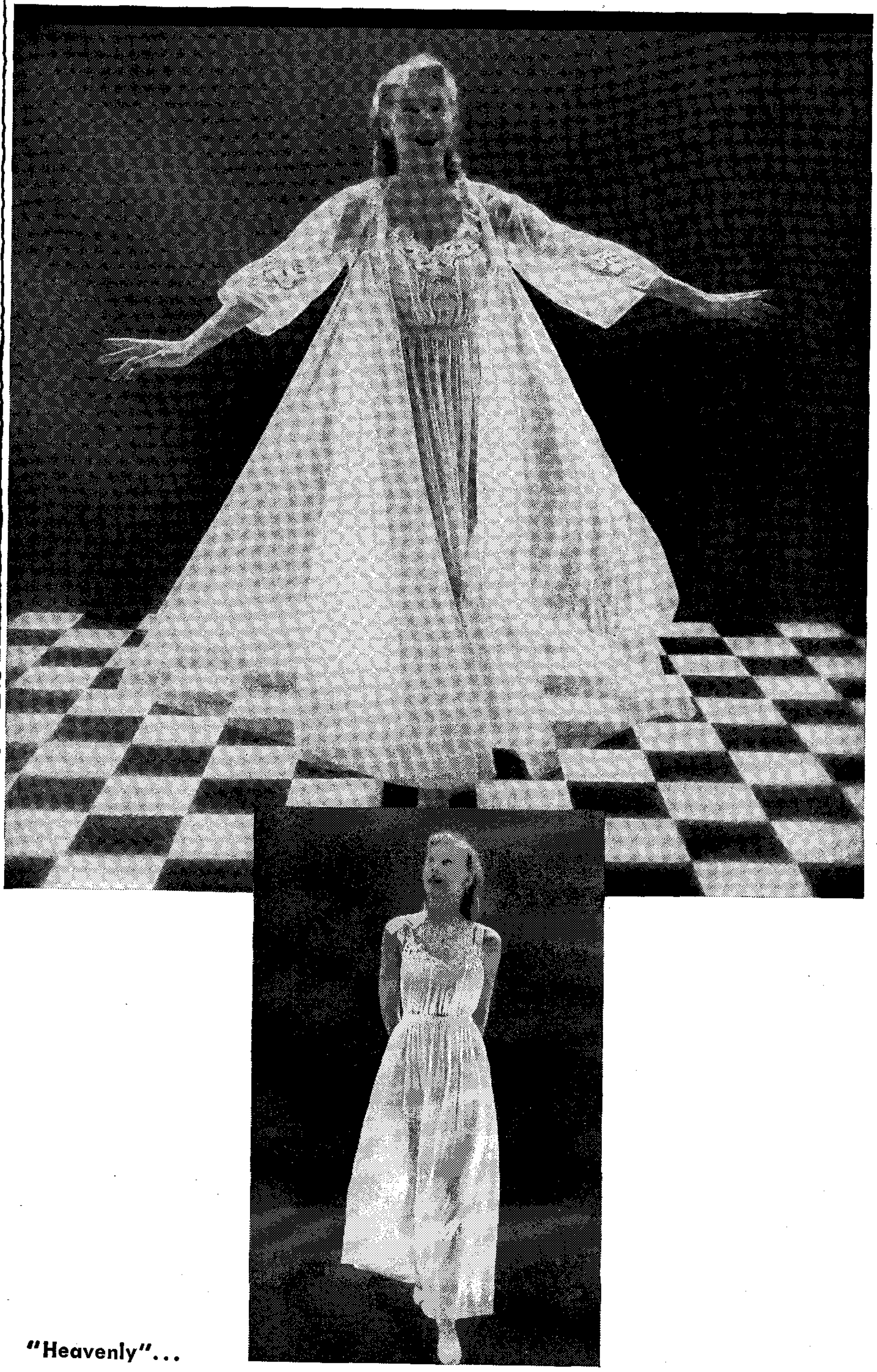

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White or Black. Sizes 32 to 38. The Peignoir, $49.95
The Gown, $39.95. Matching Chemise (not shown), $19.95
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KAYSER

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

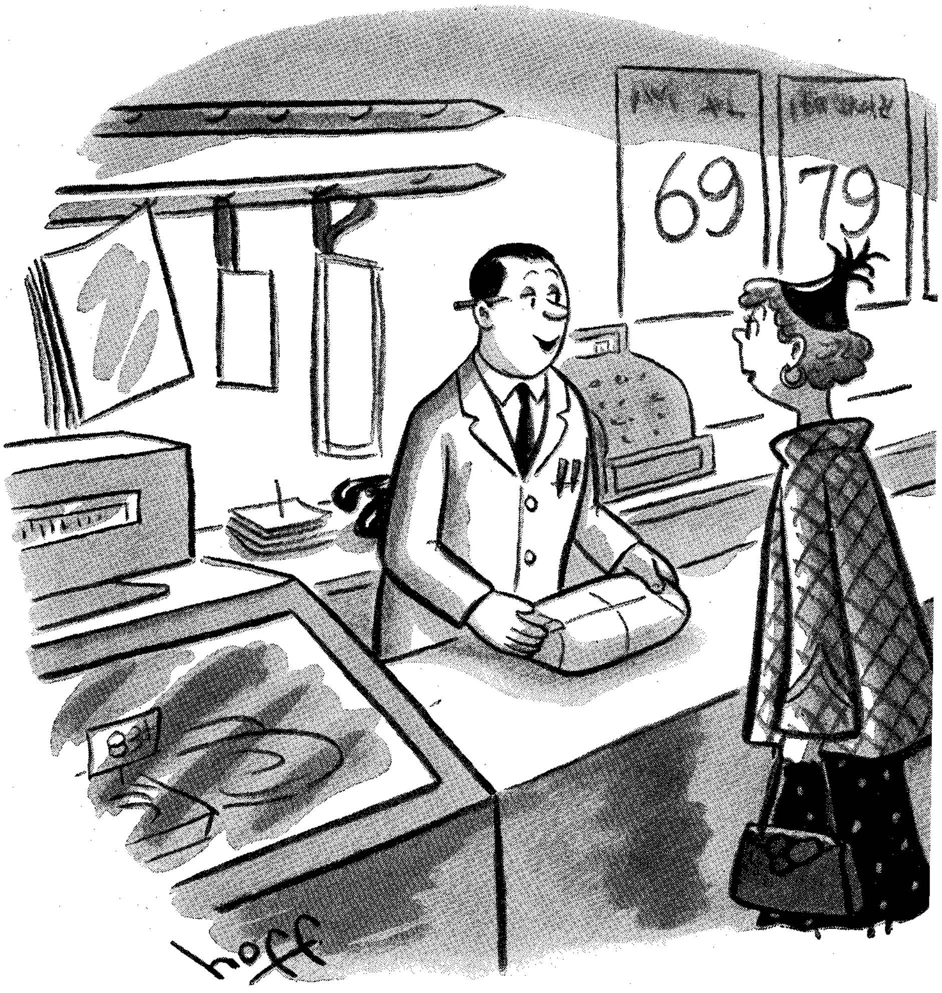
IN November, some people's fancies may turn to thoughts of the Yale-Princeton game, and others may entertain intimations of Thanksgiving. Our thoughts, however, vault over the intervening weeks to Christmas, for this is the time of year when we start our annual tramp through the stores on the track of properly presentable Christmas presents. As usual, our first undertaking is an investigation of custom gifts for men and women, the results of which may be found below. Now is the moment not only to start thinking but to start acting on these items—unless you can face with composure having your gift arrive on Twelfth-night. This week, we also take on the radiant task of sifting through all the good things the great jewelry houses have to offer, because they frequently require a month or so to produce exactly what you have in mind. In all cases where luxury taxes apply, we've included them in the prices. Next week, our topic will be gifts for the house. Now let's get cracking.

Custom Gifts for Women

THERE'S such a happy profusion of made-to-order wonders in the women's shops this year that the only sensible way to tackle the subject is to make straight for the one or two standout Christmas presents our scouts have located in each store, have a look at them, and then whisk on to the next place. Before setting out, we'd better say that most of the things we mention require ten days to two weeks to make up, so you can take that as the rule; if there are any exceptions, we'll note them. Well, here goes! At Enid Morris, 41 West 57th Street, where decorated cashmere sweaters manage to be arresting and attractive without cascades of phony appliquéd jewelry, there's a black cashmere cardigan lined with flaming-red chiffon and collared and cuffed with broadtail that is bound with black satin; $150. . . . Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), will stitch up elegant vests of wool jersey in any color a reasonable person could ask for, at $25 a vest. Shinier but equally well-cut vests in silk brocade, taffeta, challis, or foulard are $29.95. . . . Julia Marshall, 435 Park Avenue (56th), has a perfectly lovely white linen blouse for anyone on your list who is partial to a high neckline. This blouse, which has a charmingly fresh, crisp air about it, buttons up the back, has three-quarter-length pushup sleeves, and a narrow, pointed collar. French ribbon runs down the center front, held in place by three loops, and the narrow cuffs are similarly looped and ribboned; $32.50. At the same shop, little girls who wear sizes 2 to 6 can be fixed up with negligees in pink, pale-blue, or maize imported albatross, full in the skirt but fitted and buttoned to the waist, and corded with matching satin at the waist, at the collar (it's round), and at the cuffs; $24.75.

Distinguished peignoirs for grown-up girls are on hand at the shop of D. D. & Leslie Tillett, 72 East 56th Street, whose gay, original prints are now reproduced on all sorts of fabrics, from the airiest batiste to the toughest poplin. The negligees here are full and flowing, as is proper, and gathered at the neck with a narrow self tie. All the Tillett fabrics lend themselves to this sort of transfiguration, and there are several new prints, including Truffle—black truffles on a dark-cocoa ground. A full-length negligee in any fabric and in any print is $35. . . . Lingerie of quite a different sort is made by Charlotte, 20 West 57th Street, where you'll find, among other things, a smoothly cut sheath slip of silk or rayon taffeta extravagantly trimmed with matching Alençon-type lace. In dark colors, pastels, or white, the silk taffeta is $32.50 and the rayon $19.95.

If your idea is to devote your own handiwork to a Christmas present, you might stop in at Alice Taylor, 556 Madison Avenue (56th), where you can get the materials and the instructions for knitting a jacket, either fitted or straight, with pushup sleeves and any kind of collar you decide on. The



"Miss Green, how would you like never having to worry about the price of meat for the rest of your life?"

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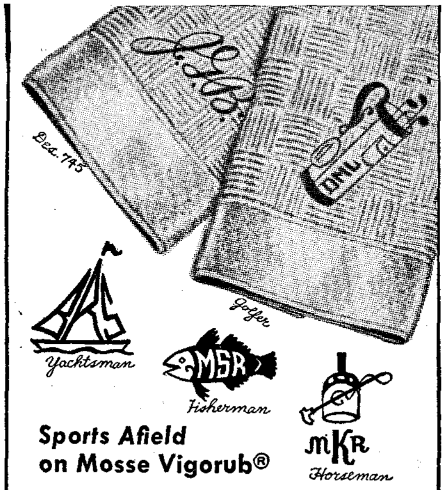

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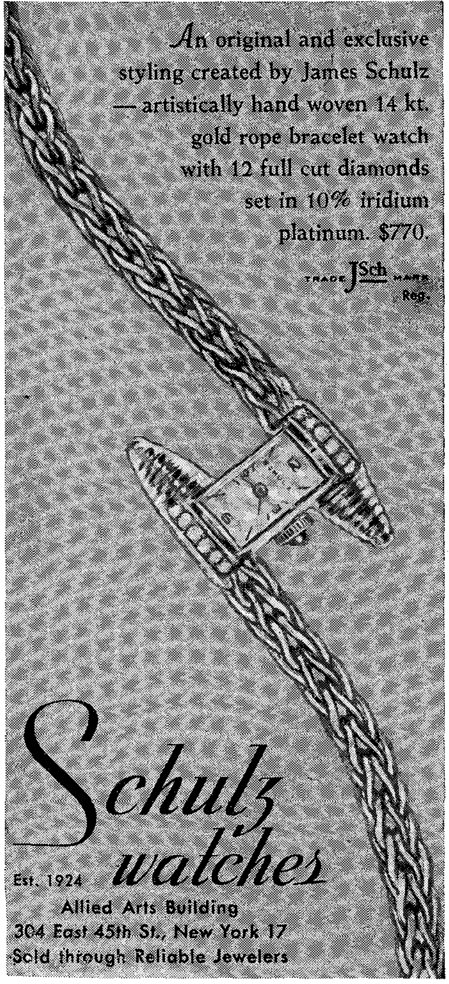

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Sold through Reliable Jewelers

wool for the job is curly and black, gray, brown, or white—it looks very much like Persian lamb—and the cost is about $25. If you aren't up to the knitting job, the shop will do it for you, which runs the price up to $50. You can buy fur cuffs and collars here to add to the jacket, if you want. A black fox set is $17.50.

Now for bags. A. L. Workman, 424 Madison Avenue (49th), will make almost any kind of bag to your order—there's a good selection of materials to choose from, even including Paisley shawls—or you can take somebody's old pet bag here to be remodelled or just reconditioned; for instance, an old-fashioned beaded bag can be turned into a neat, flat envelope for $25 and up. . . . Miss Penn, 207 East 49th Street, has very pretty slender pouch handbags in antelope, satin, faille, or velvet, with marcasite frames and clasps set in sterling silver; $97 to $225. . . . Those masters of leather, the Phelpses, at 27 East 37th Street, have a magnificent roomy pouch of ostrich, seal, marocain, llama, or calf on a brass frame, with several inner compartments and two detachable handles—one for over the wrist and one for over the shoulder. It's called a Butcher bag, it costs from $69 to $79, and it takes about three weeks to make. The Phelps Last Minute bag is also the last word in canvas carryalls—fifteen inches wide and fifteen inches deep; bright lemon yellow, salmon pink, green, red, turquoise, royal blue, or gray; bound in calf; and with a calf drawstring. The price is $11.50. . . . Thea, at 333 East 79th Street, has fur envelopes of every kind, including civet, Alaska seal, and leopard, at prices ranging from $15 to $100—and even more. . . . And Milton Hefling, 987 Lexington Avenue (71st), is the man for fur belts. The makings range from lapin ($8, two inches wide) to mink ($50, likewise).

One thing we've observed with pleasure this fall is the increasing number of artisans in town who work by hand with gold, silver, and the humbler metals. One of the newer smithies is that of Art Smith, 140 West 4th Street, who will construct anything you order and has already constructed a great many things, one of which caught our eye instantly. It's a silver necklace—or, rather, a half necklace, since it's shaped like a question mark. A strand of silver, wrapped with silver wire, curls around the neck, ending in a small blob of crystal, and the dot of the question mark is a large clear crystal, encased in silver mesh, which dangles from it; $78. Mr. Smith, we may add, has no invincible objection to working in gold. . . . A newcomer to New York, though by no means to his craft, is Mario Buccellati, 40 East 51st Street, who offers beautiful silver and gold things, many of them unique. He has a way of etching or engraving floral designs that gives silver a textured look and gold a two-toned effect. Gold pins, shaped like leaves, that have been through this treatment cost $81.60, and an etched flexible-link gold bracelet is $64.80 or more, depending on the width. . . . A silversmith and goldsmith named Julian Goodenow, 18 Christopher Street, is ready to execute any idea, within reason, that you submit, and if your imagination doesn't happen to be incandescent at the moment, his probably will be. By way of earrings, he offers a pair of silver wings that hug the lobe; each has dangling an inch-long oval engraved with one of three Chinese ideograms meaning, to the best of our knowledge and Goodenow's, Heaven, Delicious, and Sweetheart; $10. The same set in gold is $30. . . . Speaking of winglike earrings, we saw a pleasantly abstract silver pair at Henry Steig, 590 Lexington Avenue (52nd), that curve to fit the ear; $7.50. There's a good-sized pin to match, called Flight, which consists of three abstract winglike forms; $10. . . . Any interest in a glorified watchstrap? Thelma Claire Brill, 679 Lexington Avenue (56th), will set an old wristwatch in a wide cuff of gold-plated silver, either straight or wavy, sprinkled with semiprecious stones, for $40. If she has to furnish the watch, it will be a seventeen-jewel Swiss number, and the price will be $66 for the whole business.

Brooke Cadwallader, at 120 East 55th Street, has some gold, blue, or pink satin lounging slacks printed with black-and-white ermine tails, and white satin ones printed with bands of long black fringe; $140, with halter tops to match at $45. Also around the place are stoles made of the ermine print fringed with real ermine tails; $50.

Renee Montague, 667 Madison Avenue (61st), makes envelope muff bags in satin, suède, velvet, or brocade, starting at $35.40. A change purse with the dimensions of a sizable handbag costs $15 in leopard-printed crêpe or $19.80 in brocade. There are ascots to match at $6.75 and $10.50. Crêpe umbrellas with those same leopard spots are $34.50, and copies of Japanese parasols in black, royal, or brown silk damask are $38.50.

Will a fancy waistcoat serve your

purpose? Laddie Northridge, 16 West 57th Street, turns them out in brocaded French ribbon and in a glorious and disorderly array of colors, lined and backed with contrasting silk, and fastened with jewelled buttons; $75.

Jewelry for Women

IT will be a relief to everybody, we know, to learn that there is no compelling reason to throw away last year's diamonds. The fashion in jewelry has changed some, but not that much. While gold and diamonds can't quite be described as inseparable companions, they're seen together as often as ever; rings remain high, domed, and rough on gloves; charms keep getting bigger and clankier. Bowknots and casual floral shapes, like as not asymmetrical, still predominate in clips and in brooches, which, like as not, separate into two clips. There is a tendency to let majestic stones stand up for themselves, with a minimum of mounting, but, come to think of it, that was around last year, too, and the year before that. Flexible gold ropes and tassels abound, and gypsy hoop earrings, far from showing any sign of fatigue, may even have aided the comeback of the demure circular brooch. Prices haven't changed a great deal—up, if anything. In any case, where we don't mention a price, you can assume that it's rarefied.

The newest settings for Tiffany's diamonds are unusually lacy; little round rubies or sapphires—mounted, as far as the naked eye can see, on nothing at all—cut wavy paths through clusters of diamonds or provide a beaded edge around big stones. A double clip shaped like an out-of-focus heart is a nice example of the latter notion; it's a cluster of baguette and round diamonds surrounded by a rim of rubies, and it costs $5,200. An all-diamond bracelet, which the shop recommends for young girls—presumably ones with rich uncles or capacious trust funds—is a series of open links, in a sort of irregular leaf form, made of round diamonds and joined by baguettes; $5,600. To go back to clips, each of two shield-shaped clips that join to form a long brooch has a triangular diamond at the meeting edge, and the result looks like a diamond-shaped diamond cut in half and neatly put back together; $8,650.

At Cartier, gold and diamonds are still doing their best by each other, particularly in necklaces and earrings. Example: A necklace that is a very fine lattice of gold, an inch wide, with Xs of diamonds scattered over it; $5,800. Second example: A five-strand gold-

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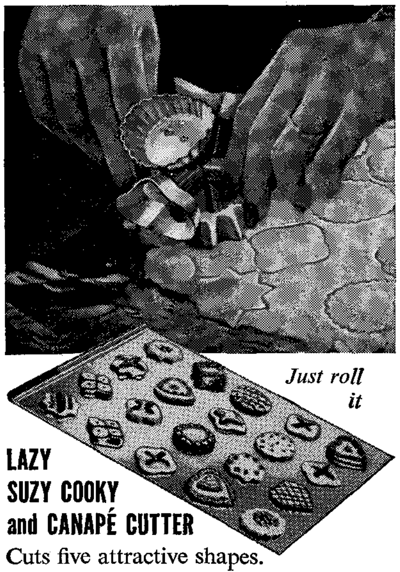
Clever Gift



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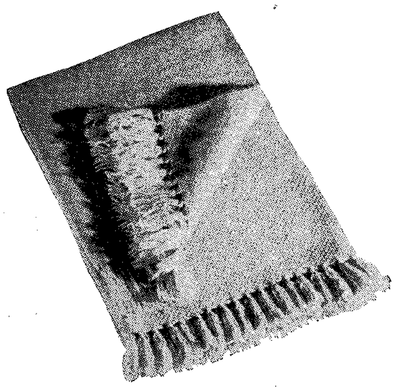
rope necklace with a swirl fastening of *pavé* diamonds at the throat and tassels hanging below. Among the watches—and these are numerous and notable—there's a honey of a concealed job. The band is a double gold-rope chain in what Cartier calls the "palm-weave" pattern, and three interlocking ovals studded with round diamonds and baguettes lift to disclose the time. The price tag is plainly visible: $4,840.

Amid the stately opulence that is Van Cleef & Arpels there lurk some endearing young charms, like a golden bird in a golden cage with golden philodendron climbing over it; $600. (Charms are growing by the minute, and this one is a good inch and three-quarters high.) There is also a gold boudoir clock, a shade over two inches high, whose works are a simple oblong watch, edged with round diamonds. The idea is that the watch can be removed and pinned to a suit; $2,400. Proceeding to rings, we call your attention to one composed of seven bands of alternating baguettes and round diamonds; $6,900. Ear clips to match are $4,950.

One of Raymond C. Yard's specialties, at 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), is the sky-blue moonstone, which, obeying a familiar law of economics, is becoming more valuable as it becomes scarcer. Such moonstones appear in his establishment in quantities of oval shapes; for instance, three big fellows at the throat of a necklace of smaller ones ($2,160), and a huge one, almost eleven carats, in a handsome ring ($720). Some of Yard's watches are beguiling. One has a heavy gold-rope band and a diamond-studded gold face ($1,308); another has a small, round, exposed face surrounded either by diamonds, pure and simple, or by gold with a couple of triangular diamonds or sapphires embedded in it ($700 to $750). This is a good time to mention Yard's canary diamonds. A two-inch clip splits into two clips, each a spray of white diamonds with canary diamonds at the tips of the branches; by a miracle, or plain diligence, the management was able to match these canary diamonds exactly to the canaries that trim a white-diamond wristwatch, a bracelet, and earrings.

Verdura is making much of a new notion at the moment—sprays of gold wire that radiate outward from a central object, like the rays of a crazy sun. This occurs very agreeably around the oblong face of a gold bracelet watch that itself is so forthright you can even tell time by it. Tiny round diamonds frame the dial, and the gold wire shoots



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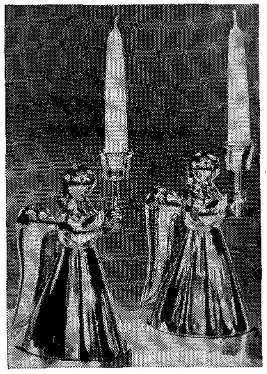

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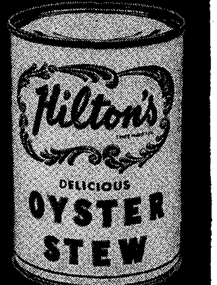

Made with luscious tender oysters, creamery butter and fresh milk.

so good for you!

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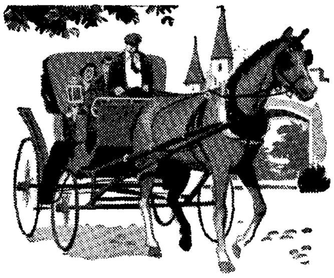
out from the long sides; $2,400. In a tailored gold lapel pin, more conventional sunrays, the Roi Soleil sort, emerge from a miniature of an antique French wall clock; $300. Then, there are some enchanting clips, such as a pair of chunky rough-gold horse chestnuts—the very best horse chestnuts—that are casually split at the side to show centers of *pavé* diamonds; $2,000. Other clips are little figurines, such as a diamond-paved cat with brown-diamond eyes and an emerald collar who is worrying a cultured-pearl ball ($6,500), and a stag with diamond antlers, a baroque-pearl body, and a gold face and gold feet ($3,500). Both are around two inches high.

Here and there at Schlumberger, 21 East 63rd Street, stocky little gold spikes protrude like arrogant weeds from beds of *pavé* precious stones. In one high-domed ring with a diamond-paved top, heart-shaped diamond petals curl out and down to connect with the band, which is made of five strands of gold wire; $2,500. Then there are lapel pins in the form of flowers—like almost everything else here. A fat ball of lapis, jade, turquoise, or coral is fringed with gold and surmounted by a tiny gold rosette, and has two lazy gold leaves on a stem below. This is about two inches high and costs $275. As for earrings, there's a set shaped like six-pointed stars, with a cultured-pearl center and round-diamond points ($1,100), and as for coyness, there's a table lighter in the form of a carved gold poodle with ruby eyes. He's two inches high and costs $450.

Although Harry Winston's preference in diamonds still runs to ducal ones, he has weakened to the point of showing a ring on which two smallish—oh, say a carat and a quarter—pear-shaped diamonds are surrounded with baguettes and round diamonds; $2,640. In the matter of settings, he is, not surprisingly, sticking to the almost invisible device he favored last year—microscopic prongs of platinum wire to hold the stone in place. This sort of fastening appears—or, rather, doesn't appear—behind a great many hefty stones—and the tab is usually quite as hefty. Although there are some items here whose designs came right out of Euclid, Winston still likes the most fanciful sort of asymmetry.

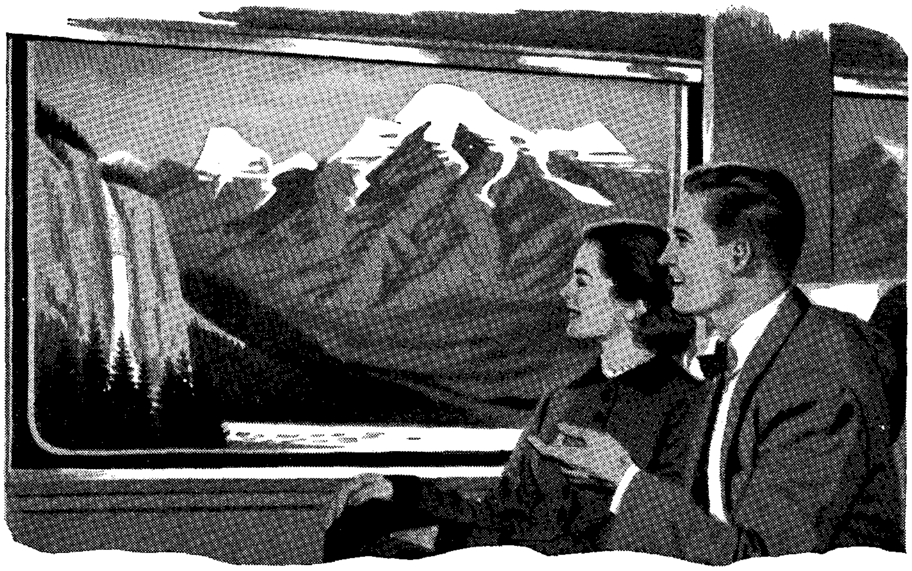
Wedderien, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), has a group of twenty-five graduated, perfectly matched, smooth pink fresh-water pearls that took forty years to assemble and cost a maharajah's ransom, but we figure that if you're interested in these, you already know all



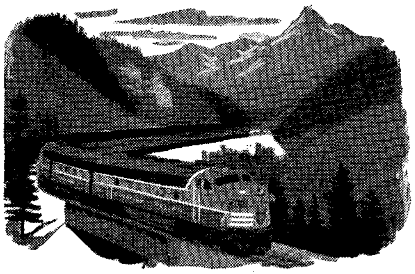
Roll across Canada by smooth Canadian Pacific train...picture views all the way. *Breathe in* the charm of Québec in a horsedrawn calèche... *relax at* Château Frontenac in fine hospitality. Nearby, *take in* the Laurentian resorts this fall. *Shop in* metropolitan Montreal. *Stop in* Ottawa, stately capital...take color "snaps" of colorful "Mounties."

Glide by Canadian Pacific train—through glorious **CANADA**

land of *vacations unlimited.*



Scenic! The 3,000 miles of Canadian Pacific rail, from green Atlantic to blue Pacific. Next-to-nature views of flame-colored countryside, green forests, shining snow peaks. Fine service every mile...it's *Canadian Pacific!*



Spin westward by Canadian Pacific through autumn pageantry of lake-and-woods...fertile prairies...oil-rich, booming cities...to nature's scenic spectacle, the Canadian Rockies, where the Banff and Lake Louise areas offer thrilling sport.

Never-to-be-forgotten train scenes as you coast to Canada's Evergreen Playground. Victoria, British Columbia is renowned for roses from April to January...and year-round golf. Stay at the famous *Empress,* hospitable hotel in a 10-acre garden...swim in the largest sea pool under glass!

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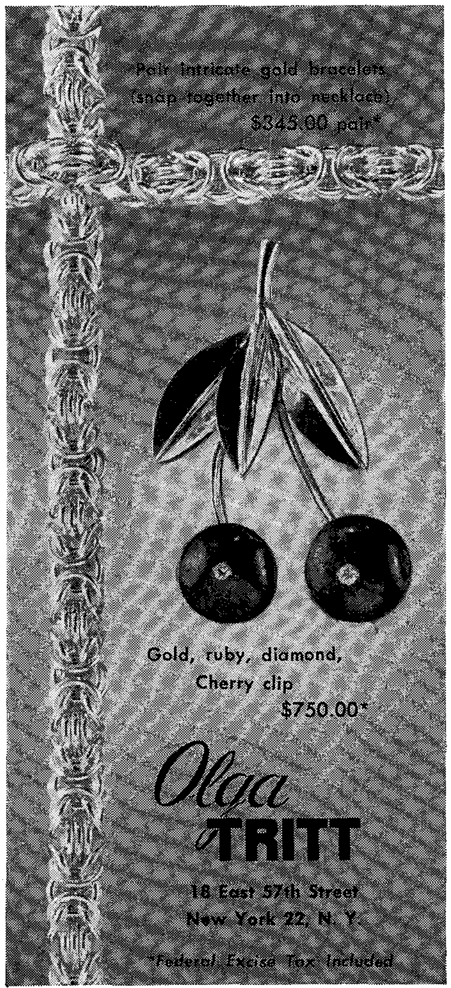

Pair intricate gold bracelets (snap together into necklace) $345.00 pair*

Gold, ruby, diamond, Cherry clip $750.00*

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18 East 57th Street
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Prince Matchabelli

about them, so we'll confine ourselves to his more modest wares. And he has many—miniature stones in unusual color combinations, as in a bracelet that combines bars of lapis lazuli with fresh-water pearls and opals ($850), and a ring in which diamonds encircle a cat's-eye and two tiny star rubies ($725). For ladies who have no objection to insect life, there is a swarm of hand-enamelled gold bugs: locusts or bluebottle flies (earrings, $310; brooch, $185) and fat bumblebees ($310 both ways). Wedding-ring guards of jade baguettes are $300 to $650, according to width.

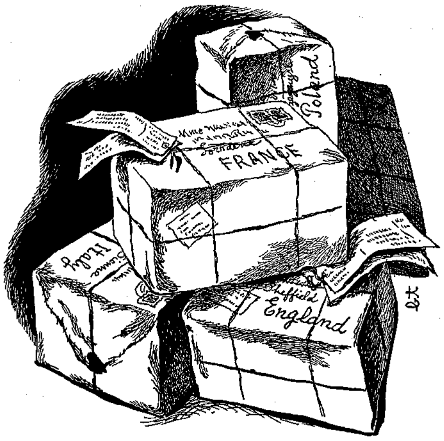
On the assumption that you still thirst for news of domed rings, we now take you to Olga Tritt, 18 East 57th, who has a couple of beauties. The dome of one consists of seven strands of gold wire haphazardly spotted with seven round diamonds; $300, and quite a show. The dome of the other is a huge fresh-water pearl mounted high on a bed of gold wire; $425. A pin in the form of a sea horse, about an inch and a half high, with an aquamarine body and a diamond-paved head and tail costs $1,250. A golden disc charm with a cutout question mark costs $18, $36, or $46.50, depending on how big it is. Having so far neglected devotees of aspirin, saccharin, and so on, we call your attention to a miniature gold picnic basket with a rope handle and compartments for two kinds of pills; $100.

Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (54th), have always made a specialty of English crystals, and now that they are in heavy demand again, the shop is certainly not going to let up. Indeed, there are any number on hand, in the form of cuff links, lockets, brooches, and bracelets. Several species of bird and a dachshund or two are immortalized beneath the crystal in round gold frames. And this is the place for those who fancy tiny snapshots in their jewelry. In a bracelet of gold shells, one shell (marked with rubies and diamonds) conceals a watch, and two others, unmarked, conceal snapshots; $850. To move along, there's a maritime pin—a boat, with a diamond hull and a green onyx sail, that's an inch and a half high—for $540. A maritime charm—a green-gold disc showing an ocean liner against the New York skyline—is $90. Other gold oddments include big bangles, hinged but rigid, for the upper arm ($160) and a lot of circle pins, among them one of tiny green-gold shells with ruby and diamond accents, at $300.

Black, Starr & Gorham have a lot of nice, big imported gold objects. For example, high-domed rings of gold wire incorporating semiprecious gems like chrysoprase, garnets, or amethysts, which may cost as little as $65; heavy bracelets, composed of three huge links ($420), and rope-and-tassel combinations, as in a bracelet made of five thick ropes with five dangling fringed ends of different lengths ($650). A baguette-diamond watch is a quarter of an inch wide and supposedly contains the smallest movement in the world; it costs $6,150.

Custom Gifts for Men

SINCE these words are addressed to forehanded Christmas shoppers, who are ready to accept the fact that custom-made presents, even for men, require time as well as money, we'll begin with a suggestion for the *really* forehanded: Given a bolt-action service rifle, American or foreign (and the closets of former warriors are full of such weapons) right now, the armorers at Abercrombie & Fitch will begin converting it into a magnificent sporting rifle for delivery on or before December 24th of next year. It is a complete custom job, done mostly by hand, and it involves building a new stock, doing a lathe operation on the barrel, refitting and polishing the action, installing a three-leaf rear sight and a ramp foresight, and rebluing all the metal. Only the essence of the piece, and the calibre, remain the same. The basic cost is about $425, but other refinements, such as a gold or silver nameplate, and carving on the stock and on the action, can easily run the price up to more than a thousand dollars, which is another reason for giving you twelve months' notice. The same shop requires about three weeks and $40 to turn out a miniature racing sulky, fourteen inches long and with a horse and driver to scale, painted in any racing colors desired. If what you had in mind was a small



wooden statue of somebody's horse, which seems a commendable notion, Abercrombie is the place to order it, and it won't be necessary to take the horse in; a photograph will suffice. The carvings are about eight inches high, but vary in price according to the animal. A yearling, for example, is $125; a Percheron or Clydesdale is $150. A wooden miniature of practically any famous race horse you can think of, skillfully carved and painted, is available on four weeks' notice for around $150. And any woman who is depressed by the look of her husband's fishing-rod case can have it replaced at A. & F. with a form-fitting new one, for $60. The case is handmade, of oil-tanned leather, and lined with green billiard cloth. Delivery in three weeks.

There is no getting away from custom-made shirts at Christmastime, nor, in our opinion, is there any pressing reason for doing so. Sulka is facing up to the demand for colored shirts with sprightly blues, tans, greens, grays, oxblood, and mellifluous pink, not to mention dark blue and black. These colors show up in an even wider variety of fabrics— chambray, gingham, batiste, poplin, broadcloth, oxford, voile, piqué, and Nile cloth, which are woven of cotton, silk, wool, or linen, or mixtures thereof, and come to Sulka from Hong Kong, Japan, Denmark, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy, France, or right here at home. Prices start at $25. Naturally, Sulka (or any other shirterer) will want to know neck size, chest measurement, sleeve length, collar and cuff preference, and the like, so you'd better go prepared. . . . While we're on the subject of shirts, Battaglia, 45 East 50th Street, makes them of a silk that has been going over well in Milan, his home base—white with blue, black, or pink hairline stripes; $30, with an extra collar and pair of cuffs. . . . Keep, 5 East 44th Street, has a plaid, checked, or solid-color English cotton twill that has the feel of flannel but is somewhat better adapted to central heating; $14.50 for a shirt, $27.50 for a pair of pajamas. . . . Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street, is strong for a fine white French linen with a small Jacquard design, which he'll make into a shirt of any style for $30, with as many extra collars as you like at $3 apiece. . . . Charvet uses a thin but sturdy English linen batiste—blue, gray, or oxblood with broad, satiny white stripes—for shirts ($28.50) and pajamas ($39.50).

There is always the dressing gown,

The nip you need for cocktail snacks

. . . from this famous club cheddar that spreads

CHEESE FANCIER'S SPECIAL RECIPE

Here's the truly *sublime sharpness* of long-aged, natural cheddar—blended into a club cheese so it spreads. Just set out the half-pound tin of MacLaren's Imperial with crackers, and guests are blissfully happy.

For a big party: Blend ½ lb. MacLaren's Imperial, ½ c. butter, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, 1 tbsp. chopped chives. Spread on 6 slices cut lengthwise from a loaf of bread (crusts trimmed). Roll lengthwise; wrap in wax paper and chill. Cut into 1″ slices; toast on both sides.

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Exceptionally handsome bag and belts by Fueller . . . completely handmade and hand-sewn. Buckles and fittings of harness brass. Initials hand-cut in one piece. *Antique* decorative brass medallions. Hand-rubbed saddle leather that grows even richer and mellower with use. Brown, navy, black, green, cherry and pine. Give size for belts. Allow 2 weeks delivery. Bag, 6" x 8½" x 2", interchangeable hand and shoulder strap, $42.50 fed. tax incl.; belt with initials, $9.95; belt with medallion, $9.95.

Field & Fireside
26 Thirteenth Street, Columbus, Ga.

and Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), contrives an admirable lightweight one of a thin cotton called zephyr, which is woven in Scotland and enhanced with regimental-looking stripes that George prefers to call ombré stripes. It has little bulk, it is washable, and the lapels are peaked; $85 and ten days. The shop is also responsible for elegantly hand-crocheted neckties, narrow and in color combinations intended to set off a tweed sports jacket; $17 and $22.50, depending on the intricacy of design. A cavalry field coat of scarlet twill that will flatter any fox-hunter it is presented to will set you back $225. A scarlet dress coat of English barathea is $235. If it's a beagler you're thinking of, a green gabardine jacket is $140 and a green barathea dress coat faced with the fellow's hunt colors is $235.

Not that dressing gowns can't be quite as posh. Newell, 290 Park Avenue (49th), makes them of a stunning double-faced cashmere; one side is a blue-black, about the color of a blackberry, and the other is a lighter blue. With a shawl collar and three pockets, they cost $200. Thin bathrobes of wool hopsacking are $80; you can have plain red or blue, or either color with a narrow white windowpane plaid. . . . Alexander Shields, 15 East 60th Street, is turning out a Western version of the Japanese man's kimono—a strong candidate for the world's most comfortable dressing gown—in ten shades of pongee, including blue, gray, scarlet, and plain white. These kimonos are, needless to say, eminently light and washable, and they fold flatter than you would think any dressing gown could; $35, or two dollars more with a monogram on the lower pocket.

It recently came to us—just like a bolt from the blue it was, too—that few people give heed, even at Christmas, to the falconer. (We try to think of everybody.) Well, we've investigated the matter and found that both Lawrence N. Wight, of Bolster's Mills, Maine, and his son, Norman B. Wight, of Dublin, New Hampshire, stand ready to fit out a peregrine falcon, for $15. This includes furnishing a hood, a leash, and a jess, all made of cowhide, and a bell to fix to the bird's leg. No measurements are needed, since falcons aren't fussy about the way their hoods, leashes, jesses, and bells fit. If you feel that your falconer should have a fancy gauntlet, either of the Wights will make one, modelled after authentic medieval falconers' gauntlets, but that costs $4 and the Wights, who seem to be more

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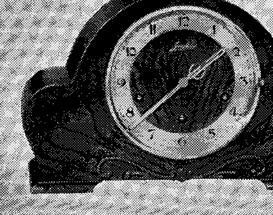
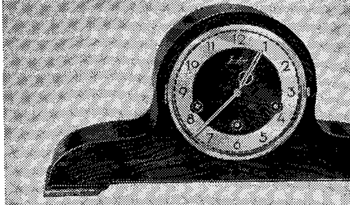


QUARTER HOUR WESTMINSTER CHIME MANTEL CLOCKS IN ANTIQUE MAHOGANY OR WALNUT FINISHES



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interested in falconry than in making money, say that a welder's glove does just as well and costs only a dollar at a hardware store.

Any archers on your list? The Robin Hood Archery Company, 215 Glen Ridge Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey, constructs custom bows, arrows, quivers, and bow cases. They make bows not only of the standard woods but of combinations of laminated woods, Fiberglas, and aluminum, and all the information you are required to supply is what material the archer in question prefers, a rough estimate of his strength, in which there's no room for flattery, and the measurement of his outstretched arms, fingertip to fingertip. A lemonwood hunting bow with a Fiberglas backing costs $24, and laminated bows run up to $75. A leather-bound canvas bow case is $3.75, and a fine cowhide quiver, with three compartments for arrows, a large zipper pocket for extra bowstrings or arrowheads, and sheaths for a file, a knife, and a pencil, is $14.95. The fletchers at this house recommend hunting arrows made from Port Orford cedar, which comes from Oregon; an arrow with perfectly matched turkey feathers and a case-hardened broadhead tip costs $2, but there are other arrows for as little as a dollar apiece.

The Wilke Pipe Shop, 400 Madison Avenue (48th), keeps prescriptions for pipe tobacco on file, and if the man you're shopping for is registered here—a hundred thousand men are, the Wilke people tell us—all you have to do is decide how much he needs to keep him happy. Various cuts of Virginia, Kentucky burley, Latakia, perique, Yenidje, and other exotic tobaccos are on hand, at from $3.40 to $7 a pound. . . . Dunhill's operatives in Cuba will take a good cigar, the Romeo y Julieta rolled from 1950 tobacco, in any of three sizes and put it in its own wrapping of native cedar, which is said to be salutary. Twenty-five of the longest ones—six and a half inches—are $18.25. A name or a monogram is stamped on the

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AN EDITORIAL
from
The New York Times

September 28, 1953

MEAT AND THE MIDDLEMAN

Few things concern so many Americans every day—and hence are so politically explosive—as the price of meat. Not so long ago the emphasis of this concern lay with the housewife, appalled by the skyrocketing cost of bacon, lamb chops and steaks. Today the emphasis is more at the other extreme, with cattle growers aroused by the more than one-third decline during the past year in the price of choice beef at the farm. It is obviously in response to the pressure from the livestock raisers that Secretary of Agriculture Benson has ordered an investigation to determine whether middlemen's profits are excessive. This newspaper's farm specialist, William M. Blair, reported yesterday that Republican Congressional leaders are hoping that the new investigation will soothe farmers and consumers, though skeptical that any really important results will emerge.

The middlemen—the meat packers in this case—are, of course, the traditionally appointed scapegoats in every period of farm unrest or consumer dissatisfaction. Politicians seeking to divert the wrath of large voting blocs find it convenient to spread the stereotype of the middleman as an unconscionable ogre reaping vast profits at the expense of producers and consumers alike. Farmers, highly conscious of the hard work and great risks they have to take struggling with nature, are sometimes particularly susceptible to the notion that the "heartless corporations" who buy their crops or livestock are oppressing them by artificially lowering prices.

This devil theory of economics completely ignores the reality that between the time a Texas steer is sent to market and the time some of that animal reaches the consumer a great deal of effort has been expended and much risk has been taken. Few industries work with a more perishable product than the meat packers; few have to provide the community with a more varied group of end products from the initial raw material; few have to contend with more complex patterns of changing consumer taste and seasonal fluctuations of supply. And the reward at the end, as measured by the ratio of profits to sales, is often less than one cent out of every dollar taken in.

If an investigation of the meat packers is fairly conducted, it may well have a useful educational effect. The danger is that political pressures will aim at converting such an investigation into a hunt for scapegoats. Fortunately, Secretary Benson's personal record is such as to inspire confidence that he is interested more in facts than in politically useful fictions.

We reprint this editorial because we feel it is in the public interest for the people to have a clear understanding of factors that influence the price of meat. We feel that The New York Times has reported on many of these factors, in the editorial above, in a manner that merits the consideration of every thinking person.

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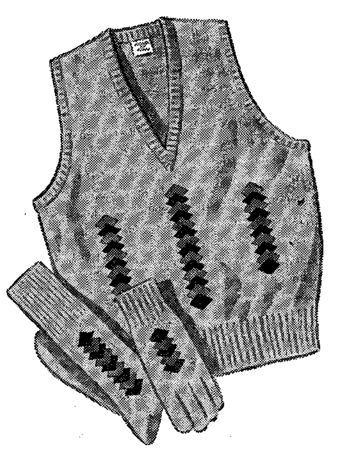
cedar case, and the whole thing takes a month.

The next item on the agenda is side arms—to be specific, the Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum, the most powerful pistol in the world, which is offered in a multitude of trappings by the Rex Firearms Company, 743 Fifth Avenue (57th). To begin with, there's the businesslike blue-steel version, at $110. If that seems *too* businesslike, the stock may be made of ivory, horn, pearl, or any of several fine woods, including ebony and rosewood, and the metal parts may be plated with silver or gold and engraved, carved, or inlaid with any feasible design, scene, or portrait; so embellished, the Magnum runs into money—$300 to $3,500. For a round $5,000, you can get a brace with twenty-four-carat gold plating, engraved to your taste. In all models you have your choice of barrel lengths, from stubby to long; the Magnum's cartridges, incidentally, fit no other gun. . . . Feeling that a quick draw might still come in handy now and then, Birns-Martin, of Calhoun City, Mississippi, produce a carved-leather hip or shoulder holster that is open at the side, with a steel clamp to hold the gun in place; $35 to about $100, depending on the carving, which runs to such Confederate motifs as camellias and magnolias.

Prescription-ground sunglasses are a practical notion, and Meyrowitz, at 520 Fifth Avenue (43rd), will make them of a bluish-green glass, called Aninfra, that eliminates glare and infrared sunrays without changing the color of things. With wide lenses and regular or curved temple pieces, they cost $25 and up, according to the prescription. Bifocal lenses add $10 to the price.

Brooks report a demand, which, needless to say, they are prepared to satisfy, for sports coats of black cashmere in a diagonal twill weave often found in Shetland tweeds; $195. If this seems too sombre, they'll run up a cashmere sports coat, at the same price, in practically any reasonable combination of color and pattern—checks, diagonals, bird's-eye, diamond, or herringbone.

An excellent job of binding books, musical scores, or librettos is done by the PEM Bookbindery, 65 West 56th Street, where a talented Viennese fabricates leather bindings as plain or as elaborate as you please, with gold or blind tooling or a combination of the two. The end papers here are stunning—figured sheets from Italy, Japan, Germany, and France, and superb marbleized papers produced by the British. If



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you're so minded, the management will consent to a stunt or two—such as inserting flowers or small shells in the binding of a botanical or a conchological treatise. Bindings of this sort start at $20 and go up—way up. Books are rebound in first-rate cloth for $3 a volume and up, and individual copies of magazines are bound in buckram of almost any color you can name with gold tooling, for $5 or more.

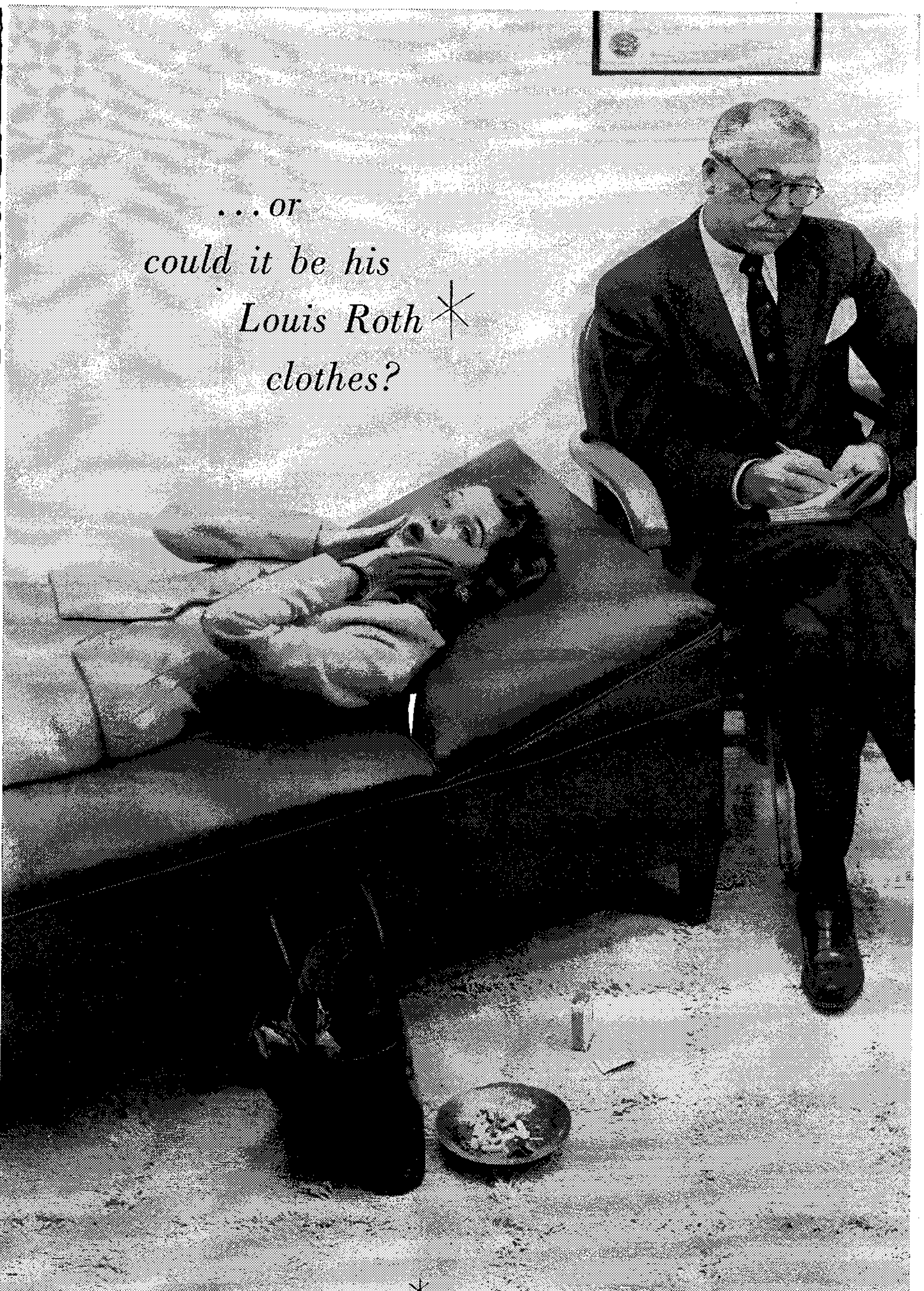
If one of your problems is an already well-equipped outdoor man, Knize may conceivably have the answer in a pair of hunting trousers—short, tight knickerbockers like the ones Englishmen wear in the pursuit of small game—made of such materials as whipcord, Italian fustagno, and thornproof tweed; $135.

With a motorist particularly but not exclusively in mind, the Phelps people, 27 East 37th Street, offer a capacious handmade leather carryall, eighteen inches tall and long and eleven inches wide, that straps shut and has two zipper pockets outside; $150. Among the other things Phelps will produce is a drawstring leather carryall, for $60; a gun case that is intended to be indestructible and looks as if it might be, for $80; and a square, flat cowhide bag, with removable partitions, that will hold three one-quart thermos flasks, for $45.

Burgess Ship Models, 223 East 32nd Street, will rig up a precise model of any of the stern-wheel showboats, such as the Brandywine and the Andrew Jackson, that navigated the Mississippi when Mark Twain was a boy; $250 for a two-foot job. For that matter, Burgess will construct a model of practically any vessel that has ever navigated at all, from a trireme to the Andrea Doria, with the provision that if it's an esoteric craft, you must provide the specifications. Three-foot models of the Monitor and the Merrimac cost $250 the pair; a three-footer of the Cutty Sark, last of the English clippers, is $325; and a two-foot Hudson River side-wheeler is $150.

André, 49 East 47th Street, a *pied-à-terre* for the skier, will stitch up a parka in any way desired, with as many pockets as is spatially possible. There are a number of bright new patterns in Cheney nylon taffeta to choose from, among them a little blue lattice on white; $25 or, with a Milium lining, $35.

If you have to contend with a present for a numismatist or a curio collector, Max Granick, 52 West 56th Street, may be the man for you. He specializes in glass showcases for the display of precious little objects that should be seen



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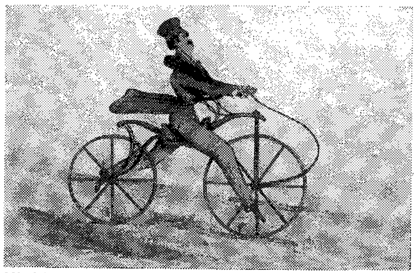

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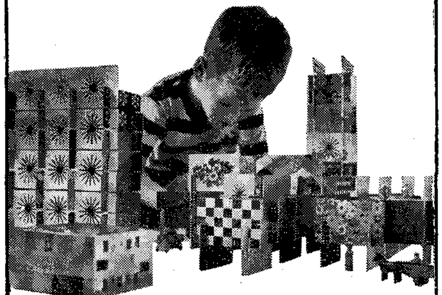

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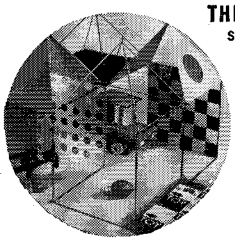

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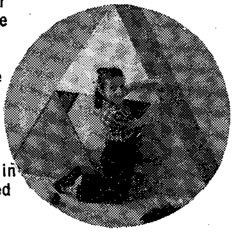

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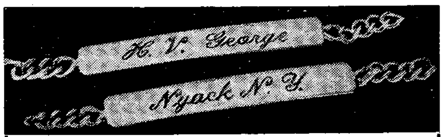

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and not handled. To give you an idea of prices, one of these, about a foot square and four inches deep, costs $40.

As for stationery, Dempsey & Carroll, 556 Madison Avenue (56th), have a tough all-rag white paper with a rich kid finish. A hundred sheets of this, with name and address, and a hundred similarly engraved envelopes come to $13.70, if you supply the die. (A die for ten simple block letters costs $3.25; additional letters are sixteen cents each.) Second sheets, without the letterhead, are $3.15 a hundred.

The Mosler Safe Company, 320 Fifth Avenue (32nd), built the vaults at Fort Knox, but since such jobs are few and far between, it is ready to take on less ambitious projects—for instance, constructing a desk, a table, or a small bar with a concealed safe inside that would daunt a master cracksman. These start at $400 and go up—high.

Jewelry for Men

NO matter what you may have in mind when you start out looking for men's jewelry, sooner or later you'll be drawn to the watch counter, so that's where we'll begin. Cartier seems to deserve the prize for the world's thinnest watch this time around—a batch of new contenders shows up every Christmas, you know—with a mere sliver of gold and crystal and incredibly compact machinery contrived by Audemars Piguet. It's a rectangular wristwatch in a twenty-four-carat polished-gold case, and it is only an inch and an eighth long, an inch and a sixteenth wide, and four millimetres thick. It comes to $1,020. At Tiffany, we especially admired a Patek Philippe pocket watch that not only tells time but has subsidiary dials, one a perpetual calendar and another indicating the phases of the moon. It has a repeater mechanism, too, and if you're in the dark and want to know what time it is, you push a little button and the watch strikes the hour, the quarter, and the minutes past the quarter hour in a tiny but delightfully clear tinkle. If you're in the dark and want to know what phase the moon is in, look out the window or light a match. All this is encased in eighteen-carat gold and costs $2,650. A self-winding Movado pocket watch in one of those pull-apart cases doubles as a clock on a night table or desk by means of an ingenious easel built into the back. The case is of corrugated silver, the price is $190, and the store is Black, Starr & Gorham. Van Cleef & Arpels have a self-winding Movado pull-apart watch, an inch and five-eighths long,

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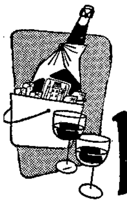

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that is housed in the same sort of gold basketwork these people use on cigarette cases and lighters; $495. At Time Mart, 425 Madison Avenue (49th), there's a round, self-winding Vulcain wristwatch with a sweep second hand and an alarm that emits a crickety chirp when it goes off; $99 in steel and $210 in gold. Also at Time Mart is a round wristwatch made by Universal with the medical profession in mind; after a doctor has counted fifteen pulsations, he can push a button and the rate for a minute will be computed. It comes in a stainless-steel case and costs $90.

There is, of course, the possibility that the man you're shopping for already has a watch, and this brings us to cuff links, another field in which the jewellers have been showing a good deal of ingenuity lately. For instance, Verdura has cuff links consisting merely of sticks of dark-green tourmaline that look as if they had come straight from the tourmaline mine: they're tied together with gold wire and cost $400 a pair. . . . At Wedderien, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), a dark, austere set of evening cuff links made of cabochon-cut hematite set in eighteen-carat gold costs $250, with matching studs thrown in. . . . Lambert Brothers employ black star sapphires in cuff links; the stars gleam from a sort of shadow box made of gold, and they're $190 a pair. . . . Many of the cuff links at Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (54th), are round or cushion-shaped English crystals backed with a monogram in any color and style you want; these cost $81 a pair and it takes a week to make them up. . . . We'll move up the price scale considerably now, to $1,050 and a pair of triangular platinum-and-sapphire cuff fasteners at Cartier. The triangle is hinged at the base, opens up to receive the cuff ends, and clamps shut on them. Van Cleef & Arpels have diamond cuff links—nothing flashy, you understand, just simple squares, each of which is covered with thirty-six square-cut diamonds; $2,250.

Jewellers all over town are still fiddling with the trustworthy old Zippo cigarette lighter, which in modest chrome plate used to fetch anywhere up to $3 in the PX. At Schlumberger, 21 East 63rd Street, the latest face-lifting places the works in a cube of rough native gold; $230. As you probably remember, Schlumberger has been prettying up this lighter for the past few years by putting it in an oxidized silver case and sprinkling that with little gold stars, suns, and moons; the shop still does this, for $150. . . . At Cartier, the Zippo

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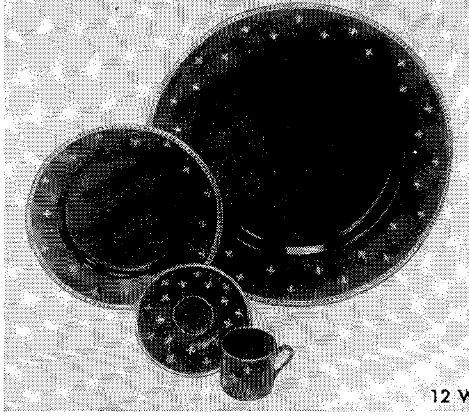

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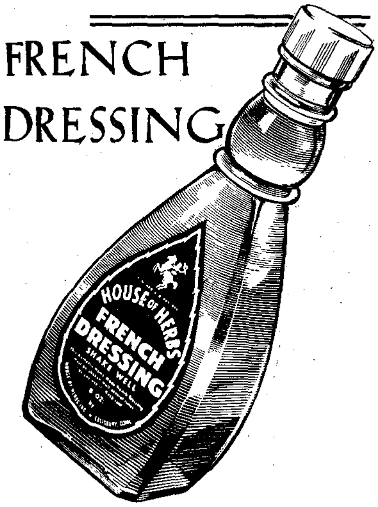

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shows up in a heavy gold case with diagonal corrugations; $190. . . . Raymond C. Yard, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), has also dressed it up in a gold case—this one sleek—for $174.

To judge by the number of pillboxes in the jewelry stores this year, pill consumption in this country is terrific. The new models, which are small enough to fit into a watch pocket or vest pocket without causing a bulge, are about as functional as anything that comes under the heading of jewelry. Olga Tritt, 18 East 57th Street, offers a two-compartment gold box, just under an inch and a half long, with a sliding top. Its functionalism is increased by the presence of a cabochon sapphire at one end and a cabochon ruby at the other; the idea is that, guided by them, a man won't open, say, the aspirin side when he wants the saccharin side. The price is $66. . . . Tiffany's gold pillbox is a slightly larger, heavy-duty type, and is engine-turned so it won't smudge; $100. . . . Ross-Pennell contribute, for $43.30, a tubular pillbox with a ring at the top, so that it can be fastened to a watch chain. . . . Schlumberger's is a slab of rough gold, about an inch square and half an inch deep, with a starfish carved on top; $225.

And now for some odds and ends: A slim billfold made of boroso, which is black baby sharkskin, has a gold hinge the length of its spine, so it will open flat, and gold corners, so it won't wear out; $94.50, at Tiffany. There's a library set here consisting of gold-handled scissors and an all-gold letter opener, both in a golden sheath; $360. . . . A four-inch gold-handled fish knife at Raymond C. Yard is probably the only four-inch gold-handled fish knife in town that has a magnetic steel blade, fine for picking steel fishhooks out of the fishhook box. It also has the usual fish-knife attachments, including a bottle opener, and costs $96. . . . At Black, Starr, a mahogany miniature of a grandfather clock, meant for a desk, stands about fifteen inches high, works by electricity, and chimes the hours in a clear pianissimo; $90.

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OUR FORGETFUL (BUT NOT FORGOTTEN) AUTHORS

[*From "The Beautiful and Damned," by F. Scott Fitzgerald*]

But Gloria—she would be twenty-four in August and was in an attractive but sincere panic about it. —*Page 192.*

Gloria would be twenty-six in May. —*Page 276.*

She [Gloria] would be twenty-nine in February. —*Page 391.*

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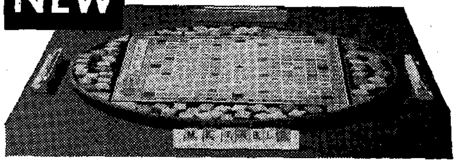

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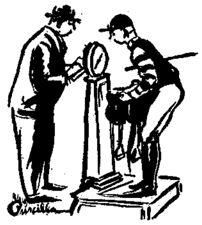
THE RACE TRACK

Some Find



THERE are so many nice things about Find, a three-year-old colt owned by Alfred Vanderbilt, that only a curmudgeon would complain of his small deficiencies. He's by Discovery out of Stellar Role, so his name is better than average, and he's a sturdy fellow, with a bold way of running and a fair turn of speed. Since the temporary retirement of Native Dancer, he has been one of the leaders in his division. Last weekend, he won his second fifty-thousand-dollar race at Jamaica—the Empire City Handicap. It was a first-rate performance, too, for he gave from six to nineteen pounds to eleven animals his age and led throughout the mile and three-sixteenths over a track the consistency of thick soup. (For the record, Impasse was second and Guy was third.) Find didn't race when he was two, because Bill Winfrey, the Vanderbilt trainer, found him hard to manage, but he has behaved all right this season, and has won nine out of fourteen tries, finishing out of the money only once, and earning $125,379.

By the way, it's a good bet that Mr. Vanderbilt's horses will win a million dollars in purses before the year ends. They're close right now. Earlier last week, Home-Made picked up $18,987.50 in the Comely Handicap, and Find's share of the Empire City was $40,450, which brought the stable's total to $985,356.50. Before you read these notes, Home-Made will have run in the Vineland Handicap, at Garden State Park—if she wins, that will do the trick. Calumet Farm, the only stable that ever had a million-dollar season (in fact, it's had four), has had little or no luck since midsummer. It is still second on the winning list, but only a jump ahead of Hasty House Farm. Well, that's how the ball bounces.

A KIND of effort that is much too rare at Jamaica this late in the year was turned in the other afternoon by White Skies, who beat eight sprinters in the Sport Page Handicap, at six furlongs. White Skies, carrying a hundred and thirty pounds, first polished off Hyphasis, to whom he gave fifteen pounds, and then went on to win by more than a length from Hilarious, to whom he gave sixteen pounds, and Joe Jones, to whom he gave twenty-three pounds. It was White Skies' third victory in as many starts over the course, at ever-increasing weights. Obviously, he's happier at Jamaica than some horses and men I could name.

THE storm last weekend certainly did a thorough job on the Washington, D.C., International, at Laurel, Maryland. It's a pity, for John Schapiro and his associates might have had a better show than the first one, a year ago, though that was good enough for anybody. At any rate, the entries this time were a more representative lot, including Wilwyn (last year's winner) and Harwin, from England; Silnet and Worden II, from France; Thirteen of Diamonds and Chamier, from Ireland; Mister Black, from the Argentine; and Crafty Admiral, Sunglow, and Iceberg II, who are American-owned. But Friday's storm covered the turf course with about two feet of snow, and it was clear that all the roads to the track would be practically impassable, so the race was postponed until Armistice Day. Getting around in downtown Baltimore last Friday night was an adventure. The taxi-drivers all went home, and your correspondent, after hearing about the postponement, was lucky enough to get one of the last cabs rolling through the freezing slush to take him to the railway station; the trip was made in second gear most of the way. At that, he wasn't as lucky as that inveterate horseman Harry La Montagne, who also went down early for the race, and arrived in Washington late Friday afternoon, when it was snowing hardest. Getting a cab at Union Station is difficult even in fair weather, and Mr. La Montagne was just about to go back inside and take the next train home when a limousine pulled up beside him and he was asked if he wanted a lift. Mr. La Montagne said he'd be grateful if he could get to the Mayflower Hotel. The good Samaritan in the car said that would be a pleasure, but added apologetically that he'd have to make one stop first. So they set off. The stop was at the White House, and the good Samaritan was Mr. Justice Black.

—AUDAX MINOR

◆

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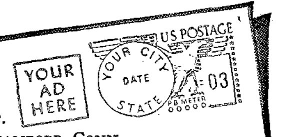

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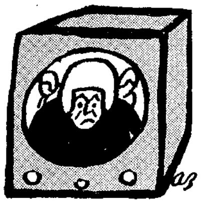


A COUPLE of Tuesdays ago, over A.B.C., the United States Steel Hour inaugurated a series of dramas produced by the Theatre Guild. There was little preliminary fanfare for this new series—just a few press releases and some advertisements in the papers. There was certainly no hint that the first play—"P.O.W.," by David Davidson—would turn out to be one of the finest, most stirring, most honest, and most disturbing plays ever projected onto television screens. Mr. Davidson is obviously a man with a deep feeling for human beings as human beings, and he has just as obviously been severely shaken by the revelation of the mental and physical tortures so many of our soldiers were subjected to in Korea. He set out not only to write a drama that would move swiftly and forcefully but to enter a plea for mercy and understanding on the part of civilians here at home as the prisoners of war return. Davidson, it seems to me, has sensed with remarkable acuteness the entrance into American life of an entirely new psychological fact, which is simply that Americans, like everybody else in the world, have a breaking point—that when subjected to virulent psychological pounding and physical bestiality, a certain number of men will confess to anything their captors have in mind. They will claim that they have dropped "germs," they will swear allegiance to a system they abhor, they will turn traitor, and so on. Some men will miraculously hold out, but Davidson's point is that nobody can say—indeed, nobody *dares* say—that he knows he would be able to withstand torture, and nobody has the right to censure and harry those who broke.

Mr. Davidson chooses to tell his story through a group of repatriated G.I.s in a Stateside hospital. They are in varying degrees of mental and physical disrepair as they start on the long road back to normal life. The hospital scenes are quietly horrible. Without bombast or the slightest suggestion of sensationalism, Mr. Davidson reveals the unhappiness of the bewildered and shattered patients. They scrap with one another, they reminisce bitterly, and they are lonely and sick. The hospital authorities are kind and understanding, and are also extremely weary. They have shared the experiences of the patients vicariously, and they have become worn down by the tales that are brought to them. Into the hospital comes Lucky Dover, a sergeant who was something of a legend in George Company, in Korea, before he was captured. As a prisoner, Dover was known to his fellow-captives as a man who would not break. He kept up the morale of his buddies under the worst of circumstances, laughed at the Chinese brain-washers, and ridiculed the charges of germ warfare. ("Those are jitterbugs," he had said when a Chinese showed him a picture of "germs.") But behind this exterior, Dover is in serious trouble. He has the submerged impression that he betrayed the escape plans of the G.I.s when he was on the point of losing consciousness at the bottom of a pit where he had been thrown by his captors. Under the skillful questioning of an Army psychiatrist, Major Mead, his fears come out. They emerge slowly, since during Dover's first interview with the Major the question most on his mind is how anyone who calls himself a hero could possibly have been captured in the first place. He is also concerned with a hangnail. The hangnail bothers him. "A hangnail *could* be dangerous," he says to Major Mead. "It *could* get infected." He then tells the doctor how his captors were at him day and night. "They asked us over and over, 'Why don't you tell the truth? Be honest—admit that America is collapsing. Admit that only Communism can save the world. Tell the truth!' That kind of monkey talk. Over and over—for more than two years—I heard it," he says. He then tells how he occupied himself by setting up a basketball court and by carving a referee's whistle from a wooden spoon. Dover says he is afraid to go home and see his girl, and Mead tells him all returned prisoners feel that way, and invites him to stop by sometime again and shoot the breeze.

Well, Mr. Davidson's play was long and intricate, and there is no need to go into all of it. In a series of flashbacks, we not only witnessed brain-washing scenes and the squalor of the prison camps but even Dover in the pit. His sense of guilt is overwhelming, and Mead tries to comfort him. "I'll tell you the way it is," Mead says. "We've been lucky, we Americans. Stuff like this didn't happen to us. Secret police, slave labor, torture, confessions. In Europe and Asia they've known it for a long time. Between us and that kind of degradation, we've had a couple of oceans. Also a Bill of Rights. But in Korea some of us have found out the terrible secret—that Americans, too, can sometimes be hammered down." Mr. Davidson clinches his point—the thinness of the line between cracking and not cracking—at the very end of "P.O.W.," when it is revealed that Dover did not crack, that it was someone else who had turned over the escape plans.

The cast of "P.O.W." was excellent, and Richard Kiley, as Dover, and Gary Merrill, as the Major, turned in outstanding performances. The play was directed by the talented Alex Segal.

WANDA LANDOWSKA was the guest a week or so ago on one of those N.B.C. half-hour visits with famous persons. These visits are certainly among the most solid programs around—we have already seen and heard Robert Frost and Bertrand Russell, to name two—and Miss Landowska added lustre to the series. She played some selections on her precious harpsichord, and that would have been treat enough, I should think, for anyone. But she also talked quietly and beautifully of her struggles to restore the harpsichord to its proper place in music, and gave a description of a call at Yasnaya Polyana, where she played for the aged and ailing Tolstoy, that is unforgettable.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Because there has been some misunderstanding as to which Mrs. Wood has been ill, we wish to tell the readers of the bulletin that it is Mrs. Lucille Wood and not Mrs. Lucille Wood. There, that will clear that up!—*Park Church Bulletin, Newport, N. H.*

Next misunderstanding.

•

Bernard Colodney of 754 Mamaroneck Avenue was given a summons yesterday for permitting a dog to run at large after it was struck and killed in front his address by a car driven by Jere O. Reid of New Rochelle.—*White Plains Reporter-Dispatch.*

The magistrate should come down hard on *that* fellow.

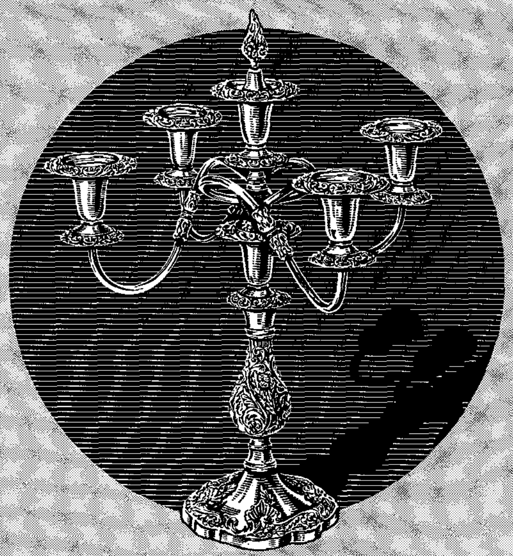
•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From the Philadelphia Ledger, 1856*]

CONGRESSIONAL DUELS:

There have been but twenty-five Congressional challenges to fight duels since the organization of the first Congress, and the greater number of these originated in quarrels, which, though political, had no reference to matters which occurred in Congress.



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TIME LUCY WENT

IN the small isolated village in the north Midlands of England where I grew up and where my father was rector, the past and the present were often not at all clearly differentiated. Not long after we settled there, at the end of the First World War, my father received a letter from the War Office asking for the names of any soldiers who were buried in the village churchyard. The letter went on to say that if the surviving relatives so wished, the government would provide memorial headstones for the graves. Most of the men in our county had spent the war either on their farms or in the nearby coal fields, and my father thought it unlikely that there would be any names to send in. However, when he inquired, he was assured that a large number of soldiers lay buried in the churchyard. The village was delighted to think that the government was going to supply headstones for them. Later, it turned out that no one knew the soldiers' names. The graves were those of men who had died fighting in the Wars of the Roses, 1455-85.

One of my best friends in the village, Dr. Morgan, was a man who had a weaker sense of the present than anyone else I have ever known. Though Dr. Morgan was a Welshman, with a marked Welsh lilt to his voice, he had an extraordinary understanding of local mores and a real affinity with the people. He had lived in the community a great many years and he was a pillar of the Revivalist chapel. My father did not approve of churches competing with one another, and every now and again he would invite the Revivalists to join his congregation in a combined service. I always enjoyed these occasions. The Revivalists were strong on extemporary prayer, and I used to hope that my father, who liked to stick to the book, would get shouted out of his place in it, but he never did. With his wits sharply about him and King James's language in support, my father managed to hold his own.

As a physician, Dr. Morgan believed in leaving everything to nature, and when nature failed, he comforted the bereaved with the unarguable maxim that Heaven is a better place than this is. The village accepted Dr. Morgan—his charm, his devoutness, his incompetence—because he was a gentle, friendly, obliging old man, always a great comfort to anyone in sorrow. Riding about the village on his ancient bicycle, with its hard little saddle and high handle bars, Dr. Morgan would dismount at once if he saw a child in tears or an old woman carrying a heavy bundle. I remember meeting him one day and announcing, "Dr. Morgan, it's my birthday and it's *raining!*" At once, a look of deep concern came over his face. He asked me gravely how old I was, and when I told him, he tilted my face up to the stormy sky and said, "Look you! It does not rain at all. It is just the heavens weeping for joy because a little girl is nine years old."

ONE of the many diseases that Dr. Morgan's ministrations did nothing to cure was a variety of goitre, or, as it is sometimes called, Derbyshire neck. Our damp climate, together with the water we drank, was said to be the cause of it. No one in my family ever developed this complaint, but it was so common that when Deuteronomy 31 was read in church, I used to think that Moses had been extremely tactless in his remarks to the Levites about their appearance; a stiff neck was something no one could help.

Derbyshire neck is not painful, but it *is* ugly. The neck swells up until, in severe cases, the head looks like a small teacup set in a deep saucer. The person in our village who had the worst case of it was Lucy Poole. When Lucy wanted to turn her head, she had to turn her whole body as well.

Lucy Poole was a big woman in her late sixties when I first knew her, and, apart from her Derbyshire neck, she was quite handsome. She was the senior member of a large, clannish family that lived in a hamlet a mile or two north of our village. Lucy's house was a gray, stone, one-story structure, built down the side of a hill. It consisted of three separate sections, which, although adjoining, did not connect on the inside, so that to go from one part to the next, one had to walk around outdoors. Because of the contour of the land, each section was on a different level. The center one was the oldest and had a walled courtyard in front of it, paved with big flagstones. On the side facing the road, the wall was about six feet high. A wooden gate opened onto the public road.

This middle section of Lucy's house dated from the eleventh century. The downhill wing was added during the

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seventeenth century; it was the largest, and had the best view: the two windows looked across a small overgrown garden to the valley below. Some decades later, the uphill wing was built, but even with these later additions, it was not a big house. Pooles had lived there for as long as anybody could remember or any records showed; it was thought that Pooles had built the original house. No structural alterations had been made for more than a hundred years—the latest change was made by Lucy's grandfather, who had replaced the ancient thatch with a slate roof.

Lucy and her granddaughter Patty lived in the downhill wing. Patty's mother was the only one of Lucy's offspring who did not live at home. She lived in London, and came home once a year, usually for a few days only. Lucy's front door opened directly into a low-ceilinged, good-sized room, used as a combined living room, dining room, and bedroom. Across from Lucy's big bed, there was a smaller one for Patty. In a narrow passage off the big room was a huge coal range. Beside the front door, there was a window set high up, and through this Lucy could see the boots of approaching callers as they descended the stone steps that led from the courtyard to her front door. The other sections of the house had three rooms apiece. The central section was occupied by Lucy's son Ezra and his wife and their three children. Lucy's son John and his wife and their two children shared the uphill wing with Hiram, Lucy's eldest son. Hiram was a middle-aged man with a well-developed case of Derbyshire neck and the mind of a good-tempered baby. He used to spend most of his time sitting on the wall beside the gate, waving a battered felt hat at anybody who went by on the road. I liked Hiram the best of the Pooles, because he always had time to stop what he was doing (waving) and talk to me.

Mrs. Ezra had fixed up the smallest of her three rooms as a kitchen, but Mrs. John had none; the small room in her section of the house that ought to have been the kitchen was occupied by Hiram. It was probably Mrs. John's lack of a kitchen that had turned Lucy into the family cook. Two or three times a week, all the Pooles (including, as often as not, cousins from up the valley) sat down to a huge meal at a long wooden table in Lucy's and Patty's bedroom. On the days when Lucy did not cook, the Pooles lived on leftovers stored in long, narrow cupboards that had been dug into the hillside behind the John family wing.

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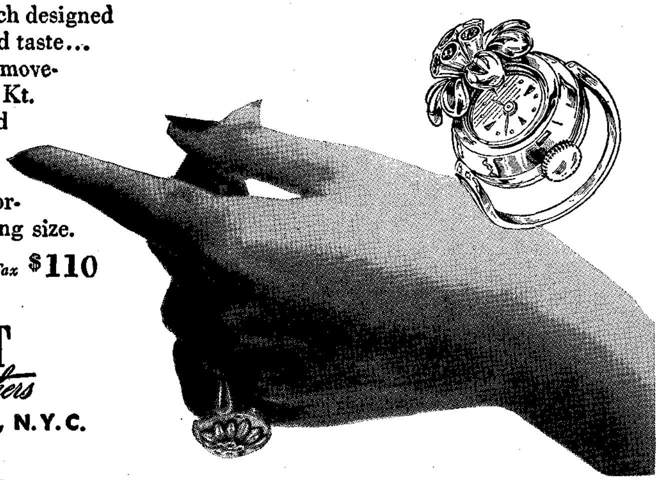

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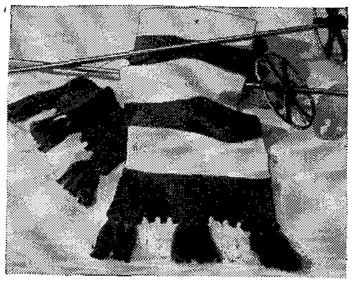

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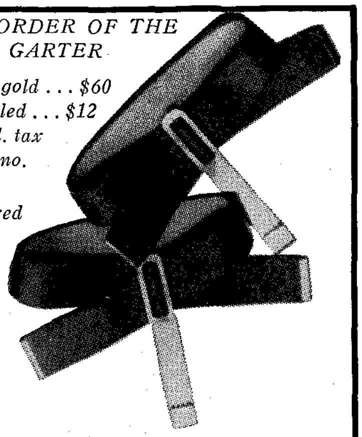

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Pooles' long establishment in the village that they would be the backbone of our small community. Unfortunately, no Poole was ever the backbone of anything. As a group, they were polite, taciturn, slovenly, and vague, and the only reason they were able to get along at all was that they clung together. None of the Pooles ever kept—or, apparently, wanted to keep—a job; all of them spent far more of the year out of work than in it. The men did casual farm laboring. Now and again, my mother, in desperation, would call on Mrs. Ezra or Mrs. John to come and help out at the rectory. They would—if they remembered about it. In the meadow below their little garden, the Pooles kept some scraggy hens and a hutch or two of hare, but these animals bore little resemblance to the excellent game and poultry that were sometimes to be seen roasting in Lucy's oven. It was generally assumed that the Pooles were more successful at poaching than at more lawful occupations; no Poole, so far as I remember, was ever in trouble with the law. Sometimes relatives helped the family out. Lucy had a nephew who was a hotel cook in Sheffield and another nephew who had a job with the railroad in Nottingham. After visits from either of these gentlemen, the Pooles seemed to eat more frequently and the children might be bought shoes.

The Pooles were polite enough when one called there, but they did not mix with the rest of the community. In a place with a greater number of new inhabitants, there would probably have been a good deal of criticism of the Pooles' easygoing, feckless habits, and of the way they were always the last to do a job of work and the first in line when it came to free church suppers. Most of our people, however, had lived in or near the village all their lives, and the Pooles were accepted much as the weather was—not really what one would have chosen but what one had.

Lucy was something of an exception; she did not seem to mind working, so long as it was work around her own home. She strove, in a confused, muddly way, to keep the family fed and clothed, and she did not appear to resent the fact that nobody ever helped her except Patty. Since everything that the Pooles possessed was either worn out, cracked, or broken, it was difficult for Lucy to achieve what women's magazines call a gracious effect, but she did try. When one called at the house, if Lucy was not cooking she was usually to be found

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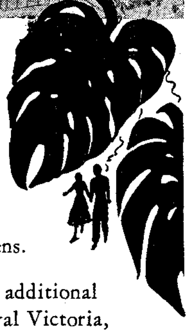

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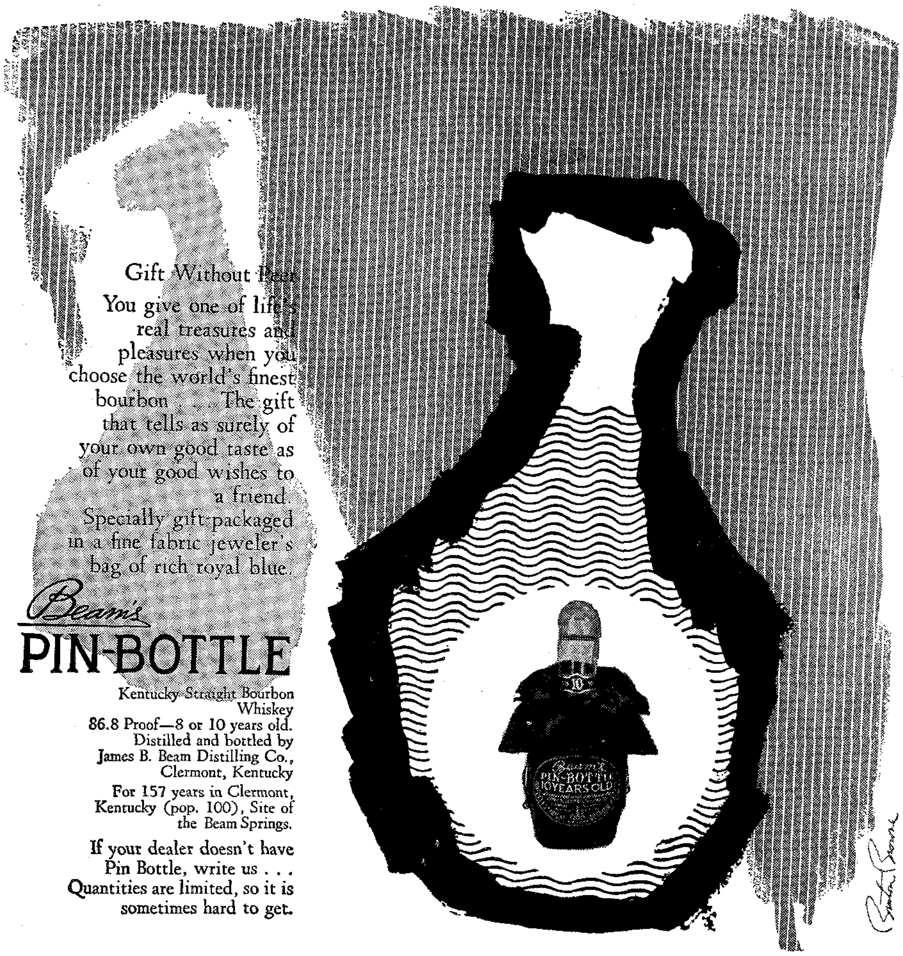
North Midlanders are not communicative folk, and the Poole family were more silent than most. I never heard them converse with each other or joke or laugh, and yet the atmosphere of their home was not depressing, and I should have visited there more often if I had been permitted to. The Pooles liked to sing. None of them had a particularly good voice, but all could sing in tune and hold a part, and they knew an enormous number of folk songs of the kind that tell, in a long succession of verses, some frightful story of murder, rape, or desertion. When I think about the Pooles, I think of them as I used to see them on one of our rare fine days. At a time when everybody else in the community was at work, Ezra and John and their wives, and such of their children as had succeeded in playing truant from school, would be sitting, with perhaps a visiting cousin or two, along the walls of the little paved yard, singing. Hiram would be perched in his usual place, waving to the passersby, but half turned, facing his relatives, so that he could sing with them. Sometimes several songs would be going on at the same time, but the jangle was never unpleasing to hear. In theory, of course, none of us wanted any part in the lives of the worthless Pooles, but when they were singing together, they had a kind of strength and warmth and power about them that I suspect was the envy of some of the more solvent but less closely knit families in the village. When the Pooles grew tired of singing, all of them but Lucy would simply sit, waiting contentedly and in silence until she had their next meal ready.

WHEN Patty was about thirteen years old, Lucy had an attack of influenza. My father thought that she should go to the hospital in our market town, but she refused to leave home, and since Dr. Morgan did not agree with my father ("Mother Nature is the best doctor of us all, my dear sir"), Lucy stayed where she was, tossing with fever in her big, broken bed while the family crowded in around her and ate the meals that Patty cooked for them.

Patty was a stolid, plain girl who hardly ever smiled, and she was hardworking in the way that Lucy was—no particular objection to work if it could be done around home.

My parents worried about Lucy, because she took so long to recover. Even after all traces of her illness had left her, she continued to spend most of the time



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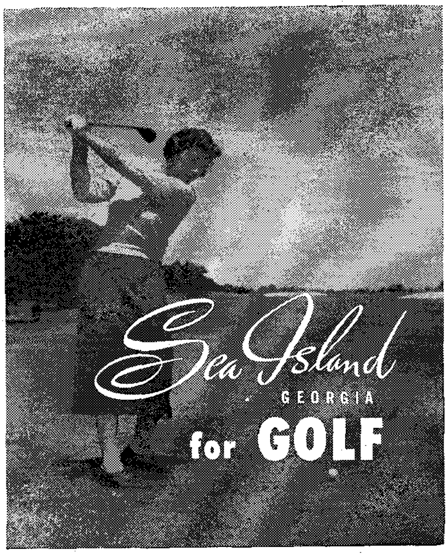

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either in bed or waddling nervously about her room in a greasy wrapper and scuffed slippers. For the next three years, she kept catching colds, one after another, until she became thin and sorry for herself, and the only part of her that remained unchanged was her swollen neck. Patty did the cooking and such cleaning as she cared to do, and Lucy occasionally helped her.

The summer Patty was sixteen, she acquired a beau—Sammy Kepler, the baker's nephew, an easygoing young man, who apparently felt perfectly at home in the Poole household. There was some amused speculation in the village about what the Pooles would do when Patty married and left home: Lucy was obviously not strong enough to take on all the family cooking again, it was unrealistic to expect Mrs. Ezra or Mrs. John to do it, and there wasn't room in the house for another family. The Pooles owned most of the scrubby hillside around their house, and Sam and Patty could have built themselves a place nearby if they had wanted to, but I suspect that the idea never occurred to them. I can remember only two new houses going up in our village, and the people who lived in them were not envied. With a new house, you were bound to have trouble—unfamiliar drafts, leaks, and plumbing deficiencies. Whatever the drawbacks of an old house might be, at least they were known.

THAT winter, after New Year's, we had a spell of unusually bad weather. My father had been to see Lucy at Christmastime, but it was February before he called on her again. When he arrived at the house, he found two dogcarts in the road outside—a sign that either the nephew from Nottingham and the nephew from Sheffield or the cousins from up the valley were visiting. It turned out to be all of them. The entire Poole clan was assembled in Lucy's room. Every inch of space seemed to be occupied, all the windows were closed, and through the open door into the passage my father could see that the draft of the big cooking range was wide open and there was a roaring fire. Close to the front door, placidly sharing a rocker, sat Patty and her Sam. Most of Lucy's relatives were singing, but this time the song was not one of the old folk tunes that we were accustomed to. It was a dirge. Mrs. Ezra and Mrs. John were keening.

My father was so astonished that at first he did not notice Lucy. Her big bed was covered with the bodies of little wailing children, who, not unnaturally,

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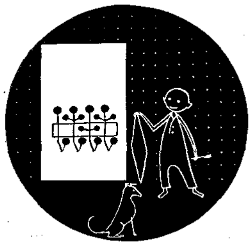

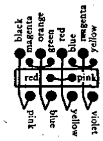

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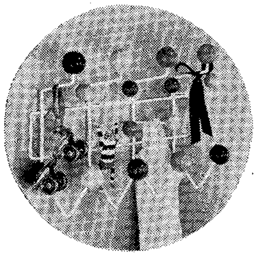

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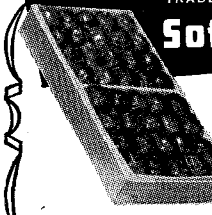

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were objecting to the heat and the fetid atmosphere. Lucy herself lay propped up on two gray pillows. All that was visible of her was her head and the upper part of the wide column of her neck. She lay with her small mouth open in a round O, and through the aperture her little gray tongue could be seen flickering with terror, like the tongue of a chicken that is parched with thirst. Her black eyes fixed themselves at once on my father, but she did not seem to know who he was.

The behavior of the Pooles within the confines of their own home was no business of my father's, but he ordered them to stop singing, and they did. Then he pushed his way across the room and opened the only window that could be opened. After that, he turned everybody out of Lucy's room except Patty, and he told her to keep the place clear of relatives while he went to find Dr. Morgan.

My father knew, even while he was doing this, that his efforts were futile—that as soon as his back was turned, the clan would crowd into Lucy's room again. Later in the day, when my mother called at the house, the singing and keening were once more in progress and Lucy's window was tightly shut. My mother knocked at the door, but nobody answered and she had to come away. As for Dr. Morgan, he listened to what my father had to say, and he promised to go and see Lucy just as soon as the family sent for him. This they did not do for ten days, and when they did call him, it was because Lucy Poole was dead.

The funeral was a large one, and there was an all-night wake feast.

After a few weeks, Patty and Sammy got married, and Sammy moved into Lucy's rooms. With a baker in the family to keep them in fresh bread, the Pooles lived better than they ever had in the past. My father never spoke of Lucy's death, but I heard Dr. Morgan mention it once, years later, when Sam and Patty's little boy was old enough to be playing truant from school. All Dr. Morgan said was that from the way things had improved up at the Poole house, it almost seemed, look you, as if when Patty married, it had been time Lucy went. —JOYCE WARREN

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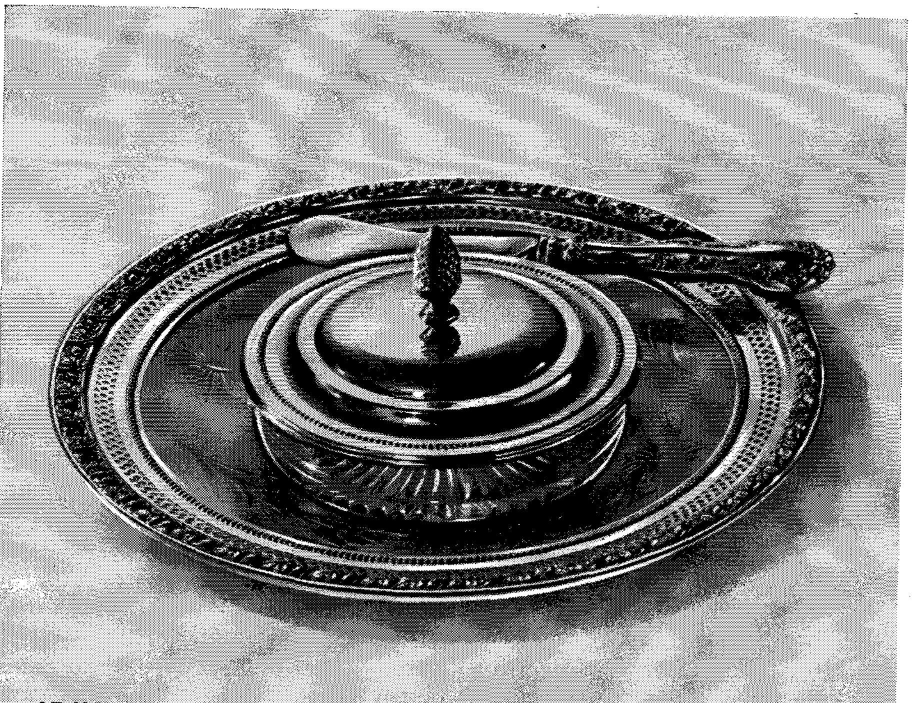

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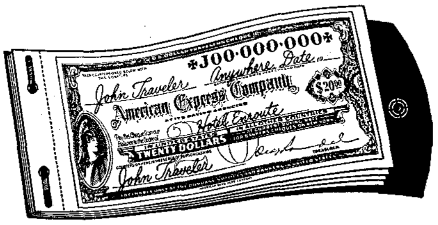

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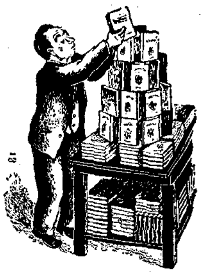
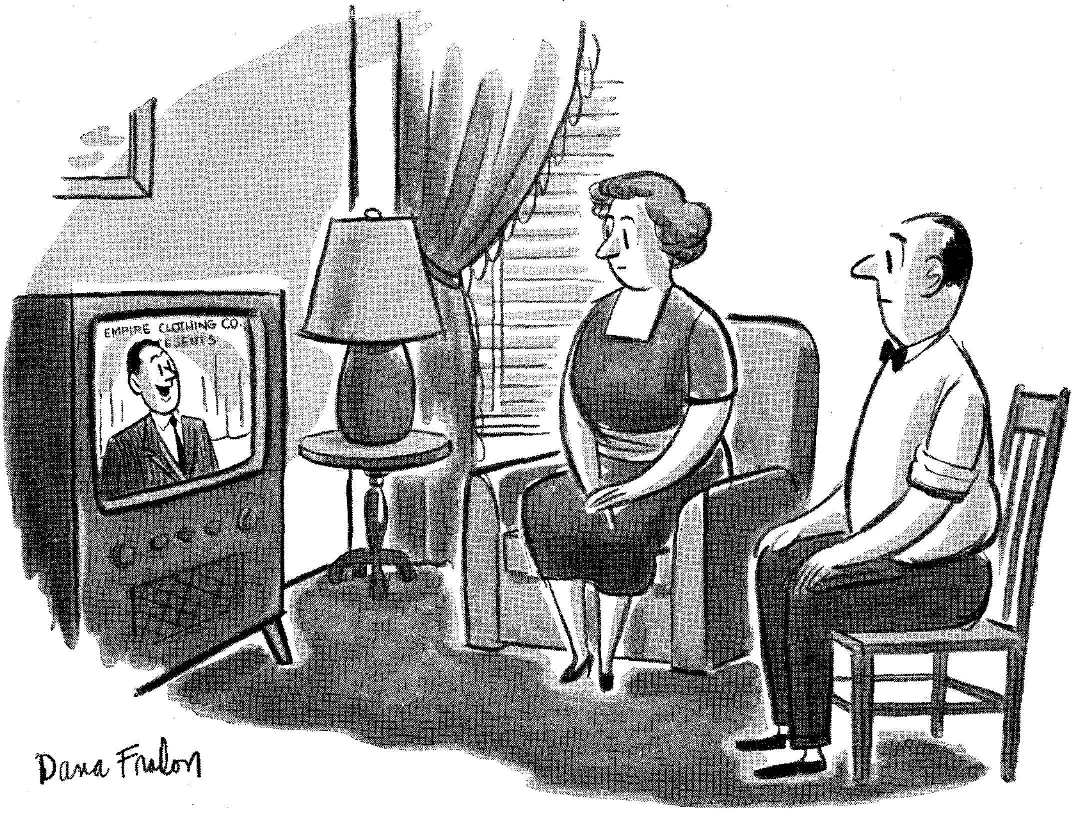


On September 30th of last year, two million people in over three thousand communities in the United States and Canada attended meetings celebrating the appearance of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Within eight weeks, over sixteen hundred thousand copies were sold; the total to date is two million three hundred thousand, and it is still on the best-seller lists. The publishers, Thomas Nelson & Sons, have spent a million dollars on a promotional campaign. The Revised Standard Version is "authorized;" that is, the National Council of the Churches of Christ, which includes all the major Protestant denominations, was in charge of the committee of Biblical scholars that prepared it, and most of the denominations have authorized its use in their churches. The committee, headed by Dean Luther A. Weigle of the Yale Divinity School, spent fifteen years on the task. They encountered many and great problems of scholarship, of interpretation, of archeology, theology, philology, and English usage, but the greatest problem was a competitor that has been in the field for over three centuries and has been fatal to the ambitions of all contenders up to now. This was, of course, the King James Version. Although Dean Weigle's committee was instructed to revise not the King James but a revision of it made in 1901, the American Standard Version, they well understood which was the champion they had to beat. For the King James Version has long occupied a unique place in both the culture and the religion of English-speaking peoples.

In January, 1604, King James I summoned the leading divines of the Church of England to a conference at Hampton Court Palace to settle matters in dispute between the High Church and the Puritan factions. The dispute was not resolved, and James's successor was to lose his head in consequence, but the conference bore rich and unexpected fruit. One of the Puritans' grievances was that the authorized English Bible was not true to the original; Dr. John Reynolds, a leading Puritan and the president of Corpus Christi College, proposed a new translation. An ardent scholar and theologian, James accepted the proposal with enthusiasm and appointed fifty-four scholars, from Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster. The work was begun in 1607 and completed in the incredibly short space of four years. In 1611, the result, "The Holy Bible, Conteyning the Old Testament and the New: Newly translated out of the Originall tongues & with the former translations diligently compared and reuised by his Maiesties speciall Commandement. Appointed to be read in Churches," came off the press. The King James Version is probably the greatest translation ever made. It is certainly "The Noblest Monument of English Prose," as the late John Livingston Lowes called his essay on the subject. "Its phraseology," he wrote, "has become part and parcel of our common tongue. . . . Its rhythms and cadences, its turns of speech, its familiar imagery, its very words are woven into the texture of our literature. . . . The English of the Bible . . . is characterized not merely by a homely vigor and pithiness of phrase but also a singular nobility of diction and by a rhythmic quality which is, I think, unrivalled in its beauty."

The King James Bible came at the end of the Elizabethan age, between Shakespeare and Milton, when Englishmen were using words more passionately, richly, vigorously, wittily, and sublimely than ever before or since. Although none of the divines and scholars who made it were literary men, their language was touched with genius—the genius of a period when style was the common property of educated men rather than an individual achievement. It also came at a time when Englishmen were intensely concerned with religion. "Theology rules there," Grotius wrote of England in 1613. In the King James Bible, the artistic flowering



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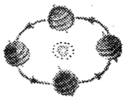

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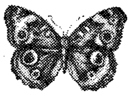

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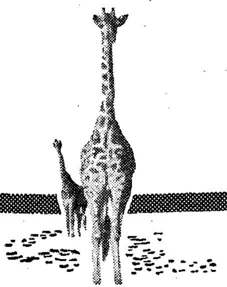

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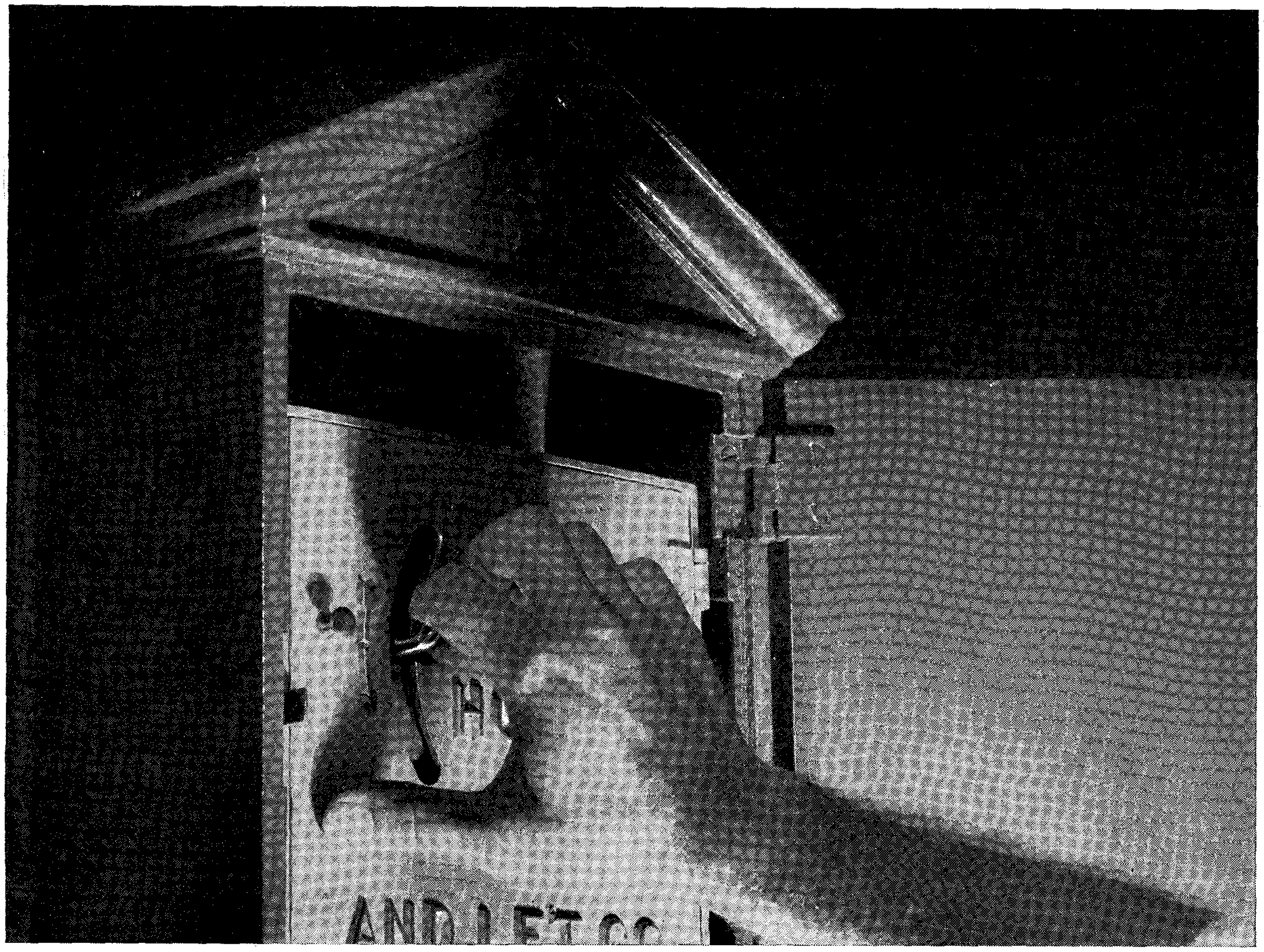
of the Renaissance and the religious fervor of the Reformation united to produce a masterpiece. Like the Gothic cathedrals, it was a collective expression of a culture and, like them, it was not built all at once but grew slowly over a considerable period of time. The speed with which it was accomplished was possible only because it was not so much a new translation as a synthesis of earlier efforts, the final form given to a continuous process of creation, the climax to the great century of English Bible translation. "Truly, good Christian reader," wrote Dr. Miles Smith in the preface, "we never thought from the beginning that we should neede to make a new Translation nor yet to make of a bad one a good one . . . but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principall good one. That hath bene our indeavour, that our marke. . . . So if we, building upon their foundation that went before us, and being holpen by their labours, doe endeavour to make that better which they left so good, no man, we are sure, hath cause to mislike us, and, they, we perswade our selves, if they were alive, would thanke us." No man, surely, has cause to mislike the King James translators, and many men have cause to thank them.

THE Englishing of the Bible—except for some earlier fragments—probably began with the Venerable Bede, who is thought to have completed a translation of the four Gospels just before he died, in 735. The first translation of the whole Bible into English was done under the supervision of John Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," and appeared in 1382. The Lollards, or poor preachers, who walked through England teaching his doctrines, used his Bible, in which, for the first time, the common people could hear the complete word of God in their own language. Bede and Wycliffe translated not from the original Greek and Hebrew but from the Latin Vulgate. The first translation from an original tongue was William Tyndale's New Testament, put out in 1525. The fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453 and the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Portugal toward the end of that century sent many Greek and Hebrew scholars into exile all over Europe, thus giving a tremendous impetus to the study of their languages. This providentially coincided with the beginning of the Reformation—providentially because translating the Bible into living languages was one of the reformers' chief ways of bringing the word of God directly to the people. Luther, whose German translation of the Bible has a quality and importance comparable to the King James Version, befriended Tyndale, whose New Testament was printed in the Lutheran stronghold of Worms. "If God spare my lyfe," Tyndale defiantly wrote to a Catholic cleric, "ere many yeares I wyl cause a boye that dryveth the plough shall know more of the scripture than thou doest." His life was spared just long enough; in 1536 he was burned at the stake in Belgium for heresy, but while he was in prison, in the last year of his life, he continued to work on his translation of the Old Testament, and managed to complete the bulk of it. Tyndale's Bible was the first and by all odds the greatest of a spate of translations that poured forth during the century, and it was drawn on far more heavily by the King James translators than any other version. The other important translations were Miles Coverdale's (1535); the Matthews Bible (1537), a combination of Coverdale and Tyndale done by a disciple of Tyndale, John Rogers, who was later martyred under Bloody Mary; the Great Bible (1539), the first Authorized Version, prepared by Coverdale at the request of Henry VIII; the Genevan Bible, also known as the Breeches Bible because Adam's fig leaf was rendered "breeches," which was issued in 1560 in Calvinist Geneva by a group of English Protestant refugees from Bloody Mary's persecution, went through a hundred and forty editions (being popular partly because of its literary quality and partly because of its legible Roman type and its handy quarto size, as against the cumbersome black-letter folios of previous Bibles), and was the Bible of the Pilgrims and of Cromwell's Ironsides; and the Bishops' Bible (1568), an authorized revision of the Great Bible that was to the High Church party what the Genevan Bible was to the Puritans. The King James Version was officially a revision of the Bishops' Bible, but those who made the revision paid very little attention to it, relying mostly on Tyndale, Coverdale, and the Genevan Bible, in that order. Thus the Puritans, though they got no satisfaction out of the Hampton Court conference, had their way with the new Bible.

For the next two and a half centuries, the King James Version (K.J.V. for short) was *the* Bible to English-speaking people. Close to a hundred complete or partial translations were



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made during this time, but none was either authorized or widely used. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, however, archeology and Biblical scholarship had made such progress that the Church of England appointed an interdenominational committee of scholars to revise K.J.V. The heaviest changes were made in the New Testament, for the K.J.V. translators had used a Greek text established by Beza, Stephanus, and Erasmus and based on late and inaccurate medieval manuscripts; much older manuscripts, some going back to the third century, were now available, and the Victorian scholars Hort and Westcott had established from them a text that differed in 5,788 instances from the Beza-Stephanus-Erasmus text. The Hebrew text of the Old Testament was essentially the tenth-century "Masoretic" text used by the K.J.V. translators, but since 1611 a number of important Greek versions, some from the fourth century, had come to light.

Thus when the nineteenth-century revisionists began their fifteen-year task, in 1870, they had an enormous advantage in scholarly knowledge over their speedier predecessors. This, it turned out, was not enough. When they brought out their New Testament, it was the publishing sensation of the century; despite an advance sale of a million, long lines formed in front of English bookstores on the day of publication; two Chicago newspapers got the full text by cable and ran it as a serial; three million copies were sold the first year. K.J.V. had won acceptance slowly, but the 1885 revision went up like a rocket—and came down like one. The men who made K.J.V. were both scholars and stylists; their Victorian successors, living in a more specialized age, were only scholars. Literal accuracy, rather than beauty or even sense, was their aim, to achieve which they adopted such absurd translating rules as always using the same English word for a given Greek or Hebrew word regardless of context, and sticking to the word order of the original. The result often read like an interlinear "trot." After the excitement had died down, the public returned to K.J.V. In 1901, the American Standard Version, an authorized adaptation of the 1885 English version, appeared. Although more successful, this also failed to replace K.J.V. The work under consideration here, the Revised Standard Version (R.S.V.), issued with such fanfare last fall, is the latest great effort to supersede K.J.V.

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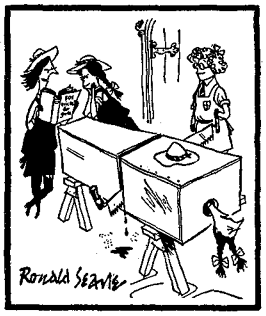

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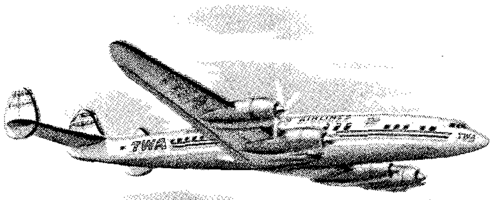

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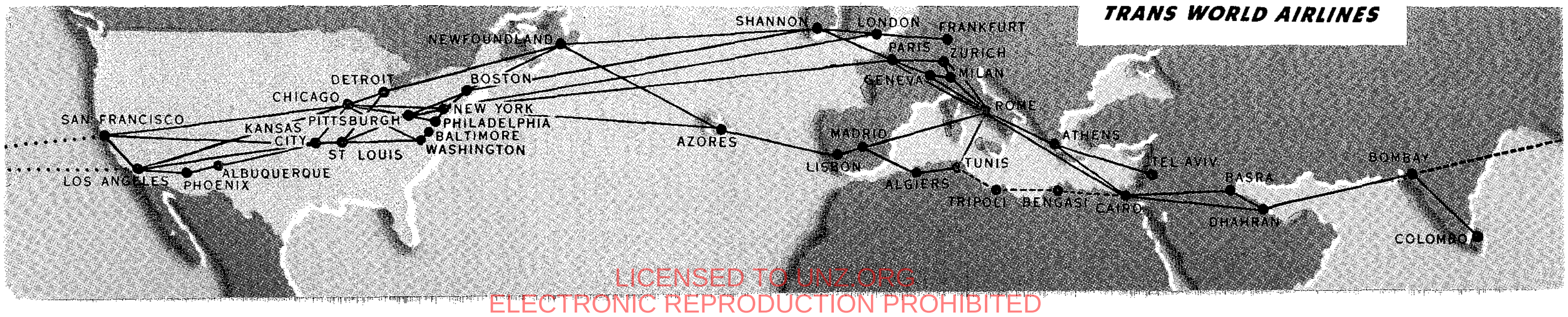
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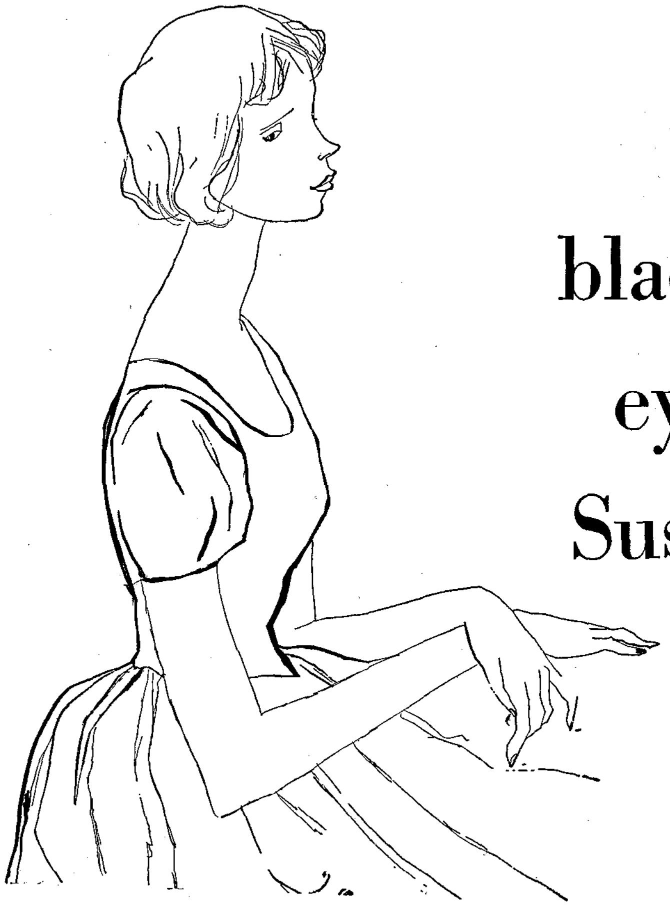
cause Biblical scholarship has made enormous progress since 1900. Since then, a vast number of Greek papyri have been unearthed in Egypt. Some, among them the Chester Beatty papyri, are fragments of very early Biblical manuscripts. Most of them are business documents, private letters, wills, and other records of everyday life that, according to the R.S.V. scholars, "prove that 'Biblical Greek' was really the spoken vernacular of the first century A.D.—not the classical Greek which the King James translators assumed it to be." Even more important was the discovery of some Old Testament Hebrew and Aramaic manuscripts believed to date back to the time of Christ, or a full thousand years before the earliest hitherto known examples. A Bedouin shepherd looking for a lost goat in a cave on the shores of the Dead Sea came on some parchment scrolls that turned out to contain the complete text of Isaiah and a commentary on Habakkuk. Hundreds of other fragments of ancient scrolls were later found in the same cave. (On April 1st of this year, G. Lankester Harding, Director of Antiquities for the government of Jordan, announced that Arab shepherds had made an even richer find among the caves of the Dead Sea—seventy Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek scrolls of around the time of Christ, which contain no less than nineteen books of the Old Testament, including Genesis, Exodus, Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and Daniel. Terming this "perhaps the most sensational archaeological event of our time," Mr. Harding predicted it would keep Biblical scholars busy "for the next generation at least." It is unfortunate that Mr. Harding chose April Fool's Day to make his announcement, but, assuming he is not the most ambitious hoaxer in history, his evaluation of the new find seems moderate enough.)

THE chief motive behind R.S.V., however, was stylistic rather than scholarly. The Revisers felt, correctly, that the 1885 English revision and the 1901 American version were "literal, word-for-word translations" that "sacrificed much of the beauty and power of the earlier version." They therefore set out to produce a version that would, on the one hand, "combine accuracy with the simplicity, directness, and spiritual power of K.J.V." and, on the other, be more readable for the American public of today. In pursuing this aim, they have made numerous departures from K.J.V. in ways that seem to me legitimate, and many, many more in ways



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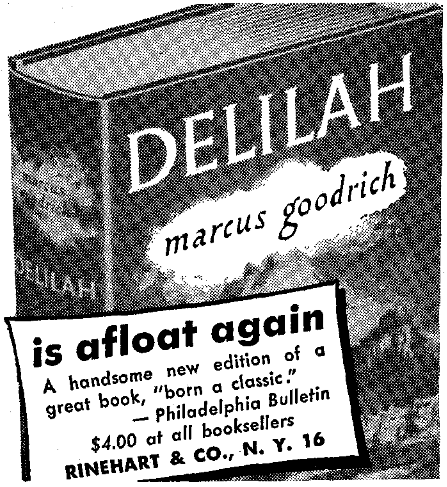

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that do not. Let us begin with the former.

There are, first, the changes in translation. Being no specialist on the subject, I can only assume that where R.S.V. differs in meaning from K.J.V., the translation has been improved. (Considering the immense advances in archeology, philology, and other sciences since 1611, this is a reasonable assumption.) I am also willing to accept the Revisers' assurance that no changes have been made for doctrinal reasons. Two changes are of special importance. The Roman Catholic Church has long used John 10:16, as rendered in K.J.V., to support its claim to being the only true church: "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold . . . and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." R.S.V. alters this to "And I have other sheep, that are not of this fold. . . . So there shall be one flock, one shepherd." The K.J.V. version was influenced by the Catholic Vulgate, which translates two different Greek words as "fold." According to the R.S.V. translators, however, the true meaning is that, while there is more than one fold (or church), there is only one flock (the Christians in general). The revision that has raised the greatest doctrinal ruckus is the change in Isaiah 7:14 from "Behold, a virgin shall conceive" to "Behold, a young woman shall conceive." The verse is important as a prophecy of Christ's birth. One hard-shell Southern Baptist minister burned the page on the lawn of his church. Some fundamentalists have raised the Communist issue, notably the Reverend Carl McIntire, of Collingswood, New Jersey, who charges that some of the translators are "Leftists" and denounces R.S.V. as impious tampering with God's word. McIntire is a defrocked Presbyterian who has set up a minuscule but peppery International Council of Christian Churches to combat the National Council of the Churches, R.S.V.'s sponsor, which he believes to be tainted with "Leftism." He is currently wrangling with the State Department, which refuses to let him use West Germany as a base from which to launch balloons to bear small Bibles (K.J.V.) behind the Iron Curtain. To offset fundamentalist attacks, the publishers of R.S.V. have circulated a rebuttal pointing out, among other things, that scholars now agree that the Hebrew word *almah* means simply "young woman," while the Greek word *parthenos*, used in the New Testament account of Christ's birth, means "virgin" and is so translated, and that

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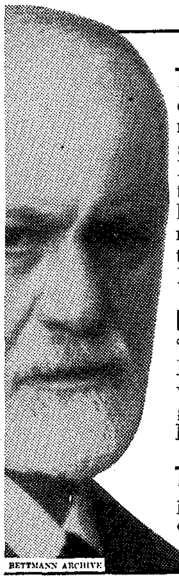

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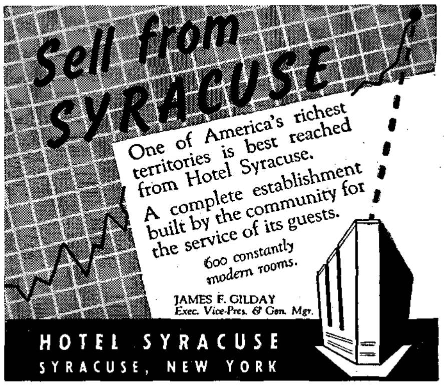

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The great majority of the translating changes, while often important, are of little or no doctrinal significance. When K.J.V. has Pilate say of Jesus, "Nothing worthy of death is done unto Him," the sense clearly demands R.S.V.'s "has been done *by* Him." The "unto" may well have been a misprint, just as the "at" in K.J.V.'s "strain at a gnat" is undoubtedly a misprint for "out." (The early editions of K.J.V. were full of printer's errors. One was known as "the Wicked Bible" because the printer dropped the "not" out of the Seventh Commandment, producing "Thou shalt commit adultery." In another, the 119th Psalm's "Princes have persecuted me without a cause" became, appositely, "Printers have, etc.") Another famous K.J.V. phrase, "Thou madst him [man] a little lower than the angels," (Hebrews 2:7) is now revised to "Thou didst make him for a little while lower than the angels." In I John 4:19, K.J.V. has "We love Him [God] because He first loved us," but the Revisers, finding no "Him" in the Greek, render it "We love, because He first loved us." "Abstain from all appearance of evil" (I Thessalonians 5:22) now reads "Abstain from every form of evil." "Supposing that gain is godliness" (I Timothy 6:5) now reads "Imagining that godliness is a means of gain," and Paul's "For I know nothing by myself" is now "I am not aware of anything against myself." Often the old meanings are painful to give up, but accuracy, of course, must come first. In "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul," the last word is now rendered as "life," while the Kingdom of God is no longer "within you" but "in the midst of you," a comedown from the mystical to the sociological. Some important words were mistranslated in K.J.V. Thus the Greek *doulos* is always given as "servant," though it actually means "slave," an error that gave the false impression that Jesus and

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Paul were not concerned with the greatest social evil of their day. The Hebrew *Sheol* often appears in K.J.V. as "hell," though it is really a general term for the afterlife, like Hades, and not a place of punishment. Tyndale correctly translated the Greek *agape* as "love," but K.J.V., influenced by the Vulgate, in which the word is translated by the Latin *caritas*, changed it to "charity." R.S.V. returns to Tyndale's rendering, which gives more sense to such phrases as "faith, hope, and love." It also uses "steadfast love" as an attribute of God in place of K.J.V.'s "mercy," another example of a gain in accuracy producing a literary loss, as happens in "His steadfast love endures forever." Very occasionally, when the Revisers feel that an inaccurate phrase is too hallowed to monkey with, they allow it to stand, as when they leave "the valley of the shadow of death" in the Twenty-third Psalm, though everywhere else they change "shadow of death" to the more literal "deep darkness" or "gloom."

The other kind of legitimate change in R.S.V. is made to clear up obscurities. The Revisers state that K.J.V. contains over three hundred words whose meanings have changed so much that they are now misleading. In the K.J.V., "suffer" is used for "let," "let" for "prevent," and "prevent" for "precede" ("I prevented the dawning of the morning" in the 119th Psalm means merely "I rose before dawn"). Other examples are "careless" for "in security," "cleanness of teeth" for "famine," "communicate" for "share," "leasing" for "lies," "feebleminded" for "fainthearted," "reins" for "kidneys," and "virtue" for "power." Some words have become obsolete, among them "days-man" (umpire), "chapmen" (traders), "publicans" (tax collectors), "ouches" (jewel settings), and "neesings" (sneezings). Certain stylistic improvements, too, lead toward clarity. The startling advice, in I Corinthians 10:24, to "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth" turns out to mean "Let no one seek his own good, but the good of his neighbor." In Job 40:8, R.S.V.'s "Will you even put me in the wrong?" is clearer than K.J.V.'s "Wilt thou also disannul my judgment?" And in Proverbs 28:21, R.S.V. is clearer with "To show partiality is not good" than K.J.V. with "To have respect of persons is not good." One is baffled by K.J.V.'s rendering of Genesis 29:17—"Leah was tender-eyed, but Rachel was beautiful"—but not by R.S.V.'s "Leah's eyes were weak." I

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had always thought Paul's "It is better to marry than burn" meant "burn in hellfire," but R.S.V. makes it "aflame with passion," which is unambiguous if banal. Job 13:12 is obscure in K.J.V. ("Your remembrances are like unto ashes, your bodies to bodies of clay") but not in R.S.V. ("Your maxims are proverbs of ashes, your defenses are defenses of clay"). The word "thank" always bothered me in Jesus's "For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them." R.S.V. clears it up with "What credit is that to you?" In addition to such improvements in detail here and there, some parts of the New Testament are better rendered in R.S.V. than in K.J.V., notably the Acts of the Apostles and much of the Pauline epistles. This is because the Acts and the Epistles are largely narrative or argumentative prose, written in a rather flat, workmanlike Greek, and clearness is what is needed and what R.S.V. can supply.

HAD the Revisers limited themselves to these changes, surely no man would have cause to mislike them. But they have gone beyond legitimate and useful revision to produce a work whose literary texture is quite different from K.J.V., and they have mutilated or completely destroyed many of the phrases made precious by centuries of religious feeling and cultural tradition. Their intention was to revise the 1901 American Standard Version "in the direction of the . . . classic English style of the King James Version," but though they apparently think they have done so, they have actually shown little respect for K.J.V. For they also had a more important aim: to produce a Bible "written in language direct and clear and meaningful to people today," a Bible as close as possible to "the life and language of the common man in our day." In this they have succeeded all too well, but they don't seem to realize that this success conflicts with the first aim. The closer the Bible is brought to the "direct and clear and meaningful" sort of journalistic writing the American masses are now accustomed to, the farther it must depart from the language of Shakespeare and Milton. This is an age of prose, not of poetry, and R.S.V. is a prose Bible, while K.J.V. is a poetic one.

True, the morning stars still sing together, man is still born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward, the lilies of the field still eclipse Solomon in all his glory, Ecclesiastes still preaches "vanity of vanities," and David still laments over

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If the Revisers had changed K.J.V. only where modern scholarship found its translation defective, one would hardly notice the alterations. But what they are really translating is not the original Greek and Hebrew but the English of the King James Version, and the language they have put it into is modern expository prose, direct and clear, and also flat, insipid, and mediocre. To accomplish this alchemy in reverse, they have had to do a number of things. They have, first of all, modernized the usage. "Thou," "ye," "thy," and "thine" are replaced by "you" and "your;" the obsolete verb endings "-est" and "-eth" are dropped; inverted word order is generally avoided; "unto" becomes "to," "whither" "where," "whatsoever" "whatever," and so on. This was done not for comprehensibility, since any literate person knows what the old forms mean, but as part of the policy of making the Bible more "accessible" to the modern reader or listener. And, indeed, R.S.V. does slip more smoothly into the modern ear, but it also slides out more easily; the very strangeness and antique ceremony of the old forms make them linger in the mind. The 1901 American Standard Version kept the old usage, and I think rightly. For there are other considerations, too. One is the loss of familiarity. It is extraordinary what a difference modernization makes; even passages otherwise undisturbed have a blurred, slightly off-register effect. The Hebrew Old Testament is an archaic document, far more primitive even than Homer, and the old usage seems more appropriate. "Thus saith

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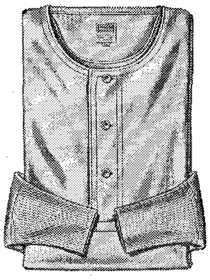

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the Lord" is more Lordly than "Thus says the Lord," "Praise ye the Lord!" is more exalted than "Praise the Lord!" The Ten Commandments lose when the awesome "Thou shalt not" is stepped down to the querulous "You shall not;" the prophet Nathan's terrible denunciation to King David, "Thou art the man!," collapses in the police-report "You are the man!," and God's solemn words to Adam, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," are flattened in the conversational "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." A better case can be made for modernizing the New Testament's usage, since it was written in the everyday Greek of the common people. But the Common Man of the first century A.D. was a considerably more poetic and (if he was a Christian) devout creature than his similar of the twentieth century, and the religious passion of Jesus and Paul, transcending modern experience, needs an exalted idiom to be adequately conveyed. "Verily, verily I say unto you" gets it better than "Truly, truly I say to you;" Jesus's "Suffer the little children to come unto me" (Mark 10:14) is more moving than R.S.V.'s "Let the children come to me," which sounds like a mother at a picnic.

The Revisers state that the old usage has been preserved in "language addressed to God or in exalted poetic apostrophe." The first exemption has been respected—why God's own language should not also be permitted some antique elevation I cannot see—but the second often has not. Surely the Psalms are "exalted poetic apostrophe," yet in the Nineteenth Psalm, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge" is diminished to "Day to day pours forth speech, and night to night declares knowledge." Even the sacred (one would think) Twenty-third Psalm comes out a bit fuzzy: "He makes me lie down" for the rhythmic "He maketh me to lie down," and instead of the triumphant "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" the tamer "Even though I walk." The most damaging effect of modernizing the usage is the alteration of rhythm, which is all-important in a book so often read aloud; quite aside from literary grace, the ceremonial effect of the Bible is enhanced by the interesting, varied, and suitable rhythms of K.J.V. But to (partially) avoid inversion, the Revisers render "Male and female created He them" (Genesis 1:27) "Male and female He created them," breaking the rhythm's back simply by chang-

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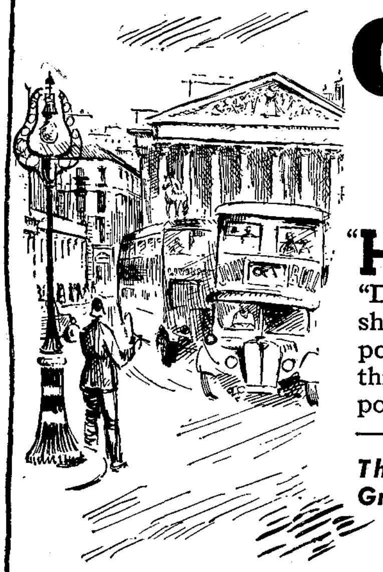

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ing the position of two words. In K.J.V., Ecclesiastes moves to a slow, mourning music:

> What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever. . . . For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever, seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

This now steps along to a brisker, less complex, and also less authoritative measure:

> What does a man gain by all the toil at which he toils under the sun? A generation goes and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever. . . . For of the wise man as of the fool there is no enduring remembrance, seeing that in the days to come all will have been long forgotten. How the wise man dies just like the fool!

Ruth's familiar and moving "Whither thou goest, I will go" loses its cadenced charm when it is transmuted into "Where you go, I will go." So, too, Philippians 4:8 ("Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just") is robbed of its earnest gravity when it is speeded up by replacing "whatsoever" with "whatever," just as Matthew 11:28 ("Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden") becomes inappropriately brisk when it is modernized to "Come to me, all who labor." I won't comment on changing Luke 16:3 from "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed" to "I am not strong enough to dig, and I am ashamed to beg."

IN this modernization there is an understandable, if misguided, principle at work. But many changes seem to derive not from principle but merely from officiousness, from the restlessness that causes people to pluck imaginary or microscopic bits of fluff off coat lapels. Too frequently some great and familiar phrase is marred or obliterated for the sake of a trivial change in the sense, or none at all. "Den of thieves" is now "den of robbers," "Let the dead bury their dead" is now "Leave the dead to bury their own dead," "maid" becomes "maiden" in "the way of a man with a maid," hypocrites are "whitewashed tombs" instead of the familiar "whited sepulchres," "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?" yields to the just-out-of-focus "O death where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting?," and Jesus's "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" is capriciously rephrased into "Can a blind man lead a

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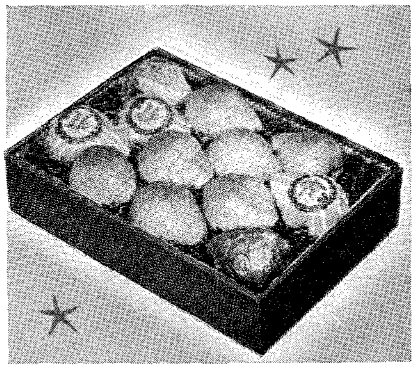

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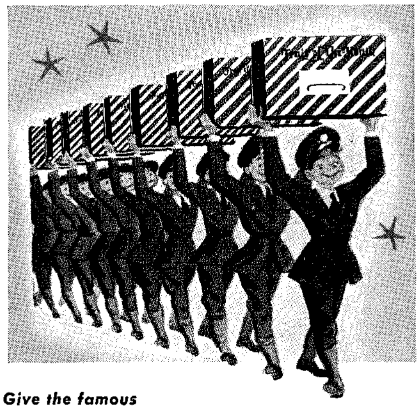

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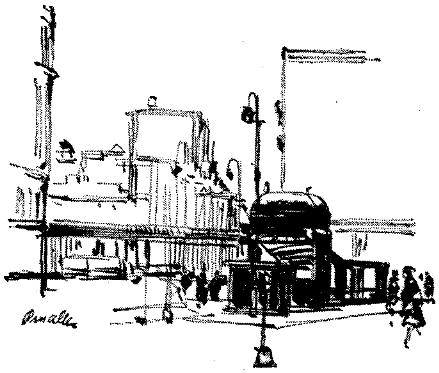
blind man? Will they not both fall into a pit?"

More numerous are the changes that involve a slight change in sense. But granting that Joseph really wore not "a coat of many colors" but "a long robe with sleeves," that the Gaderene swine were really the Gerasene swine and Calvary was more properly called The Skull, that "the children of Israel" is less accurate than "the people of Israel" and that these children, or people, refrained from putting their new wine into old wineskins and not old bottles, that the Old Testament desert actually blossomed not like a rose but like a crocus, that Job really put the price of wisdom above pearls and not above rubies, that the silver cord was "snapped" rather than "loosed," that the widow gave not her "mites" but "two copper coins," that the writing on Belshazzar's wall was not "Mene mene tekel upharsin" but "Mene mene tekel and parsin," that the Psalmist saw the wicked man "towering like a cedar" instead of "spreading himself like a green bay tree," that Adam was not "of the earth, earthy" but "from the earth, a man of dust," and that "my cup overflows" and "by the mouth of babes and infants" are more up-to-date locutions than "my cup runneth over" and "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings"—granting all this, it is still doubtful that such trivial gains in accuracy are not outweighed by the loss of such long-cherished beauty of phrasing. Might not the Revisers have let well enough, and indeed a good deal better than well enough, alone?

Other doubts swarm. I can't understand why "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" had to be changed to "was moving over the face of the waters" or why the Nineteenth Psalm had to be altered from "The heavens declare the glory of God" to "The heavens are telling the glory of God." I don't know why "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matthew 22:13) had to become "there men will weep and gnash their



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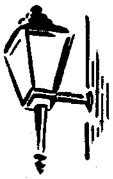
teeth" or why Paul's magnificent eloquence (in K.J.V., at least) has to be hamstrung by pettifogging and needless alterations. For example, in I Corinthians 13:1, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" is mutilated to "a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal," and in Ephesians 6:12, the familiar grandeur of "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" is revised to "For we are not contending against flesh and blood but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Substituting "noisy gong" for "sounding brass" and the weak, abstract "contending" for the vivid "wrestle" seems to me malicious mischief, if not assault and battery.

They have even rewritten the Lord's Prayer. "As we forgive our debtors" is changed to "as we also have forgiven our debtors," a bit of lint-picking that might have been forgone in the interest of tradition—and euphony. "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen" is omitted (though given in a footnote) because they believe it a corruption of the original text. But, after all, the fact that Bernini's colonnades were not part of the original plan of St. Peter's is hardly a reason for doing away with them. Some of the manuscripts discovered last spring in that Dead Sea cave may turn out to be more ancient and uncorrupted than anything discovered up to now. They may also turn out to differ importantly from what has been known for the last thousand years as "The Bible." Maybe the Ten Commandments are a late interpolation. But if they are, I should think that even the Revisers would hesitate to give the public this Bible, pure and uncorrupted though it be, in place of the familiar text.

THE *raison d'être* of R.S.V., however, is not scholarly but stylistic; to produce a more "readable" Bible. This being an age much more matter-of-fact than the seventeenth century—or the first century, for that matter—an age more used to skimming rapidly over a large quantity of journalistic prose than to dwelling intensively on a few poetic works, to make the Bible "readable" means to have it "make sense" to



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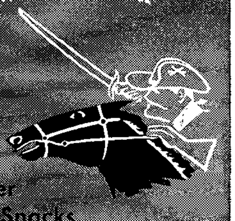

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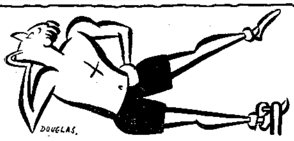

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a reader who wants to know simply What's It All About. Poetic intensity or prophetic exaltation interferes with this easy, rapid assimilation partly because such language is idiosyncratic and partly because it strikes down to depths of response which it takes time and effort for the reader to reach. Literature, and especially religious literature, is not primarily concerned with being clear and reasonable; it is connotative rather than direct, suggestive rather than explicit, decorative and incantatory rather than functional. To make the Bible readable in the modern sense means to flatten out, tone down, and convert into tepid expository prose what in K.J.V. is wild, full of awe, poetic, and passionate. It means stepping down the voltage of K.J.V. so it won't blow any fuses. The Revisers have admirably and horribly succeeded; babes and sucklings (or infants) can play with R.S.V. without the slightest danger of electrocution.

In K.J.V., God describes the battle horse to Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. . . . He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha." R.S.V. steps it down to "Do you give the horse his might? Do you clothe his neck with strength? . . . His majestic snorting is terrible. . . . When the trumpet sounds, he says, 'Aha!' " The trick is turned by replacing the metaphorical "thunder" with the literal "strength," by converting the thrilling "glory of his nostrils" into the prosaic "majestic snorting" (a snort can be many things, but never majestic), and toning down the wild "Ha, Ha" into the conversational "Aha!" A like fate has overtaken the Sermon on the Mount. Comparing this as rendered in K.J.V. and in R.S.V. is like hearing a poet read his verses while someone stands by and paraphrases. The exalted has become flat, the pungent bland, the rhythm crippled, phrases dear for centuries to English-speaking people have disappeared or are maimed. For example:

> But let your communication be "Yea, Yea," "Nay, Nay."
> Let what you say be simply, "Yes" or "No."

> Behold the fowls of the air.
> Look at the birds of the air.

> And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
> And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how

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they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon, etc. . . .

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Enter by the narrow gate: for the gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and those who find it are few.

Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Thus you will know them by their fruits.

The Song of Solomon is now slightly off key. "Our vines have tender grapes" has become "Our vineyards are in blossom"—the Revisers have a weakness for Spelling It Out. Instead of "Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor" we get "Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks mixed wine," which disturbingly suggests a cocktail party; the lyrical "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" is changed into the mawkish and stumbling "How fair and pleasant you are, O loved one, delectable maiden!" Repetition, another poetic (and hieratic) device, is generally avoided, perhaps because it is felt to be of no expository value. The K.J.V. Lord cries out, "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people" (Acts 7:34), but the R.S.V. Lord merely states, "I have surely seen the ill-treatment of my people." The ominous and brooding effect, in the description of hell in Mark 9, of repeating in verses 44, 46, and 48, the great line "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" is escaped by omitting verses 44 and 46.

There *is* an attempt at poetry; a fancy "literary" word is often used in place of a homely one. Now, as Wordsworth observed, a simple word is always more poetic than a "poetic" one. A stylistic virtue of K.J.V. is the tact with which it uses stately, sonorous Latin-root abstract words *and* humble, concrete Anglo-Saxon words, each in its appropriate place. If the Revisers pull to earth K.J.V.'s swelling Latin passages, they also give a bogus elevation, a false refinement to its direct, homely passages; if they tone down some strings, they tone up others, adjusting them all to produce a dead monotone. Thus "dirt" becomes "mire" (Psalms 18:42), "clothes" "mantle" (Matthew 24:18), "I brake the jaws of the wicked" "I broke the fangs of the unrighteous" (Job 29:17), in each case a more ar-

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chaic word being put in place of a modern (but homely) one. In K.J.V. sin "lieth" at the door, but it is "couching" in R.S.V.; the blind "see" and the hungry "are filled" in K.J.V., but in R.S.V. they "receive their sight" and "are satisfied;" K.J.V. renders I Samuel 4:22: "The glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken," but this is too stark for R.S.V., which changes it to "the ark of God has been captured." Often the Revisers inflate the simplicity and understatement of K.J.V. into prose resembling cotton candy. The lovely phrase in Ecclesiastes 12:5, "Man goeth to his long home," with its sombre, long-drawn-out "o"s and its austere melancholy, is Spelled Out into "Man goes to his eternal home," which sounds like a mortician's ad. K.J.V. often uses concrete action words to metaphorically suggest an abstract meaning, but R.S.V. prefers less vivid abstractions. In her perceptive article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the two versions, Dorothy Thompson gave a perfect example of this. Psalms 42:1 reads, in K.J.V., "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God." R.S.V. makes it "As a hart longs for flowing streams, so longs my soul for Thee, O God!" As Miss Thompson remarked, a hart pants but does not long, or if he does, he can, being inarticulate, express his emotions only in some action like panting. The passionate vigor of K.J.V. depends on the hart's being an animal, not a sentimental human being in a deerskin. If, however, there is a chance for a good, safe cliché—another method of making the Bible more "readable"—R.S.V. reverses this process; "When he thought thereon, he wept" becomes "He broke down and wept," "All things have I seen in the days of my vanity" becomes "In my vain life I have seen everything," and "They were pricked in their heart" becomes "They were cut to the heart."

R.S.V. has also departed from simplicity in certain matters of "taste," mostly involving sex. If only to avoid adolescent giggles in church, some Elizabethan terms must be avoided in this degenerate and refined age—as in I Samuel 25:22, in which the expression "any that pisseth against the wall" is discreetly omitted—but Nice Nellie is altogether too prominent. Thus "whore" is rendered "harlot," although the former term is still current while the latter is archaic (but, for that very reason, Nicer). Thus the wise and the foolish virgins have become "maidens," as well as more archaic and less sexy,

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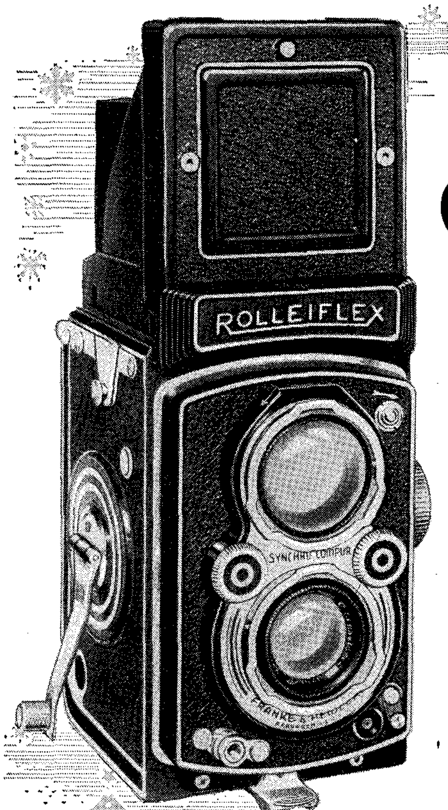

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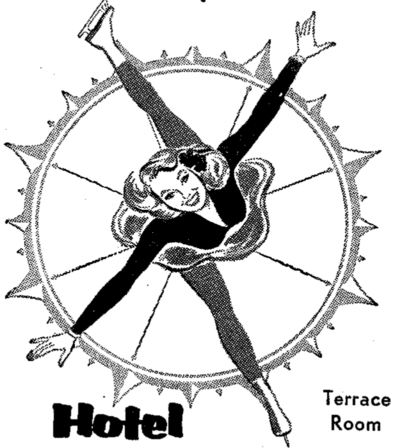
costing us, incidentally, still another familiar expression. "My bowels boiled" is now "My heart is in turmoil," "sore boils" are "loathsome sores," "dung hill" is "ash heap." The Revisers even fear "belly." "Fill his belly with the east wind" becomes "fill himself" and Psalms 22:10 is changed from "I was cast upon Thee from the womb; Thou art my God from my mother's belly" to "Upon Thee was I cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me Thou hast been my God," which is also a good example of Spelling It Out. " 'Belly,' " says H. W. Fowler in "Modern English Usage," "is a good word now almost done to death by genteelism."

"THE King James Bible," write the Revisers, apropos the failure of the 1885 and the 1901 revisions to replace it, "has still continued to hold its place upon the lecterns of the majority of churches. . . . Congregations have gone on loving it best because it seemed to them incomparably beautiful." One wonders how they could think their version preserves this beauty. K.J.V.'s "dignity and profundity," they go on, "are the result of the utmost clarity, directness, and simplicity. These qualities have been earnestly sought in R.S.V." But K.J.V. also has very different qualities—strange, wild, romantic, complex turns of style, since Elizabethan English was as much in the rococo as in the classic mode. This is especially true of the Old Testament. Clarity, directness, and simplicity are hardly an adequate definition of the qualities of poetry. Milton's "simple, sensuous, and passionate" is more adequate; R.S.V. usually achieves the first, rarely the second (rhythm being the chief sensuous element in poetry), and almost never the third. "Poetry differs from prose in the concrete colors of its diction. It is not enough for it to furnish a meaning to philosophers. It must also appeal to emotions with the charm of direct impression, flashing through regions where the intellect can only grope. Poetry must render what is said, not what is merely meant." So writes the prince of modern translators, Ezra Pound, who might have made a much better job of the new Bible than the Dean of the Yale Divinity School and his learned but unliterate colleagues.

"Our conversation [compared to that of the Elizabethans] is direct and tense; our narrative . . . swift and unadorned," the Revisers state. "Our words are likely to be shorter and our sentences, too. . . . Therefore in this translation, it has been a constant purpose to make



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every word and sentence clear, to avoid involved constructions, and to make the current of the central thought flow in such a straight sure channel that the minds of the listeners will be carried forward unmistakably and not dropped into verbal whirlpools by the way. . . . The style is, as nearly as possible, such as the rank and file of Bible readers today will understand with as little difficulty as possible . . . so as to permit the attention of the hearer or reader to center on the message and not be diverted by the language." But style is not mere decoration, and it is precisely the function of language to "divert" the reader; form, in a work of art like K.J.V., cannot be separated from content, nor can the central current be separated from "verbal whirlpools." It is true that today K.J.V. is harder to read than R.S.V. This difficulty, though, is not a defect but the inevitable accompaniment of virtues that R.S.V. has had to remove in order to remove the difficulty. The difficulty in reading K.J.V. is simply that it is high art, which will always demand more from the reader, for it makes its appeal on so many planes. "Ulysses" and "The Waste Land," while modern works, are more difficult in this sense than an eighteenth-century newspaper. It is the price of artistic quality, and the Revisers are unwilling to pay it. Probably the main obstacle in K.J.V. today is its archaic style—the obsolete grammatical usage, the inversions, and all the other devices of Elizabethan English. But our culture is lucky—or was until R.S.V. came along—in having in K.J.V. a great literary monument to which, because it also happens to have a religious function, practically everybody, no matter how unliterary or meagrely educated, was at some time exposed, in church or Sunday school or at home.

And why this itch for modernizing anyway? Why is it not a good thing to have variety in our language, to have a work whose old-fashioned phrases exist in the living language, to preserve in one area of modern life the old forms of speech, so much more imaginative and moving than our own nervous, pragmatic style? As it enriches us to leave beautiful old buildings standing when they are no longer functional or to perform Shakespeare without watering his poetry down into prose, so with the Bible. The noblest ancient fane must be trussed and propped and renovated now and then, but why do it in the slashing style of the notorious Gothic "restorations" of Viollet-le-Duc? In any event, I think the Revisers exag-

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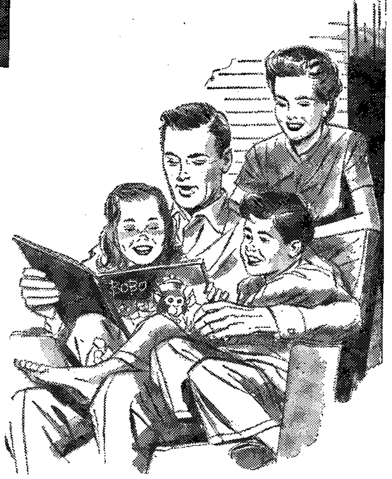

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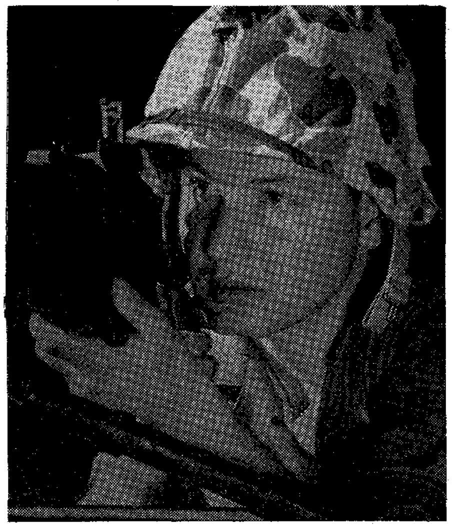

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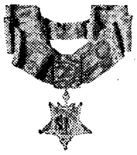

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gerate the difficulty of K.J.V. Almost all of it is perfectly understandable to anyone who will give a little thought and effort to it, plus some of that overvalued modern commodity, time. Those who won't can hardly claim a serious interest in the Bible as either literature or religion.

Writing of the 1885 revised version, Allen Wikgren observes, in "The Interpreter's Bible," "Purchasers found themselves in possession of a text in which the number of changes far exceed all previous estimates. Of some 180,000 words in the New Testament, alterations amounted to an estimated 30,000, or an average of 4½ per verse. . . . It was not long, however, before the number and character of the changes provoked a strong reaction. . . . Charges of unnecessary departure from the familiar phraseology, undue literalism, elaborate overcorrection, destruction of beauty and rhythm, impoverishment of the English language and the like flew thick and fast." All but the second of these charges can be sustained against R.S.V., even though it has not gone so far as such other modern versions as those of Moffatt, Rieu, and Smith-Goodspeed. Whether it will be any more successful in replacing K.J.V. than the 1885 version was remains to be seen. If it is, what is now simply a blunder—a clerical error, so to speak—will become a catastrophe. Bland, flavorless mediocrity will have replaced the pungency of genius. And if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? That is to say (R.S.V.): if salt has lost its taste, how shall its saltness be restored?

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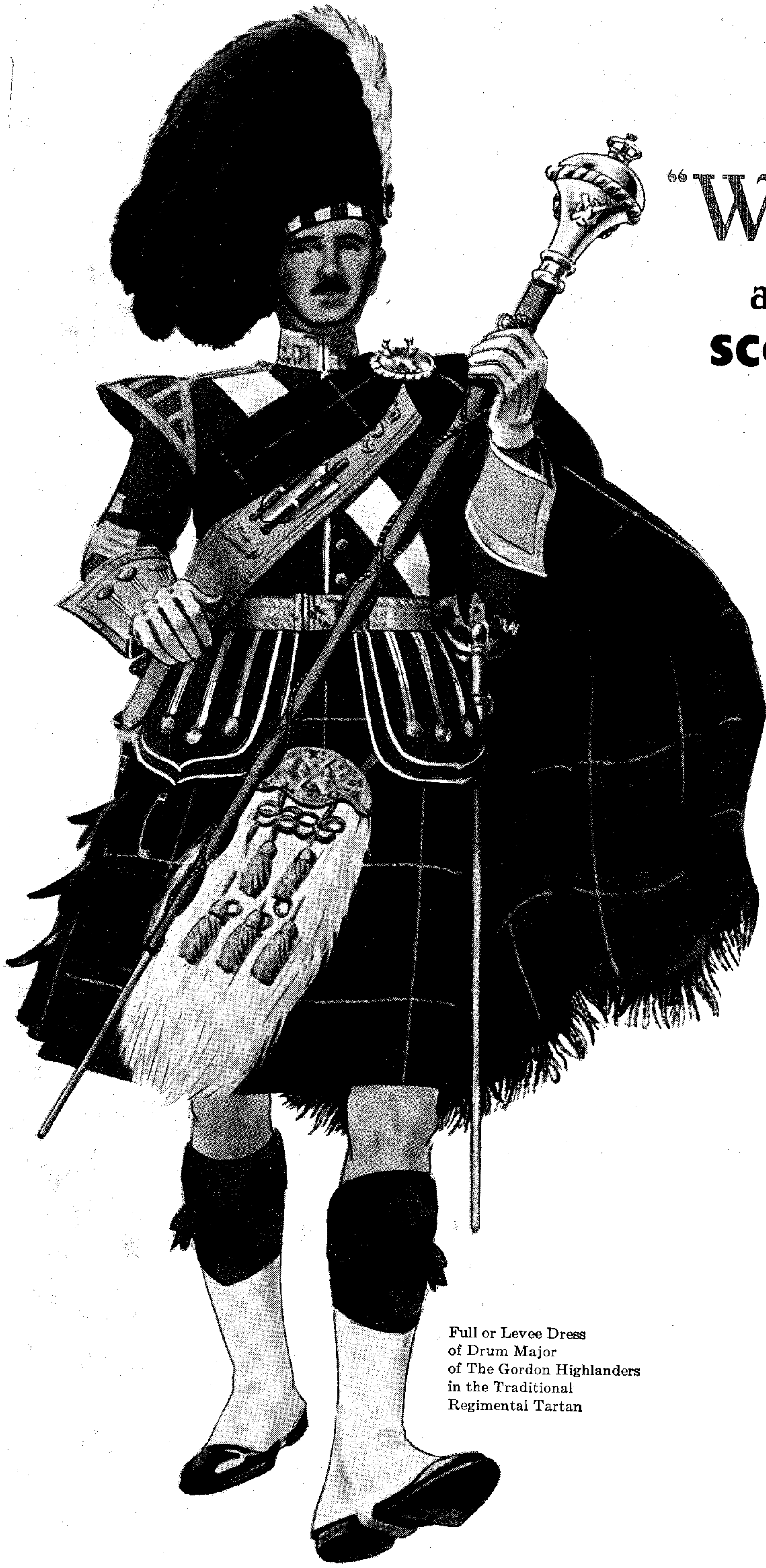

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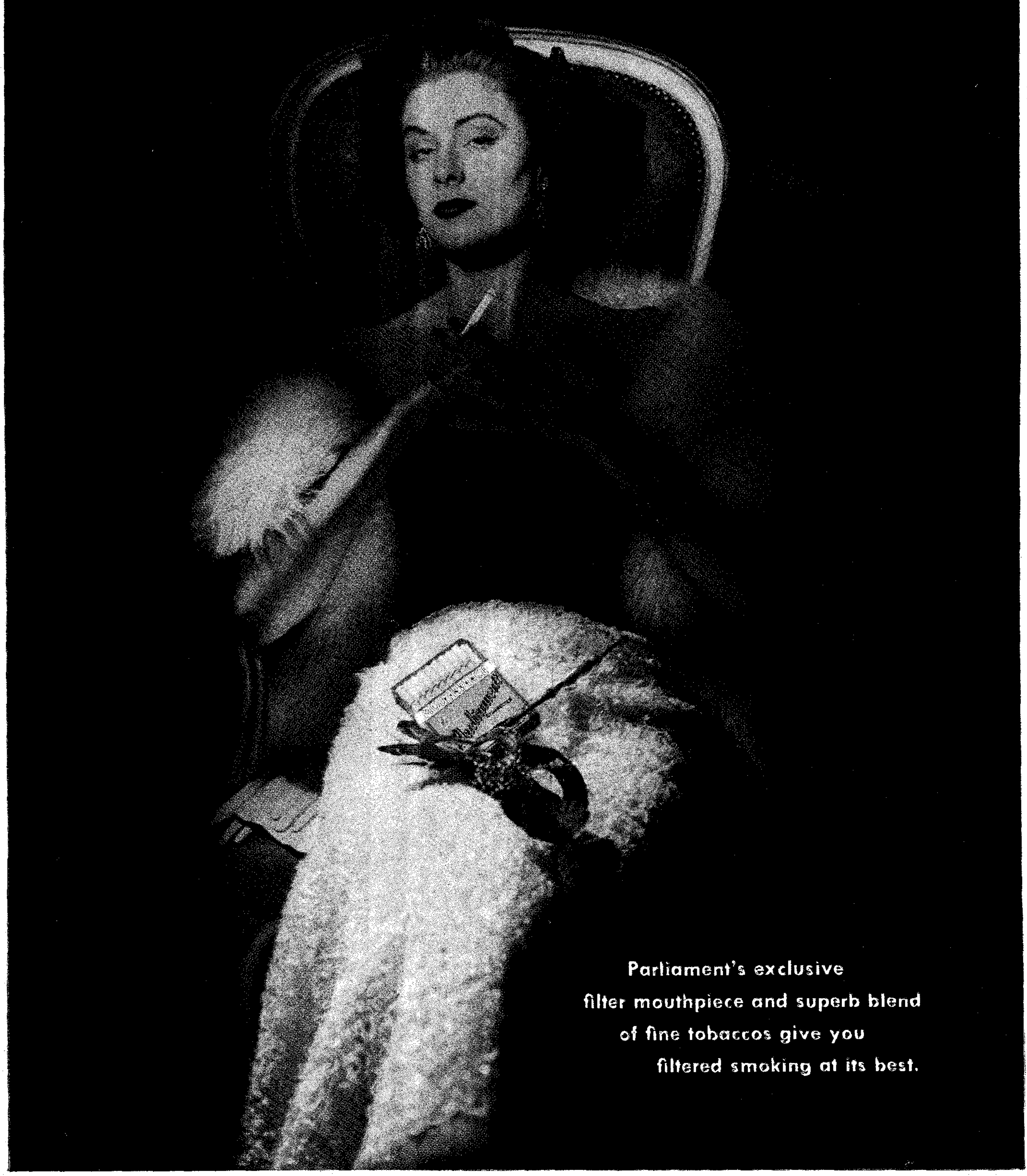

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